

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1824.

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LONDON:
PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY.

THE LION'S HEAD.

R. F.'s Stanzas to Betsy are not quite good enough for publication, though we can easily believe that at a writer's table they have been considered as "ingenious." Poetry made by a gentleman in his tea-cups cannot bear trans-planting from that ornamental hot-house of the Muses--the Album--to the exposed garden where only "hardy annuals" flourish.

THE LION'S HEAD.

Note from Julius Caesar Junior to the Lion.

DEAR LEO.—One word through thy magnanimous mouth to the “gallant SURREY.” I have the highest respect possible for all those venerable old gentlemen, Aristotle, Longinus, &c. and believe implicitly every dogma they deliver,—as far as it agrees with my own opinions. I know very well that the latter of these worthy ancients asserts Sappho’s famous Ode to be a true touch of the *κατ’εξοχην*; but I wish (with all modesty) to add, that I neither allow the truth of his assertion, nor the cogency of the argument brought to prove it. I take the Ode as I find it, friend Leo, and (without looking through Longinus’s spectacles) confess myself unable to see anything whatever imaginative *κατ’εξοχην* about it. If Surrey either does, or with Longinus’s assistance thinks he does, I can only wish him all joy of the discovery. To me it appears the offspring of intense feeling alone, unprompted by anything which can be decently called “towering genius.” *Chacun à son goût*, however; this is not the place to determine the question; nor is the determination of it at all necessary to the matter at issue, which is this—whether men or women generally speaking have most imagination. Surrey appears to give up this point by saying that he only contended for the existence of *some* works of masculine genius by women. This is enough for me.

Thine, O Leo!

JULIUS CÆSAR, Junior.

Answer to Surrey’s query—“How can things be created by intense feeling apart from imaginative faculty?”—*Answer*. By no means at all that I know of;—but this does not make the creating imagination necessarily imagination *κατ’εξοχην*. The Greek is the rub.

J. C. J.

What is your printer about? *base* myrtle? *base* is a “vile phrase.” *Bare* myrtle: *nuda, simplex*, single.

BOB SHORT.

R. F.’s Stanzas to Betsy are not quite good enough for publication, though we can easily believe that at a winter tea-table they have been considered as “ingenious.” Poetry made by a gentleman in his tea-cups cannot bear transplanting from that ornamental hot-house of the Muses,—the Album,—to the exposed garden, where only “hardy annuals” flourish.

The Fête of St. Cloud, though not unamusing, would not suit our pages. French subjects, as all Editors and Kings can testify, are lively and dangerous. They are very irregular, or very poor.

The fragment of C. F. F. W. is double proof sentiment indeed ;—and we much wish he could let our readers have a taste of it. It is truly “some of the right sort” for those who dram in Leadenhall-street.

R. should recollect, that the Odes of Anacreon have been translated and paraphrased from the very days of that jolly old Greek Bibber to the present moment weekly, daily, hourly! Mr. Moore has done them into remarkably elegant Irish. And several recent clergymen and others have prosed over the grape in tedious and orderly raptures. The specimens sent us by R. are extremely spirited and proper.—But he who would give Anacreon throughout, will, as Horace Walpole said happily of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, “be but in flower for an ode or two.”

We must decline “the Jacobites.”—The tale is neither carefully written nor cunningly conceived. Perhaps the writer might be more fortunate in some other subject.

H. A. who writes that he is ignorant “whether the LONDON MAGAZINE makes any allowance for Poetry,” is informed that it makes *great allowances* for it on several occasions. If the specimens sent by H. A. are in his best and most inspired manner, we are sorry to say that we can make *no* allowance for them—and they must therefore be put back on his hands. We understand him to say, that the goods are sent us upon sale or return.

The lines on the “Logos,” are not of sufficient interest to warrant their being dressed in print. The specimen of a History of the Old Actors is also not very promising.

We shall have great pleasure in receiving from our Correspondent S. his promised Remarks on the Pythagorean Philosophy.

Several other contributors will be pleased to translate our silence in the way most pleasant to themselves.

REPLY TO BLACKWOOD.

THE last Number of Blackwood's Magazine contains the following paragraphs respecting a *cancelled leaf of the LONDON*.

"In the London Magazine for February, 1823, it may perhaps be remembered by some few people, there was a review of Peveril of the Peak, marked by an insulting spirit. The Author of Waverley was compared to Cobbett, &c. All this is perhaps fair enough, and not more absurd than what is given us by the idiots of the New Monthly, who find evidences of a conspiracy against the liberties of the country in the Scotch Novels; but we distinctly recollect feeling a slight sensation of disgust on reading it. We did not at the time know, what has since come to our knowledge, that it had contained a passage of consummate blackguardism. Between the first and second paragraphs as they now stand, another was originally printed, and, good reader, here it is.—[Observe that the Vermin had attributed the Scotch Novels already by name to Sir Walter Scott—an assertion which he repeats immediately after,]

"There were two things that we used to admire of old in this author, and that we have had occasion to admire anew in the present instance,—the extreme life of mind or naturalness displayed in the descriptions, and the magnanimity and freedom from bigotry and prejudice shewn in the drawing of the characters. This last quality is the more remarkable, as the reputed author is accused of being a thorough-paced partisan in his own person,—intolerant, mercenary, mean; a professed toad-eater, a sturdy hack, a pitiful retailer or suborner of infamous slanders, a literary Jack Ketch, who would greedily sacrifice any one of another way of thinking as a victim to prejudice and power, and yet would do it by other hands, rather than appear in it himself. Can this be all true of the author of Waverley; and does he deal out such fine and heaped justice to all sects and parties in times past? Perhaps (if so) one of these extremes accounts for the other; and, as 'he knows all qualities with a learned spirit,' probably he may be aware of this practical defect in himself, and be determined to shew to posterity, that when his own interest was not concerned, he was as free from that nauseous and pettifogging bigotry, as a mere matter of speculation, as any man could be. As a novel-writer, he gives the devil his due, and he gives no more to a saint. He treats human nature scurvily, yet handsomely; that is, much as it deserves; and, if it is the same person who is the author of the Scotch Novels, and who has a secret moving hand in certain Scotch Newspapers and Magazines, we may fairly characterize him as

'The wisest, meanest of mankind.'

"Among other characters in the work before us, is that of Ned Christian, a cold-blooded hypocrite, pander, and intriguer; yet a man of prodigious talent,—of great versatility,—of unalterable self-possession and good-humour, and with a power to personate agreeably, and to the life, any character he pleased. Might not such a man have written the Scotch Novels?"

'[Sic in the first copies of the London Magazine for February 1823, p. 205-206. In the copies, as now published, it does not appear, and the space it occupied in the page is supplied by a piece of balaam, being an anecdote of Dr. Franklin.]

"Well, reader, what do you think of that? Here is a wretch directly calling one of the greatest and best men of the country, a toad-eater, a hack, a suborner, a slanderer, a Jack Ketch,—a man intolerant, mercenary, and mean, and, by implication, a cold-blooded hypocrite, a pander, and an intriguer. Is it expected that we should say a word in answer? No, we leave you to decide on the construction of the head and heart of him who wrote it, without adding a word.

"This man is, if we may trust the chatter of booksellers' shops, Mr. TAYLOR, senior partner of the house of Taylor and Hessey, 90, Fleet Street, and 13, Waterloo Place. We take a pleasure in hanging him upon a gibbet as a fit object for the slow-moving finger of scorn, with the appropriate label of, "This is Mr. Taylor, who wrote the review of Peveril of the Peak for his Fleet Street Miscellany." After it was printed, terror seized the cowardly spirit of the proprietor, and after having disposed of two or three hundred of them, they were called in with the most breathless rapidity. Some, however, were out of their reach, and from one of them is printed the above. What a combination of filth there is in the whole transaction! The paltry motive, the direct falsehood, the low and ridiculous envy, the mean venom of the composition, well harmonize with the poor and snivelling poltroonery of its suppression. It says as plainly as a fact can speak, We would be assassins *if we durst*. Our cowardice, and not our will, prevents."

READER!

In this charge there are three distinct assertions. They are three **DISTINCT FALSEHOODS**.

1. That our publisher, Mr. Taylor, wrote the Review alluded to.—**HE DID NOT.**

2. That two or three hundred copies of that Review were disposed of.—**THERE WERE NOT FIFTY.**

3. That the passage complained of in that Review was suppressed through terror.—**IT WAS NOT.** *The passage was not a libel in law; nothing therefore could be feared from its publication.*

The Review in question was written by a celebrated Critic—was received too late for examination—and was cleared of the passage objected to, as soon as possible, from a motive of *good feeling* towards the Author of the Novel.

This is our answer. It is anonymous, because the charge was so. If the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine is desirous of a personal disavowal, let him step forward in his real character to repeat his slander, and Mr. Taylor will repel it to his face.

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London Magazine.

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PERSONAL CHARACTER OF LORD BYRON.

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

DEAR SIR,

The following article on the personal character of Lord Byron, will be read, I think, with peculiar interest, as your readers will immediately perceive that it is written by one who has had unusual opportunities of observing the extraordinary habits, feelings, and opinions of the inspired and noble Poet. I am quite sure that, after a perusal of the following paper, the reader will be able to see Lord Byron, mind and all, "in his habit as he lived:"—Much that has hitherto been accounted inexplicable in his Lordship's life and writings is now interpreted, and the poet and the man are here depicted in their true colours. I can pledge myself to the strict correctness of its details.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

LORD BYRON'S address was the most affable and courteous perhaps ever seen; his manners, when in a good humour, and desirous of being well with his guest, were winning—fascinating in the extreme, and though bland, still spirited, and with an air of frankness and generosity—qualities in which he was certainly not deficient. He was *open* to a fault—a characteristic probably the result of his fearlessness and independence of the world; but so *open* was he that his friends were obliged to live upon their guard with him. He was the worst person in the world to confide a secret to; and if any charge against any body was mentioned to him, it was probably the first communication he made to the person in question. He hated scandal and tittle-tattle—loved the manly straightforward course: he would harbour no doubts, and never

live with another with suspicions in his bosom—out came the accusation, and he called upon the individual to stand clear, or be ashamed of himself. He detested a lie—nothing enraged him so much as a lie: he was by temperament and education excessively irritable, and a lie completely unchained him—his indignation knew no bounds. He had considerable tact in detecting untruth, he would smell it out almost instinctively; he avoided the timid driveler, and generally chose his companions among the lovers and practisers of sincerity and candour. A man tells the false and conceals the true, because he is afraid that the declaration of the thing, as it is, will hurt him. Lord Byron was above all fear of this sort; he flinched from telling no one what he thought to his face; from his infancy he had been afraid of no one: falsehood is not the vice of the

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powerful; the Greek slave *lies*, the Turkish tyrant is remarkable for his adherence to truth.

Lord Byron was irritable (as I have said), irritable in the extreme; and this is another fault of those who have been accustomed to the unmurmuring obedience of obsequious attendants. If he had lived at home, and held undisputed sway over hired servants, led captains, servile apothecaries, and willing county magistrates, probably he might have passed through life with an unruffled temper, or at least his escapades of temper would never have been heard of; but he spent his time in adventure and travel, amongst friends, rivals, and foreigners; and, doubtless, he had often reason to find that his early life had unfitted him for dealing with men on an equal footing, or for submitting to untoward accidents with patience.

His vanity was excessive—unless it may with greater propriety be called by a softer name—a milder term, and perhaps a juster, would be his love of fame. He was exorbitantly desirous of being the sole object of interest: whether in the circle in which he was living, or in the wider sphere of the world, he could bear no rival; he could not tolerate the person who attracted attention from himself; he instantly became animated with a bitter jealousy, and hated, for the time, every greater or more celebrated man than himself: he carried his jealousy up even to Buonaparte; and it was the secret of his contempt of Wellington. It was dangerous for his friends to rise in the world if they valued his friendship more than their own fame—he hated them.

It cannot be said that he was *vain* of any talent, accomplishment, or other quality in particular; it was neither more nor less than a morbid and voracious appetite for fame, admiration, public applause: proportionably he dreaded the public censure; and though from irritation and spite, and sometimes through design, he acted in some respects as if he despised the opinion of the world, no man was ever more alive to it.

The English newspapers talked freely of him; and he thought the English public did the same; and

for this reason he feared, or hated, or fancied that he hated England: in fact, as far as this one cause went, he did hate England, but the balance of love in its favour was immense; all his views were directed to England; he never rode a mile, wrote a line, or held a conversation, in which England and the English public were not the goal to which he was looking, whatever scorn he might have on his tongue.

Before he went to Greece, he imagined that he had grown very unpopular, and even infamous, in England; when he left Murray, engaged in the *Liberal*, which was unsuccessful, published with the *Hunts*, he fancied, and doubtless was told so, by some of his aristocratic friends, that he had become *low*, that the *better* English thought him out of fashion and voted him vulgar; and that for the licentiousness of *Don Juan*, or for *vices* either practised or suspected, the public had morally outlawed him. This was *one* of the determining causes which led him to Greece, that he might retrieve himself. He thought that his name coupled with the Greek cause would sound well at home. When he arrived at Cephalonia, and found that he was in good odour with the authorities,—that the regiment stationed there, and other English residents in the island, received him with the highest consideration, he was gratified to a most extravagant pitch; he talked of it to the last with a perseverance and in a manner which showed how anxious his fears had been that he was lost with the English people.

They who have not resided abroad are very little aware how difficult it is to keep up with the state of public opinion at home. Letters and newspapers, which are rarely seen even by the richer traveller on account of the immense expense of their transmission, scarcely do any thing more than tantalize the spirit, or administer food to the imagination. We gather the state of public opinion by ten thousand little circumstances which cannot, or only a few of which can, be communicated through any other channel of information. While on the spot, absence of calumny, or the fact of not hearing any thing disagreeable, is a proof of its non-ex-

istence: abroad, on the contrary, silence is ominous; the fancy is at work, and torments a sensitive man, whose reputation is public property, in a manner of which it is difficult to form an adequate conception: an approach is made to it by wilful seclusion even within the four seas; hence the irritability of Wordsworth; hence also, in a less degree, that of Southey, who mixes a little more with the world.

Lord Byron cannot be said to have been personally vain in any extraordinary degree, that is, not much more than men usually are. He knew the power of his countenance, and he took care that it should always be displayed to the greatest advantage. He never failed to appear *remarkable*; and no person, whether from the beauty of the expression of his features, the magnificent height of his forehead, or the singularity of his dress, could ever pass him in the street without feeling that he was passing no common person. Lord Byron has been frequently recollected when his portraits have been shown—Ah! (the spectator has exclaimed, on either picture or engraving being seen,) I met that person in such or such a place, at such or such a time.

His lameness, a slight malformation of the foot, did not in the least impede his activity; it may perhaps account in some measure for his passion for riding, sailing, and swimming. He nearly divided his time between these three exercises: he rode from four to eight hours every day when he was not engaged in boating or swimming. And in these exercises, so careful was he of his hands (one of those little vanities which sometimes beset men) that he wore gloves even in swimming.

He indulged in another practice which is not considered in England genteel, that is to say, it is not just now a fashion with the upper classes in this country—he *chewed tobacco* to some extent.

At times, too, he was excessively given to drinking; but this is not so uncommon. In his passage from Genoa to Cephalonia, he spent the principal part of the time in drinking with the Captain of the vessel. He could bear an immense quantity of

liquor without intoxication, and was by no means particular either in the nature or in the order of the fluids he imbibed. He was by no means a drinker constantly, or, in other words, a drunkard, and could indeed be as abstemious as any body; but when his passion blew that way he drank, as he did every thing else, *to excess*.

This was indeed the spirit of his life—a round of passion, indulgence, and satiety. He had tried, as most men do who have the power, every species of gratification, however sensual. Let no rich young man here who is not living under the surveillance of his relations or in fear of the public, let no such person turn up his nose. No men are more given to ring the changes upon gratification of all the sensual kinds than the English, especially the English on the continent,—the English, who in *speech* are the most modest people of the universe, and who, if you might trust their shy and reserved manner, think of nothing but *decorum*. Lord Byron did no more in this respect than almost every other Lord or Esquire of degree has done, and is doing, if he dare, at this moment, whether in London, Paris, Naples, Vienna, or elsewhere, with this difference—Lord Byron was a man of strong powers of intellect and active imagination; he drew conclusions and took lessons from what he saw. Lord Byron too was a man capable of intense passion, which every one who pursues the gratification of his appetite is not; consequently he went to work with a headlong reckless spirit, probably derived exquisite enjoyment, quickly exhausted himself, and was then left stranded in satiety.

There was scarcely a passion which he had not tried, even that of *avarice*. Before he left Italy he alarmed all his friends by becoming penurious—absolutely miserly, after the fashion of the Elwes and other great misers on record. The pleasures of avarice are dwelt on with evident satisfaction in one of the late cantos of Don Juan—pleasures which were no fictions of the poet's brain, but which he had enjoyed and was revelling in at that moment; of course he indulged to excess, grew tired, and turned to something else.

The passion which last animated him was that which is said to be the last infirmity of noble minds—ambition. There can be little doubt that he had grown weary of being known only as a *writer*; he determined to distinguish himself by *action*. Many other motives, however, went to make up the bundle which took him to the succour of the Greeks. Italy was waning in favour, he was beginning to grow weary of the society of the lady, to whom, after the manners of Italy, he had been attached, and unfortunately her passion outlived his: even in Greece she would gladly have joined him; but his Lordship had changed. Then, again, Greece was a land of adventure, bustle, struggle, sensation, and excitement, where the inhabitants have beautiful forms, and dress in romantic habits, and dwell in the most picturesque country of the world; and Lord Byron, as he said himself, had “an oriental twist in his imagination.” He knew that the Greeks looked up to him as, what he really was, one of their greatest regenerators; he was aware that his money and rank would give him unlimited power, influence, and respect; all of which he dearly loved. Then again, if any man ever sympathized deeply with bravery suffering in a generous cause, it was Lord Byron; and when he was roused, in moments of excitement, this sympathy was a violently propelling and a very virtuous motive. These and other secondary considerations led him to Greece, to sacrifice much of his personal comforts, much of his property, his health, and his life.

No two men were ever more unlike than Lord Byron excited and Lord Byron in the ordinary state of calm. His friends about him used to call it *inspiration*; and when men of their stamp talk about *inspiration*, there must no common change take place. When excited, his sentiments were noble, his ideas grand or beautiful, his language rich and enthusiastic, his views elevated, and all his feelings of that disinterested and martyr-like cast which marks the great mind. When in the usual dull mood in which almost every body wearies their friends nine hours out of the ten, his ideas

were gross, his language coarse, his sentiments not mean certainly, but of a low and sensual kind; his mood sneering and satirical, unless in a very good humour, which indeed, he often, I may say generally, was. This is, however, the wrong side of the picture in Lord Byron—he may be said here to be taken at the worst. Without being what I have called *excited*, his conversation was often very delightful, though almost always polluted by grossness—grossness of the very broadest and lowest description, like, I cannot help saying again, like almost all his class—all of them that do not live either in the fear of God, or of the public. His grossness too had the advantage of a fertile fancy, and such subjects were the ready source of a petty kind of excitement; the forbidden words, the forbidden topics, the concealed actions of our nature, and the secret vices of society, stimulated his imagination, and stimulants he loved, and may be said at times to have wanted. He certainly did permit his fancy to feed on this dunghill garbage; now and then, indeed, even here he scratched up a pearl, but so dirty a pearl, few would be at the pains of washing it for all its price.

His letters are charming; he never wrote them with the idea of “The Letters of the Right Hon. Lord Byron, in 6 vols. 12mo.” before his eyes, as unfortunately our great men must now almost necessarily do. The public are so fond of this kind of reading, and so justly too, that there is great reason to fear that it will consume what it feeds on. Few things are so charming as to see a great man without all the paraphernalia of his greatness, without his being armed cap-a-pie for public contest, when every point is guarded, and every motion studied: when a man of reputation presents himself to the notice of the world, he must pretend to know every thing, or he will have credit for nothing—he must assume the air of infallibility, or the meanest creature that can read will discover that he is full of error; he must be supposed to have examined the subject in all its bearings, he must have consulted every authority, he must know what every body has said or thought previously on the

matter, and he must anticipate what they can possibly say or think in future, or he will be voted a shallow writer, without information, who has produced a work of no value. Then as to style, it must be the abstract of language—it must be impersonal—unindividual—and just such as a literary machine which had the power of grinding thoughts might be supposed to utter. In short, the writer is every moment afraid of either committing himself or his friends; he is on his good behaviour; and natural freedom, grace, and truth, are out of the question. The writer for the public is as much unlike the real man as the traveller in a stage coach or as the guest at a public ball or dinner is like the lively, careless, rattling, witty, good-natured, fanciful pleasant creature, at his or her fireside, among old friends, who know too much of the whole life and character to be alarmed at any little sally, and who are satisfied with such knowledge as their friend possesses, without requiring that he should know every thing. Lord Byron's letters are the models of a species of composition which should be written without an eye to any models. His fancy kindled on paper; he touches no subject in a common every-day way; the reader smiles all through, and loves the writer at the end; longs for his society, and admires his happy genius and his amiable disposition. Lord Byron's letters are like what his conversation was—but better—he had more undisturbed leisure to let his fancies ripen in; he could point his wit with more security, and his irritable temper met with no opposition on paper.

Lord Byron was not ill-tempered nor quarrelsome, but still he was very difficult to live with; he was capricious, full of humours, apt to be offended, and wilful. When Mr. Hobhouse and he travelled in Greece together, they were generally a mile asunder, and though some of his friends lived with him off and on a long time, (Trelawney, for instance,) it was not without serious trials of temper, patience, and affection. He could make a great point often about the least and most trifling thing imaginable, and adhere to his purpose with a pertinacity truly re-

markable, and almost unaccountable. A love of victory might sometimes account for little disputes and petty triumphs, otherwise inexplicable; and always unworthy of his great genius; but, as I have said, he was only a great genius now and then, when excited; when not so, he was sometimes little in his conduct, and in his writings dull, or totally destitute of all powers of production. He was very good-natured; and when asked to write a song, or a copy of verses in an album, or an inscription, for so poets are plagued, he would generally attempt to comply, but he seldom succeeded in doing any thing; and when he did, he generally gave birth to such Grub-street doggerel as his friends were ashamed of, and, it is to be hoped, charitably put into the fire. When, on the contrary, in a state of enthusiasm, he wrote with great facility, and corrected very little. He used to boast of an indifference about his writings which he did not feel, and would remark with pleasure that he never saw them in print, and never met with any body that did not know more about them than himself.

He left very little behind him. Of late he had been too much occupied with the Greeks to write, and, indeed, had turned his attention very much to *action*, as has been observed. Don Juan he certainly intended to continue; and, I believe, that the real reason for his holding so many conferences with Dr. Kennedy in Cephalonia was, that he might master the slang of a religious sect, in order to hit off the character with more veri-similitude.

His religious principles were by no means fixed; habitually, like most of his class, he was an unbeliever; at times, however, he relapsed into Christianity, and, in his interviews with Dr. Kennedy, maintained the part of a Unitarian. Like all men whose imaginations are much stronger than the reasoning power—the guiding and determining faculty—he was in danger of falling into fanaticism, and some of his friends who knew him well used to predict that he would die a Methodist; a consummation by no means impossible.

From the same cause, the preponderance of the imagination, there might have been some ground for the

fear which beset his later moments that he should go mad. The immediate cause of this fear was, the deep impression which the fate of Swift had made upon him. He read the life of Swift during the whole of his voyage to Greece, and the melancholy termination of the Dean's life haunted his imagination.

Strong, overruling, and irregular as was Lord Byron's imagination—a rich vice which inspired him with his poetry, and which is too surely but the disease of a great mind—strong as was this imagination—sensitive and susceptible as it was to all external influence, yet Lord Byron's reasoning faculties were by no means of a low order; but they had never been cultivated, and, without cultivation, whether by spontaneous exertion, or under the guidance of discipline, to expect a man to be a good reasoner, even on the common affairs of life, is to expect a crop where the seed has not been sown, or where the weeds have been suffered to choke the corn. Lord Byron was shrewd, formed frequently judicious conclusions, and, though he did not reason with any accuracy or certainty, very often hit upon the right. He had occasional glimpses, and deep ones too, into the nature of the institutions of society and the foundations of morals, and, by his experience of the passions of men, speculated ably upon human life; yet withal he was any-thing but logical or scientific.

Uncertain and wavering, he never knew himself whether he was right or wrong, and was always obliged to write and feel for the moment on the supposition that his opinion was the true one. He used to declare that he had no fixed principles; which means that he knew nothing scientifically: in politics, for instance, he was a lover of liberty, from prejudice, habit, or from some vague notion that it was generous to be so; but in what liberty really consists—how it operates for the advantage of mankind—how it is to be obtained, secured, regulated, he was as ignorant as a child.

While he was in Greece, almost every elementary question of government was necessarily to be discussed; such was the crisis of Greek affairs—about all of which he showed himself perfectly ignorant. In the case of the

press, for instance, and in all questions relating to *publicity*, he was completely wrong. He saw nothing but a few immediate effects, which appeared to him pernicious or the contrary, and he set himself against or in behalf of the press accordingly. Lord Byron complaining of the licentiousness of the press may sound rather singular, and yet such are necessarily the inconsistencies of men who suffer themselves to be guided by high-sounding words and vague generalities, and who expect to understand the art of government and the important interests of society by instinct. In spite, however, of Lord Byron, the press was established in Greece, and maintained free and unshackled, by one of the greatest benefactors that country has as yet known from England, the Hon. Colonel Leicester Stanhope, who, by his activity, his energy, courage, but, above all, by his enlightened knowledge of the principles of legislation and civilization, succeeded in carrying into effect all his measures, as agent of the Greek committee, and who, by spreading useful information, and, above all, by the establishment of the press in all the principal points of reunion in Greece, has advanced that country in civilization many years, how many we dare not say. Before the establishment of the press, the Greeks were working out their regeneration in various parts of Greece, but not as a whole—without unity of design, or unity of interest,—each centre was ignorant of the operations of all the other centres, except by accidental communication; and communication, from the nature of the country and from the circumstances in which it was placed, was rare and hazardous. The press has greatly assisted to establish one feeling throughout the country; not merely is information passed from one quarter to another by its means, but an interchange of sentiments takes place, and a sympathy is created, advice and encouragement reciprocated, enthusiasm kept alive, and useful principles disseminated through the whole commonwealth. Not only will the press thus accelerate the liberation of Greece, but will also, when that liberation is effected, prevent the separation and dissolution

of the country into petty kingdoms and governments, which was the bane of ancient Greece. It is becoming to the body politic what the nerves are to the body physical, and will bind a set of disjected members into one corresponding and sensitive frame. As a proof of Lord Byron's uncertainty and unfixedness, he at one moment gave a very handsome donation (50*l.*) to one paper, the Greek Chronicle, the most independent of them all, and promised to assist in its compilation. His friend and secretary, too, with his approbation, established a polyglot newspaper, the Greek Telegraph, with his countenance and support. The want of any fixed principles and opinions on these important subjects galled him excessively, and he could never discuss them without passion. About this same press, schools, societies for mutual instruction, and all other institutions for the purpose of educating and advancing the Greeks in civilization, he would express himself with scorn and disgust. He would put it on the ground that the present was not the time for these things; that the Greeks must conquer first, and then set about learning—an opinion which no one could seriously entertain who knew as he well did the real situation of the Greeks, who are only now and then visited by the Turks, descending at particular seasons in shoals, like herrings, and like them too to be netted, knocked on the head, and left to die in heaps till the whole countryside is glutted with their carcases.—The aptitude of the Greeks is as great as their leisure; and if even the men were actively engaged for the most part of their time, which they are not, surely no exertion of benevolence could be attended with more advantage than instructing the children at home. This, to be sure, is a quaker kind of warfare, and little likely to please a poet; though it must be confessed, that in respect to the pomp and circumstance of war, and all the sad delusions of military glory, no man could have more sane notions than Lord Byron. Mercenary warfare and the life-and-death struggle of oppressed men for freedom are very different things; and Lord Byron felt a military ardour in Greece

which he was too wise a man ever to have felt under other circumstances. He was at one time, in Greece, absolutely soldier-mad; he had a helmet made, and other armour in which to lead the Suliotes to the storming of Lepanto, and thought of nothing but of guns and blunderbusses. It is very natural to suppose that a man of an enthusiastic turn, tired of every-day enjoyments, in succouring the Greeks would look to the bustle, the adventure, the moving accidents by flood and field, as sources of great enjoyment; but allowing for the romantic character of guerilla warfare in Greece, for the excessively unromantic nature of projects for establishing schools and printing-presses in safe places, where the Turks never or very seldom reach; allowing for these, yet they were not the causes of his Lordship's hostility to these peaceful but important instruments in propagating happiness: he was ignorant of the science of civilization, and he was jealous of those who both knew it and practised it, and consequently were doing more good than himself, and began to be more thought about too, in spite of his Lordship's money, which in Greece is certainly very little short of being all-powerful. The Greeks, it is true, had a kind of veneration for Lord Byron, on account of his having sung the praises of Greece; but the thing which caused his arrival to make so great a sensation there was the report that he was immensely rich, and had brought a ship full of *sallars* (as they call dollars) to pay off all their arrears. So that as soon as it was understood he had arrived, the Greek fleet was presently set in motion to the port where he was stationed; was very soon in a state of the most pressing distress, and nothing could relieve it but a loan of four thousand pounds from his Lordship, which loan was eventually obtained (though with a small difficulty), and then the Greek fleet sailed away, and left his Lordship's person to be nearly taken by the Turks in crossing to Missolonghi, as another vessel which contained his suite and his stores actually was captured, though afterwards released. It was this money too which charmed the Prince Mavrocordato, who

did not sail away with his fleet, but stayed behind, thinking more was to be obtained, as more indeed was, and the whole consumed nobody knows how. However, the sums procured from his Lordship were by no means so large as has been supposed; five thousand pounds would probably cover the whole, and that chiefly by way of loan, which has, I hear, been repaid since his death. The truth is, that the only good Lord Byron did, or probably ever could have done to Greece was, that his presence conferred an eclat on the cause all over Europe, and disposed the people of England to join in the loan. The lenders were dazzled, by his co-operation with the Greeks, into an idea of the security of their money, which they ought to have been assured of on much better grounds; but it requires some time and labour to learn the real state of a country, while it was pleasant gossip to talk of Lord Byron in Greece. The fact is, that if any of the foreign loans are worth a farthing it is that to the Greeks, who are decidedly more under the controul of European public opinion than any other nation in the world; about their capability to pay no one can doubt, and their honesty is secured by their interest.

Lord Byron was noted for a kind of poetical misanthropy, but it existed much more in the imagination of the public than in reality. He was fond of society, very good-natured when not irritated, and, so far from being gloomy, was, on the contrary, of a cheerful jesting temperament, and fond of witnessing even low buffoonery; such as setting a couple of vulgar fellows to quarrel, making them drunk, or disposing them in any other way to show their folly. In his writings he certainly dwelt with pleasure on a character which had somehow or other laid hold of his fancy, and consequently under this character he has appeared to the public: viz. that of a proud and scornful being, who pretended to be disgusted with his species, because he himself had been guilty of all sorts of crimes against society, and who made a point of dividing his time between cursing and blessing, murdering and saving, robbing

and giving, hating and loving, just as the wind of his humour blew. This *penchant* for outlaws and pirates might naturally enough flow from his own character, and the circumstances of his life, without there being the slightest resemblance between the poet and the Corsair. He had a kind and generous heart, and gloried in a splendid piece of benevolence; that is to say, the dearest exercise of power to him was in unexpectedly changing the state of another from misery to happiness: he sympathized deeply with the joy he was the creator of. But he was in a great error with respect to the merit of such actions, and in a greater still respecting the reward which he thought awaited him. He imagined that he was laying up a great capital at compound interest. He reckoned upon a large return of gratitude and devotion, and was not content with the instant recompense which charity receives. They who understand the principles of human action know that it is foolish in a benefactor to look further than the pleasure of consciousness and sympathy, and that if he does, he is a creditor, and not a donor, and must be content to be viewed as creditors are always viewed by their debtors, with distrust and uneasiness. On this mistake were founded most of his charges against human nature; but his feelings, true to nature, and not obeying the false direction of his prejudices and erroneous opinions, still made him love his kind with an ardour which removed him as far as possible from misanthropy. It is very remarkable that all your misanthropists as painted by the poets are the very best men in the world—to be sure, they do not go much into company, but they are always on the watch to do benevolent actions in secret, and no distress is ever suffered to remain long unrelieved in the neighbourhood of a hater of his fellow men. Another cause of Lord Byron's misanthropical turn of writing was his high respect for himself. He had a vast reverence for his own person, and all he did and thought of doing, inculcated into him, as into other lords, by mothers, governors, grooms, and nurse-maids. When he observed another man neg-

lecting *his* wants for the sake of some petty gratification of his own, it appeared to him very base in the individual, and a general charge against all mankind—he was positively filled with indignation. He mentions somewhere in his works with becoming scorn, that one of his relatives accompanied a female friend to a milliner's, in preference to coming to take leave of him when he was going abroad. The fact is, no one ever loved his fellow man more than Lord Byron; he stood in continual need of his sympathy, his respect, his affection, his attentions, and he was proportionably disgusted and depressed when they were found wanting; this was foolish enough, but he was not much of a reasoner on these points,—he was a poet. In his latter quality, it was his business to foster all these discontented feelings, for the public like in poetry nothing better than scorn, contempt, derision, indignation; and especially a kind of fierce mockery which distinguishes the transition from a disturbed state of the imagination to lunacy. Consequently, finding this mood take with the public, when he sat down to write he began by lashing himself up into this state, his first business being, like Jove, to compel all the black clouds together he could lay his hands on. Besides, there is much that is romantic and interesting in a moody and mysterious Beltebros; it is not every body that *can* be sated with the most exquisite joys of society; a man to have had his appetite so palled must have had huge success, he must have been a man of consideration in the eyes of the beautiful and the rich. To *scorn* implies that you are very much better than those you scorn; that you are very good, or very great, or very wise, and that others are the direct contrary. To *despise* is another mark of superiority. To be *sad* and *silent* are proofs that much sensation, perhaps of the most impassioned kind, has been experienced, is departed, and is mourned: this is touching; and a man who wishes to attract attention cannot do better, if he be handsome and genteel, than look woeful and affect taciturnity. Lord Byron was well aware of all this, and chose, for the purpose of exciting sympathy in his

readers, to represent himself in the masquerade dress of Childe Harold. One day when Fletcher, his valet, was cheapening some monkeys, which he thought exorbitantly dear, and refused to purchase without abatement, his master said to him, "Buy them, buy them, Fletcher, I like them better than men; they amuse and never plague me." In the same spirit is his epitaph on his Newfoundland dog, a spirit partly affected and partly genuine. The genuine part he would certainly never have retained, if he had reflected a little more upon the nature of his own feelings, and the motives which actuate men in every the least action of their lives. Boys enter upon the world stuffed with school-boy notions which their tutors think it necessary to fill them with, about generosity, disinterestedness, liberty, honour, and patriotism; and when in life they find nobody acting upon these, and that they never did and never can, they are disgusted, and consider themselves entitled to despise mankind, because they are under a delusion with respect to themselves and every body else. Some of them, if men of genius, turn poets and misanthropists; some sink into mere sensualists; and some, convinced of the hollowness of the things they have been taught to declaim about, unwisely conclude that no better system of morality is to be had, that there is nothing real but place, power, and profit, and become the willing instruments of the oppressors of mankind. The fault lies in EDUCATION, and if there is any good to be done in the world that is the end to begin at.

Much of Lord Byron's poetry took its peculiar hue from the circumstances of his life,—such as his travels in Greece, which formed a most important epoch in the history of his mind. The "oriental twist in his imagination," was thence derived; his scenery, his imagery, his costume, and many of the materials of his stories, and a great deal of the character of his personages.—That country was the stimulant which excited his great powers; and much of the form in which they showed themselves is to be attributed to it. His great susceptibility to external impressions, his

intense sympathy with the appearances of nature, which distinguished him, were the fruits either of original conformation, or a much earlier stage of his experience; but it was in Greece, the most beautiful and picturesque of countries, that he came to the full enjoyment of himself. Certainly no poet either before or since so completely identified himself with nature, and gave to it all the animation and the intellection of a human being. Benjamin Constant, in his work on Religion, lately published in Paris, quotes this passage from the *Island*, and appends to it the observation which I shall copy at the end.

How often we forget all time, when lone
Admiring nature's universal throne,
Her woods, her wilds, her waters, the intense

Reply of hers to our intelligence!

Live not the stars and mountains? Are
the waves

Without a spirit? Are the drooping caves

Without a feeling in their silent tears?

No—no—they woo and clasp us to their
spheres,

Dissolve this clog and clod of clay before
Its hour, and merge our soul in the great
shore.

Strip off this fond and false identity!

Who thinks of self when gazing on the
sea?

The Island.

On this fine passage Benjamin Constant observes: "On nous assure que certains hommes accusent Lord Byron d'athéisme, et d'impiété. Il y a plus de religion dans ces douze vers que dans les écrits passés, présents, et futurs, de tous ces dénonciateurs mis ensemble." Such is the Frenchman's notion of religion; if it be correct, our poets must be as of old our priests again, and clergymen be dismissed for want of imagination. Lord Byron had not the dramatic talent, that is, he could not discriminate human characters and assume them; but he seems to have had this dramatic talent as applied, not to human beings, but to natural objects, in the greatest perfection. He could nicely discern their distinctive differences, adapt words and sentiments to them, and hold intercourse with them of a very refined and beautiful description. When he travelled, he communed with the hills, and the valleys, and the ocean.

Certainly he did not travel for fashion's sake, nor would he follow in the wake of the herd of voyagers. As much as he had been about the Mediterranean, he had never visited Vesuvius or *Ætna*, because all the world had; and when any of the well-known European volcanic mountains were mentioned he would talk of the Andes, which he used to express himself as most anxious to visit. In going to Greece the last time, he went out of his way to see Stromboli; and when it happened that there was no eruption during the night his vessel lay off there, he cursed and swore bitterly for no short time.

In travelling, he was an odd mixture of indolence and capricious activity; it was scarcely possible to get him away from a place under six months, and very difficult to keep him longer. In the Westminster Review, there is an interesting paper formed out of his letters, and out of Fletcher's account of his last illness, which though written with fairness, has unhappily the usual fault of going upon stilts. All Lord Byron's movements are attributed to some high motive or other, or some deep deliberation, when his friends well know that he went just as the wind did or did not blow. Among a deal more of bamboozlement about Lord Byron going to Greece or staying here or there, very sage reasons are given for his remaining in Cephalonia so long. The fact is, he had got set down there, and he was too idle to be removed; first, he was not to be got out of the vessel in which he had sailed, in which he dawdled for six weeks after his arrival, when the charter of the vessel expired and he was compelled to change his quarters;—he then took up his residence in the little village of Metaxata, where again he was not to be moved to Missolonghi, whither he had declared his resolution of proceeding: ship after ship was sent for him by Mavrocordato, and messenger upon messenger; he promised and promised, until at length, either worn out by importunity, or weary of his abode, he hired a couple of vessels (refusing the Greek ships) and crossed.

It is said that his intention was

not to remain in Greece,—that he determined to return after his attack of epilepsy. Probably it was only his removal into some better climate that was intended. Certainly a more miserable and unhealthy bog than Missolonghi is not to be found out of the fens of Holland, or the Isle of Ely. He either felt or affected to feel a presentiment that he should die in Greece, and when his return was spoken of, considered it as out of the question, predicting that the Turks, the Greeks, or the Malaria, would effectually put an end to any designs he might have of returning. At the moment of his seizure with the epileptic fits prior to his last illness, he was jesting with Parry, an engineer sent out by the Greek committee, who, by dint of being his butt, had got great power over him, and indeed, became every thing to him. Besides this man there was Fletcher, who had lived with him twenty years, and who was originally a shoemaker, whom his Lordship had picked up in the village where he lived, at Newstead, and who, after attending him in some of his rural adventures, became attached to his service: he had also a faithful Italian servant, Battista; a Greek secretary; and Count Gamba seems to have acted the part of his Italian secretary. Lord Byron spoke French very imperfectly, and Italian not correctly, and it was with the greatest difficulty he could be prevailed upon to make attempts in a foreign language. He would get any body about him to interpret for him, though he might know the language better than his interpreter.

When dying, he did not know his situation till a very short time before he fell into the profound lethargy, from which he never awoke; and after he knew his danger, he could never speak intelligibly, but muttered his indistinct directions in three languages. He seems to have spoken of his wife and his daughter—chiefly of the latter; to this child he was very strongly attached, with indeed an intense parental feeling; his wife I do not believe he ever cared much

for, and probably he married her from mercenary motives.

I shall not attempt any summing up of the desultory observations which I have thrown together, in the hope of superseding the cant and trash that has and will be said and sung about the character of this great man. All that it is necessary to add by way of conclusion, may be condensed into a very few words. Lord Byron was a *Lord* of very powerful intellect and strong passions; these are almost sufficient data for a moral geometer to construct the whole figure; at least, add the following sentence, and sufficient is given: whether by early romantic experience, or by a natural extreme sensitiveness to external impressions, it was of all his intellectual faculties the imagination which was chiefly developed. Putting them together, we may conclude, as was the fact, that he was irritable, capricious, at times even childish, wilful, dissipated, infidel, sensual; with little of that knowledge which is got at school, and much of that acquired afterwards: he was capable of enthusiasm; and though intensely selfish, that is, enjoying his own sensations, he was able to make great sacrifices, or, in other words, he had a taste for the higher kinds of selfishness, i. e. the most useful and valuable kinds; he was generous, fearless, open, veracious, and a cordial lover of society and of conviviality; he was ardent in his friendships, but inconstant; and, however generally fond of his friends, more apt to be heartily weary of them than people usually are.

No more epithets need be heaped together; all that men have in general, he had in more than ordinary force; some of the qualities which men rarely have he possessed to a splendid degree of perfection.

Such is the *PERSONAL* character of Lord Byron, as I have been able to draw it from having had access to peculiar sources of information, and from being placed in a situation best calculated, as I think, to form an impartial opinion.

R. N.

BEAUTIES OF THE INUENDO.

Desd. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, my gracious lady?

Desd. Such as, she said, my lord did say I was.—*Othello.*

CERTAINLY, even though a man should not be incapable of doing an ill action, we ought not to think the worse of him for being ashamed to talk about it. There is no ordinary vice of which human nature is capable, which under certain circumstances may not assume an appearance of irreprehensibility, nay, of amiability—and this proposition may even extend to hypocrisy, when it is not the hypocrisy of self interest. For this reason, I am much inclined to question the sanity of the reasoning which would cite the delicate *euphuism* of the livers of the nineteenth century as an inferential argument of their moral degeneracy from the plain speakers of the eighteenth or any preceding one. Perhaps the only objection worth refuting which has ever been urged against the use of the Inuendo, is, that it seems to show a want of honesty, and throws an obstacle in our way to the goal of truth, or at least causes a delay in our efforts to arrive there. No such thing; it is on the contrary, in many instances, a surer and even a readier mode of achieving truth, than the direct speech of him who despises it. A man may examine the sun's disk more clearly by reflection than by gazing immediately upon it, so it is that the Inuendo shadows down, mellows, and clarifies.

"What is it" (the riddle is Tony Lumpkin's I think) "that goes roudp the house, and round the house, and never touches the house?" It is Inuendo. 'Tis a beautiful engine in the hands of one who knows how to use it, *comme il faut*—and is of the same elegance and utility in argument that idiom is in language.

There are various uses for, and classes of, the Inuendo. Perhaps we might allow some of the principal to run in this order.

The Inuendo courteous.

—— philanthropic.

—— modest.

—— sarcastic or malicious.

The first mentioned is in very general use in our day, as indeed are they all. Every body remembers the immortal instance of the preacher who damned his congregation so politely that he would only insinuate the nature of the retribution they had to expect—but I recollect witnessing one scarcely less ingenious at the front of a provincial court-house. A rather unusual case had been tried in the forenoon—it was an action brought against a quaker for defamation, which defamation consisted in the too unguarded use of the word "rogue," as applied to the plaintiff, and heavy damages had been obtained. As both parties were leaving court, the quaker, who, though a very belligerent fellow, was rendered a little more cautious by the experience he had just acquired, shook his head at the victor, and exclaimed "Ah, thee art—thee art ———" and made a pause. "What am I, now?" cried the other, chuckling—"am I a rogue, now, eh?"—"Thee hast said it, friend," rejoined the quaker.

Passing the other day through Holborn, my attention was directed by a companion to one of those concerns (which, lest this should meet the eyes of persons of peculiar feelings, I shall not particularize), it was, however, a place which is by some considered of great convenience—occasionally. But the nature of the business there transacted was announced to the public by the words "Miscellaneous Repository," which were neatly inscribed in yellow letters over the door. What a philanthropic—what a delicate soul must the man possess to whom such an idea suggested itself!—"John, take my repeater to the *Miscellaneous Repository*." If Claude Lorraine had turned pawn-broker, could he have conveyed the intelligence more poetically?

If a friend happens by some awkward train of circumstances to find

himself within the precincts of certain places appointed for the entertainment of gentlemen who understand the conjugation of the verb "*emprunter*" better than "*payer*," we do not address our letters—"Blank Blank, Esq. White Cross-street," or "Blank Blank, Esq. King's Bench," we substitute the more elegant addresses "Spencer's Hotel," and "Abbot's Priory," without the risk of being misunderstood by the twopenny post.

The modest Inuendo, as indeed is the case with the modest every thing—is calculated to do the practiser a mischief, at least I remember to have seen it attended by such result. It is notorious how very shamelessly that unfortunate race of demi-mortals, ycleped tailors, are sometimes treated by those who make it the business of their existence to set up the statue of gentility without being provided with the necessary pedestal, and who in consequence suffer it to stand on the shoulders of butchers, bakers, boot-makers, and the knights of the thimble aforesaid,—who are kind enough

To take into their need a smile from hope
And wait, in coldness, its fruition.

But if this be sometimes the fate of a London tailor, what must he have to expect who stitches for the trunks of Irish country gentlemen, who, to do them justice, cannot number amongst their failings that of a cowardly eagerness to get rid of their creditors. One of these poor devils had a bill of three years' standing against a neighbour of his, a genteel well doing "middleman;" at length, driven to desperation by want of money, he took the daring resolution to apply for his debt, and actually sent him (with a basket of eggs) the following letter:—

please your oner,
hoping your oner wont be displeasd at my boldness and I send a little basket of eggs—good fresh eggs—and they were lade by the little black hen that's three yeer ould come Michaelmas eve the day that I sent home your oner's shute—and the

times are very hard intirely—intirely—
plase your oner from

your oner's sarvent to comand,

Timotheus Kinnealy.

the woman hopes the eggs wil come handy to the young mistris out of her confinement.—tuesday mornin.

This delicate and courteous epistle produced nothing less than the object it aimed at. A torrent of abuse formed the gentleman's answer. I was standing by his side while he wrote, and as I saw the grievous phrases glide from his pen—uttered a psha! of something like reproof—"Damn the fool!" was his reply—"he has put his neck down and I will tread on it." It silenced me at once, for (this was in the summer of 21) a very general and prophetic application of the thing flashed upon my mind.

There is another species of the modest Inuendo, or hint, which does not perhaps originate precisely in the same feeling, nor is it quite so deleterious in its consequences; but it is doubtless very amiable, notwithstanding. The gentleman assures you he will not affect the so and so of such a person, nor the so and so of such a one, *because*, even if he had those pretensions (what a delightful *inuendo*!) it would not be considered perfectly modest in him openly to say so. There has been a pleasant instance of this order "about town" lately.

For the last—heaven help the while!—we are not at a loss for instances or uses. It is the keystone and the corner stone of what is called—scandal "in the vulgar," that very pleasant occupation which makes Time shake his pinions more fleetly over the heads of women and womanish men. But wait until next session—slip your half-crown into the door-keeper's hand, creep up, and poke your phiz into the gallery, then look round and listen, until you have caught a speaker on his legs—a man with a sharp nose, close set eyes, gathering brow, &c. &c. and I lay you any wager you please, that in a few minutes you plead guilty to having seen a genius in this class.

S. D. S.

MACADAMIZATION.

A Letter from BILLY O'ROURKE to the Editor.

Pavet arduam viam.

He paves the high-way.

(Phelim O'Flann, my Schoolmaster.)

MR. WHAT'S-YOUR-NAME.—I am a prince by descent and a pavior by profession. True, I am a foreigner and barbarian,—for I come from Ireland,—but there is blood in my veins which heretofore ran riot up and down the O'Rourkes and O'Shaughnessies. Milesius was my great-grandfather forty times removed, and my great-grandmother of the same generation was cousin by-the-button-hole to O'Connor, progenitor and propagator of the present great Roger O'Connor of Dangan Castle, who was found innocent of robbing the mail a few years ago, when the Orangemen were in want of a head to adorn King William's lamp-post at the Anniversary of the Boyne Water. Thus, Mr. Thingumbob, you see though I do fillip the paving-stones with a three-man beetle, though I do peg a few pebbles every day into the scull of our old Mother Earth (*alma tellus*, as Phelim used to call her),—I really was born to a royal rattle. Excuse alliteration, Mr. Blank; I am not only a prince and a pavior, but a poet.* I broke half the panes in the province of Leinster scribbling amatory verses, epigrams, and epitaphs on Miss Kitty M'Fun, with a glazier's diamond that I stole from my uncle; I wrote all the best lines in the "Emerald Isle" (all the bad ones were written by Counsellor Phillips), and I gave Tom Moore more hints for Thomas Little's poems than either of this duet of gentlemen ever had the decency to thank me for. But this is all bother. What I want to say is

this:—I don't like at all at all this new-fashioned out-of-the-way way of paving the streets with jackstones. Who ever saw a street covered with gun-flints by way of pavement? This is pretty wig-making! I suppose the next thing we'll do is to spread them with Turkey carpets that our old duchesses and debauchees may trundle along to the Parliament House and the Opera without shaking themselves to pieces a season too soon! O give me the sweet little pebblement of my own native city in Shamrockshire—Dublin! Major-Taylorization against Macadamization any day!† Where the *jingles* totter over the streets like boats on a river of paving stones!‡ Up and down! right and left! Hohenlo! toss'd hither and thither! from pebble to puddle! from gully to gutter!—Splish splash! there they go! while the *Rawney* § leers through one of his dead-lights back at Mr. Paddy O'Phaeton, Paddy for lack of a lash applies his perpetual toe to Rawney's abutment, and the *lob* within sits on his knuckles to keep his breeches from wearing out the cushions that feel as if stuffed with potatoes!—That's something like jaunting; a man feels that he's getting the worth of his money. But to slither over the arable like a Laplander in a sledge,—to have your streets as smooth and soaporiferous as a schoolboy's phyzzonomy,—Booh! I'd as soon tumble down Greenwich Hill with a feather-bed for my partner!

Will you lend me the loan of a page or so in your "truly excellent

* 'Twas my mother's foster-brother wrote "The Groves of Blarney;" her maiden name was Kelly, and she is the identical *she* of whom the author says

And as you would see sweet Mabel Kelly,
No nightingull sings half more bright—

which is the true reading.

† Major Taylor, Paving-Master General to the City of Dublin. He also makes darkness visible at night, being Lamplighter-General.

‡ *Jingles*, one-horse wooden baskets, upon three wheels, and another on Sundays.

§ Corrupted from the paternal Spanish—*Rosinante*, we suppose.—*Ed.*

and widely-circulating" periodical, Mr. What-ever-your-name-is, to make this case properly public? Sure, I know you will!—Besides the beauty and gentility of pebblement which I have already noticed, I have two or three observations to make in its favour which I'd thank any Macadamite between this and himself to answer. I'll make him eat,—not a potatoe,—but a paving-stone if he doesn't confess himself knocked down by the arguments I've brought to silence him.

Firstly and foremost. I, and the rest of us, that is, all who live at present upon paving-stones, must now begin to starve with all possible alacrity upon nothing. Irishmen can't live like cameleopards* upon air, no more than Englishmen on potato and point. But if the streets are to be thrown *holus-bolus* into the hands of nobody but stone-crackers and levellers, what is to become of the professors of the noble Art of Paving,—me and the rest of us? Or does Mr. Macadam (the son of an original sinner!) think we'll dishonour the cloth by turning manufacturers of jack-stones and shovellers of shingles? Does he think (the sand-piper!) that gentlemen of the paving-profession will descend to get up on a little heap of pebbles and keep cracking there all day for his honour's advantage?—Och the gander! He knows a little less than nothing if he thinks to bamboozle us in this way!

Secondly and foremost. The nobility and gentry will be no such gainers after all by exploding the pebblement-system. We all know that every one is thought of exactly in proportion to the noise she or he makes in the world. Now if my lady this and my lord that, are to whistle through the city as softly as Mr. Macadam would make them, without kicking up a continual row in their carriages, why they'll never be heard of! But they can never

do the latter without the help of paving stones. When the Duchess of *Devilment's* barouche and four rattled down Regent-street pommelling the pebblement, and knocking fire from the flints, with her full-bottomed, flour-pated, rosy-nosed, three-cocked-hat-covered coachman joggling from side to side of his box, and her silk-stockings'd, sleek-cheek'd, sly-eyed brace of liverymen bumping and bobbing up and down on the footboard as the vehicle chattered along; then indeed was the Duchess of *Devilment* something more in our eyes than a mother-ape in petticoats; then indeed was she heard and seen, though perhaps neither felt nor understood;—in short, she was *somebody*. But now, if the King himself were to sweep from Carlton House to the Crescent we should think him little better than a biped like one of ourselves!

Thirdly and foremost. I see nothing the Macadamites have brought with them in exchange for our paving-stones but dust in one hand and dirt in the other. If the new system of streetification goes on, London will shortly be nothing but a criss-cross of high-roads, and the houses will be worse than so many citizens' country boxes, built on the brink of the roadside, and enveloped like the Lord Chancellor's head in a wig-full of dust and confusion. In summer the street walkers and flag-hoppers of every description and denomination will be covered from head to foot with surtouts *a la poudré*, and look like a population of millers just turned loose from the hopper-loft. In winter they will be over the boots in mud and slip-slop; they'll be as cleanly bespattered as if they had stood the brunt of Fleet-market in the pillory; they'll be taken by the pigeons, tailors, peripatetic caterwaulers, and all the other odd fish that frequent the house-tops, for nothing but gigantic gutter-snipes and magnified mud-larks!† And our rows

* Our correspondent probably forgets the exact distinction between *cameleopards* and *cameleons*; he, however, we think, fully supports the national character, as given by Hudibras—

As learned as the *Wild Irish* are.—Ed.

† *Gutter-snipes* and *mud-larks*, poetical names for *pigs*, in Ireland. We do not profess to know the precise difference between them. Our learned correspondent perhaps only makes use of the rhetorical figure—*pleonasmus*, to fill up his period.—Ed.

of shopperry too! Why they'll be filled to the tip-top shelf with whirlwinds of powdered jackstones! ribbons and bobbins, laces and braces, caps and traps, petticoats and waistcoats, all their paraphernalia and strumpetry, tag-rag-merry-derry-periwig-and-hatband, will be dredged with ground-pepper dust! and the prentices within will be choaked extempore before they can whistle *Jack Robinson!*—'Twont do, Mr. Nobody! By the powders, it wont!

Lastly and foremost. We shall lose all our old women! Think of that Mr. Thingumbob! We shall lose our old women as fast as hops!—A friend of mine let me into this secret t'other day behind a pot of Whitbread. The blood of all our old beggar women will be on Mr. Macadam's head, if he goes on with his pippin-squeezing system of streetification! He will be guilty of universal *aniseed!** In a few years if the Macadamites should supplant the Paying-Board, we shall not be able to get an old woman for love or money. Why?—I'll tell you. Wont they be sure to be run over wherever they are to be found crossing a crossing? When the coaches and cavalry travel on velvet,—when the rattle of a wheel or the tramp of a *quodrapid*† shall be drowned in the dust,—will any old woman but a witch be able to hear what's coming upon her? When the streets are so soft and smack-smooth that one may drive from No. any thing in any place, to St. Paul's, or to Westminster, in the tick of a death-watch, may not a blind beldame of any sex, age, or condition, be torn from the delights of this life and in a manner kicked into the middle of the next, without so much as "By your leave"

or "Beg your pardon"? Or do we expect an old woman to run like a lamplighter when she sees the pole of a carriage within an inch of her beard? or to skip like a hen on a hot griddle when she feels a couple of coach-horses treading on her toes, and perhaps whipping off her wig like hay from a pitch-fork? Even with all the "notes of preparation" which paving stones could give, our coachmen generally contrived to demolish some dozen of sexagenarian pedestersians† every twelvemonth. *Aniseed* is great fun of an opera night for the big-wigs on the boxes; and even gentlemen-whips have been known to practise this interesting kind of murder when they wished to show how quietly they could trot over an old woman without losing their balance.‡

For all these reasons, Mr. My-Friend, and a great many worse ones, I think Macadamization is very superiorly un-preferable to pebblement. So do all of the profession. We are about to get up an address to the Parliament, which is to be called—The Pavior's Petition, in which we pray for paving stones, and show that the new system of streetification comes under the penalty of the Chalking-Act, being a capital innovation upon the long-established customs of the country. As for Mr. Macadam, we are determined to take the law into our own hands, and stone him the first time we catch his honour in London.

No more at present from your
loving affectionate

BILLY O'ROURKE,

Professor of Paving; No. 6,
Knave's Acre; first floor down
the chimney.

* We thought ourselves tolerable philologists, but this word we acknowledge sets our ingenuity at defiance. We can but offer a conjectural explanation. The Latin for an old woman is *anus*; whence possibly *ani-cide* (which our pavior, by a poetical licence we suppose, spells *aniseed*) may be taken to express—old-woman-killing.—*Ed.*

† *Sic in MS.*

‡ I'd a grand-aunt that was kilt once in this fashion; she died above twenty years after with the mark of a horse-shoe on her—The gentleman that kilt her gave her a penny.

The better half of the paper—of London (Scotland) I repeat my griefs:

* Wallbridge. Freely translated from the English of the Water Scot. By W. H. B. & Co. 1824.

Oct. 1824

WALLADMOR:

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S GERMAN NOVEL.

Walladmor. Frei nach dem Englischen des Walter Scott. Von W****s.
Berlin, bei F. A. Herbig. 1824. 3 Bände.*

"Freely translated!" Yes, no want of freedom! All free and easy! impossible to complain on that score. Verily, this is the boldest hoax of our times.—Most readers we suppose have read the mere fact of the hoax as communicated through the Morning Chronicle, by the late Mr. Bohte, on his return from the Leipsic fair: for those who have not, we repeat it here.—German booksellers, it seems, had come to an agreement, one and all, that Sir Walter Scott was rather tardy in his movements: he lay fallow longer than they would tolerate. To take two crops off the land in each year—was not sufficient. Such slovenly farming was not to be endured. And at all events there must be a Scotch novel against the Leipsic fair; the Jubilate-fair of 1824; which fair is at Easter. But unfortunately Sir Walter's cycle did not coincide with that of Leipsic and Frankfort. When Saxony kept her Easter jubilee, the Scotch press was keeping Lent. The Edinburgh moon, that so steadily waxes and wanes, was at that time "hid in her vacant interlunar cave:"—but the men of Leipsic, and the "Trade" from Hamburg to Munich, insisted that she should be at full. "Shine out, Sir Walter!" they all exclaimed, "and enlighten our darkness!" But, as he would *not*, somebody must shine for him.

Flectere si nequeam Superos, Acheronta movebo.

The best thing of all was the genuine foreign article, "neat as imported;" the second best a home manufacture brought as near in strength and color as "circumstances" would permit. A true Scotch novel, if possible: if not, a capital hoax!

The better half of the prayer—

Jove, as we have said, dispersed to the winds: but to the second

Annuit, et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.

Gods and men agreed that there should be a capital hoax—Gods and men; "et concessere columnæ," and the Leipsic book-stalls abetted it. A hoax was bespoke in three volumes; and a hoaxer was bespoke to make it. And the grave publishers throughout Germany, Moravians and all, subscribed for reams of hoax. A great *Hum* was inflated at Leipsic, and went floating over the fields of Germany: a *πομφόλυξ*, or glittering bubble—blown by the united breath of German Paternoster-Row,—ascended as the true balloon. Bubbled Germany laughed, because it knew not that it was a bubble: and bubbling Germany laughed, because it knew full well that it was. The laugh of welcome was before it: the *cachinnus* of triumph was behind it. They had made a false Florimel† of snow; and the false Florimel went wandering from the Danube to the Rhine; and won all hearts, it is said, from the true Florimel. And now at length is the false Florimel come over to England: and here are we to welcome her—scattering gay rhetoric before her steps as from an Amalthea's horn: make way for her therefore in England: be civil to her, oh! our Fathers in the "Row:" welcome her in Albemarle-street: ye constables, whether spelt with little c's or great C's, keep open the paths for your daughter that comes back to claim a settlement and her rights of affiliation: why must *she* only be rejected from her father's house? she only be frowned upon by the gay choir of her sisters?—Furnace of London criticism! remit thy fires:

* Walladmor. Freely translated from the English of Sir Walter Scott. By W****s. Berlin: F. A. Herbig. 1824. 3 Vols.

† See the *Faerie Queene*, Book 3 and 4.

OCT. 1824.

melt not the snowy beauty too soon! Suffer her to wander a little, and display her charms, in the country which she claims for her own. Mount, *pompholyx* of Germany, mount once more: bubble of Leipsic, glitter again for a little moment in London: *et vos plaudite*, publishers of Britain, as this *parhelion* rises upon your horizon: for it was your brethren that were the hoaxers; and it was nations that were hoaxed. Not a publisher but cachinnates from Leipsic to Moscow—from Stockholm to Vienna! you also therefore, oh, "Trade" of London and Edinburgh, we charge you, make common cause with the Jubilate catalogistæ* of Leipsic:

Pursue their triumph, and partake the gale!

Thus, in measured words and a solemn *Polonaise* of rhetoric, we usher in—before the English public—the interesting young stranger and impostor *Walladmor*. The pretences of this impostor are now made known: and the next question is—in what way are these supported? This also we shall answer; and shall put the reader in possession of the novel, by rifling the charms as yet un-

breathed on in England, and giving him the very fragrance and aroma of *Walladmor* in English.—What sense there can be in writing "reviews" or "abstracts" of Sir W. Scott's *English* novels for English readers, we never yet could learn. To see a London or Edinburgh critic luxuriously reposing on his sofa, gratifying himself up to the height of Gray's wish by reading "eternal new novels," and then to see him indolently cutting out with a pair of scissars this or that chapter with a request to the compositor that he will reset that same chapter in a different type for the benefit of readers—every soul of whom has the novel itself lying on his table,—such a spectacle, we confess, moves our wonder and our disgust: and we know that it is not less disgusting to all rational people; who see in all this neither labour to the critic—for which he should be thanked, nor service to any body else—for which they should thank him. Sooner than descend to such parasitical or ivy-like dependence upon the stem of another man's books, we for our part would betake ourselves to the last opprobrium of honest men—viz. the cutting out our own

* *Walladmor* stands regularly inserted in the Leipsic Mess-Catalog for Easter, 1824, under the name of Sir Walter Scott, as one of his novels: it is the penultimate article on p. 255. The Catalogue was published on the 6th of April.—Two or three years ago we remember to have heard of another plot from this quarter against the Scotch novels; and, by the dedication prefixed to the 3d vol. of *Walladmor*, it would seem that in the first stage it had succeeded. Through some quarter or other it was said that a duplicate of every proof sheet, as it issued from the Edinburgh press, was forwarded to a sea-port town on the continent, and there translated into German. Now it was the design of the pirates to put this German translation into another conspirator's hands who was to translate it into good English: he was ready to swear (and truly) that he had nothing to do with any piratical practices upon English books; for that he had translated from a known and producible German book. The German book was in regard to him the authentic archetype. As to any Scotch book of Mr. Constable's press, for any thing he knew—that might be a piratical translation from the German copy, obtained probably by some nefarious corruption and bribery of Mr. Constable's amongst German compositors. To keep up the ball, an opposition party in London designed to carry on the series of reverberations by translating the pirated English translation back again into excellent German, and launching this decomplex pirate in the German market against her own grandmother the old original pirate. Accidents favouring, and supposing the wind to be against Mr. Constable (who of course sends the copies for London by sea),—it was conceived possible that a German daughter, an English grand-daughter, and a German great-grand-daughter might all be abroad in London before the Edinburgh mother arrived; who would thus have found herself an old woman on reaching Messrs. Hursts' and Co., and blessed with several generations of flourishing posterity before she was fully aware of her own existence. Or, supposing Mr. Constable's steam-vessel to arrive off the mouth of the river about the same time as the Continental steam-vessel, there might have been a race between the parties—which of course Paternoster-row and Ave Maria-lane would have attended: Mr. Constable's ship and ship's-company being taken by surprize, betting would naturally have run against "the old mother:" and, in any case, "young pirate" with his "run goods" and smuggler's prices would certainly have been "the favourite."

drawers and trowsers: this we hold to be a far more creditable way of using scissors. But with respect to Sir W. Scott's *German* novels the case is different. To be the reader's proxy in reading these—is at least doing *him* some service: and if the critic is called upon to read three volumes containing 883 pages (each page one-sixth more than the pages of Sir Walter Scott's) in 32 hours, under terror of having the book reclaimed,—and when that terror is removed, uses his spare time in making translations of the principal scenes and connecting them together by the necessary links of narrative,—we can then understand that, whilst some service is done to the reader, some labour is also incurred by the critic. This is the simple statement of our own case and merits in regard to the reader. We actually read through, and abstracted, the whole novel within the time specified: and, the copy not being our own but promised to an Edinburgh purchaser, we read—as critics are wont to read—in the uneasy position of looking up a chimney: for, in order to keep a book in a saleable state, the paper-cutter must not lay bare above one-sixth of the uncut leaves—nor let the winds of Heaven visit their hidden charms too roughly. At the end of the 32 hours, by some accident of fortune's wheel, the copy turned out to be a derelict, and was forfeited to us: upon which we set to work and made the most of this Godsend—by turning “wrecker” and plundering the vessel of some of her best stores. Our trust is—that we have stowed away into the LONDON MAGAZINE some of the choicest scenes of Walladmor: and these we have endeavoured to translate not merely *from* the German—but also *into* English, a part of their task which translators are apt to forget. We shall begin with the dedication of the soi-disant German translator to Sir Walter Scott—this, which stands at the beginning of the third volume, is droll enough: a dedication to some man of straw (Sir James Barnesly of Ellesmere) written in the person of Sir Walter Scott, and prefixed to the whole work, is too dull to merit notice.

To Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

Sir,—Uncommon it may certainly be,

but surely not a thing quite unheard of, that a translator should dedicate his translation to the author of the original work: and, the translation here offered to your notice—being, as the writer flatters himself by no means a *common* one,—he is the more encouraged to take this very uncommon liberty.

Ah Sir Walter!—did you but know to what straits the poor German translator of Walter-Scottish novels is reduced, you would pardon greater liberties than this. *Ecountez*. First of all, comes the bookseller and cheapens a translator, in the very cheapest market of translation-jobbers that can be supposed likely to do any justice to the work. Next,—the sheets, dripping wet as they arrive by every post from the Edinburgh press, must be translated just as they stand with or without sense or connexion. Nay it happens not unfrequently that, if a sheet should chance to end with one or two syllables of an unfinished word, we are obliged to translate this first instalment of a future meaning; and, by the time the next sheet arrives with the syllables in arrear, we first learn into what confounded scrapes we have fallen by guessing and translating at hap-hazard. *Nomina sunt odiosa*: else—but I shall content myself with reminding the public of the well-known and sad mishap that occurred in the translation of Kenilworth. In another instance the sheet unfortunately closed thus:—“to save himself from these disasters, he became an agent of Smith-;” and we all translated—“um sich aus diesen trübseligkeiten zu erretten, wurde er Agent bei einem Schmiedemeister; that is, “he became foreman to a blacksmith.” Now sad it is to tell what followed: we had dashed at it, and waited in trembling hope for the result: next morning's post arrived, and showed that all Germany had been basely betrayed by a catch-word of Mr. Constable's. For the next sheet took up the imperfect and embryo catch-word thus:—“field matches, or marriages contracted for the sake of money;” and the whole German sentence should have been repaired and put to rights as follows: “Er negocierte, um sich aufzuhelfen, die sogenannten Smithfields heirathen oder Ehen, welche des Gewinnstes wegen geschlossen werden:” I say, it *should* have been: but woe is me! it was too late: the translated sheet had been already printed off with the blacksmith in it (lord confound him!); and the blacksmith is there to this day, and cannot be ejected.

You see, Sir Walter, into what “alougs of despond” we German translators fall—with the sad necessity of dragging your honor after us. Yet this is but a part of the general woe. When you hear in every bookseller's shop throughout Germany one unanimous complaint of the non-purchas-

ing public and of those great profit-absorbing whirlpools the circulating libraries,—in short all possible causes of diminished sale on the one hand; and on the other hand the forestalling spirit of competition among the translation-jobbers—bidding over each other's heads as at an auction, where the translation is knocked down to him that will contract for bringing his wares soonest to market;—hearing all this, Sir Walter, you will perceive that our old German proverb "*Eile mit Weile*," (i. e. *Festina lente*, or *the more haste, the less speed*) must in this case, where *haste* happens to be the one great qualification and *sine-quâ-non* of a translator, be thrown altogether into the shade by that other proverb—"Wer zuerst kommt mahlt zuerst" (*First come first served*).

I for my part, that I might not lie so wholly at the mercy of this tyrant—*Haste*, struck out a fresh path—in which you, Sir, were so obliging as to assist me. But see what new troubles arise out of this to the unhappy translator. The world pretends to doubt whether the novel is really yours: * people actually begin to talk of your friend Washington Irving as the author, and God knows whom beside. As if any man, poets out of the question, could be supposed capable of an act of self-sacrifice so severe as that of writing a romance in 3 vols. under the name of a friend.

All this tends to drive us translators to utter despair. However I, in my garret, comfort myself by exclaiming "*Odi profanum*—," if I cannot altogether subjoin—"et arceo." From your obliging disposition, Sir Walter, I anticipate the gratification of a few lines by the next post establishing the authenticity of Walladmor. Should these lines even not be duly certified "*coram notario duobusque testibus*," yet if transmitted through the embassy—they will sufficiently attest their own legitimacy as well as that of your youngest child Walladmor.

Notwithstanding what I have said about *haste*, I fear that *haste* has played me a trick here and there. The fact is—we are in dread of three simultaneous translations of Walladmor from three different publishers:

and you will hardly believe how much the anxiety lest another translation should get the start of us can shake the stoutest of translating hearts. The names of Lindau—Methusalem Müller—Dr. Spieker—Von Halem—and Loz † sound awfully in the ears of us gentlemen of the trade. And now, alas! as many more are crowding into this Quinquévrate.

Should it happen that the recent versions of your works had not entirely satisfied your judgment, and that mine of Walladmor had,—I would in that case esteem myself greatly flattered by your again sending me through the house of B— a copy of the manuscript of your next romance; in provision for which case I do here by anticipation acknowledge my obligations to you; and in due form of law bind myself over

1. To the making good all expences of "copy," &c.

2. To the translation of both prose and verse according to the best of my poor abilities; that your eminent name may not fall into discredit through the translator's incompetence.

3. To all possible affection, friendship, respect, &c. in so far as, and according as, you yourself shall be pleased to accept of any or all of these from

The Translator of Walladmor.

Now for the novel itself: but to prepare the reader, we shall first state the nature of the leading interest which is derived from the following case:—A young man of uncertain parentage, having been stolen when an infant, and brought up among smugglers,—of an aspiring and energetic character, but depressed by circumstances, seeks in vain to raise himself from that humblerank which the style of his mind makes him feel as a degradation. Hence a gloomy discontent, and hatred of social institutions: with the native dignity of his own character he combines a good deal of false dignity, as might be expected from the style of associations—upon

* Oh! spirit of modern scepticism, to what shocking results art thou leading us! Already have Lycurgus, Romulus, Numa, &c. been resolved into mere allegorized ideas. And a learned friend has undertaken to prove, within the next 50 years, according to the best rules of modern *scepsis*, that no such banker as Mr. Rothschild ever existed; that the word *Rothschild* in fact was nothing more than a symbolic expression for a habit of advancing loans at the beginning of the 19th century: which indeed the word itself indicates, if reduced to its roots. I should not be surprized to hear that some man had undertaken to demonstrate the non-existence of Sir Walter Scott: already there are symptoms abroad: for the mysterious author of *Waverley* has in our own days been detected in the persons of so many poets and historians the most opposite to each other, that by this time his personality must have been evaporated and volatilized into a whole synod of men.—*Note of the Dedicator.*

† Names of persons who have translated one or more of Sir Walter Scott's novels into German.

which his early misfortunes had thrown him: a gradual recklessness of character succeeds: and he attempts to obtain as a smuggler or pirate the distinctions which he had vainly sought in more honourable paths. In the course of his wild adventures, which afford continual exercise to the hardihood and romantic address of character,—whilst lying hid in a wood he sees a young woman of great beauty riding past. To her he becomes passionately devoted: and before she is aware of his character or connexions, he persuades her, though a young woman of family and distinction, by the lofty air of his manners and sentiments into clandestine meetings; and finally wins her affections. Afterwards she comes to hear something more of his character, though not the whole; is shocked; and suffers much in mind: but at length, her love predominating and knowing that he was unfortunate and persecuted, she tells him—that, if he will wash out the stains upon his name, “her heart shall remember only his misfortunes.”

But he, who knows that all hope of retrieving his character is lost, grows desperate and frantic; for any chance of rising to a level with the woman he loves, is ready to connect himself with the most criminal enterprises; and finally becomes a party in the Cato-street conspiracy: whilst the young lady, who never abates in her love for him, is preyed upon by grief and ill health. This is the nature of the presiding interest. Both parties are still in early youth at the opening of the novel; the young man being about twenty-four.

The novel opens with the following *scena*; which, as all overtures should, prefigures as it were and abstracts the prevailing character of the music throughout the piece. The reader must continually bear in mind that the author is writing in the person of Sir W. Scott; “our Southern capital” therefore in the first sentence of what follows, means London—or possibly Bristol; the relative importance of which city amongst English towns the Germans greatly overrate, drawing their estimate from

gazetteers of two centuries back, when Liverpool was *not*—and Manchester, &c. as yet *in ovo*.

Perhaps the reader may still remember the following article in the Times newspaper, which about a year or two ago raised a powerful interest in our Southern capital:

“BRISTOL.—Yesterday the inhabitants of this city were witnesses to a grand but afflicting spectacle from the highlands of the coast. The steam-vessel, *Halcyon*, from the Isle of Wight, and bound to the north coast of Wales, was suddenly in mid-channel—when not a breath of wind ruffled the surface of the sea—driven into our bay” (the bay of Bristol!). “Scarcely had she rounded the point of Cardowa” (q. Cardiff?) “when we beheld a column of smoke rising; and in a moment after a dreadful report echoed from the mountains made known that the powder magazine was blown up, and the ship shattered into fragments. The barks, which crowded to the spot from all quarters, found only floating spars; and were soon compelled to return by the coming-on of a dreadful hurricane. Of the whole crew, and of sixty passengers (chiefly English people returning from France), not one is saved. It is said that a prisoner, of atrocious character, was aboard the *Halcyon*. We look with the utmost anxiety for the next accounts of this melancholy event.”

To the grief of some noble families in England, this account was confirmed in its most dreadful circumstances. Some days after the bodies of Lord W***, and of Sir O—— (that distinguished ornament for so long a period of the House of Commons *) were found upon the rocks. So much were they disfigured, that it was with difficulty they were recognized. And thus did an English sea take vengeance upon her sons for their long and wilful expatriation.

On that day there stood upon the deck of the *Halcyon* a young man, who gazed on the distant coasts of Wales apparently with deep emotion. From this reverie he was suddenly roused as the ship whirled round with a hideous heaving. He turned, as did all the other passengers who had been attracted on deck by the beauty of the evening, to the man at the helm. He was in the act of stretching out his arms to the centre of the ship, whence a cloud of smoke was billowing upwards in voluminous surges: the passengers turned pale: the sailors began to swear: “It’s all over!” they shouted: “old Davy has us. So huzza! let’s have some sport as long as he leaves us any day-light.” Amidst an uproar of voices the majority of the crew

* Alas! for poor Sir O———! How soon we have all forgot him!

English Reviewer.

rushed below; stove in the brandy-casks; drank every thing they could find; and paid no sort of regard to the clamorous outcries of the passengers for help! help! except that here and there a voice replied—Help? There is no help: Old Nick * will gulp us all; so let us gulp a little comfort first.

The master of the vessel, who retained most presence of mind, hurried on deck—but not for any purpose of saving lives. With his sabre he made a cut at the ropes which suspended the boat: and, as he passed the young man already mentioned, who in preparation for the approaching catastrophe had buckled about his person a small portmanteau and stood ready to leap into the boat, with a blow of his fist he struck him overboard. All this was the work of a few minutes.

The young man becomes insensible: and, on reviving finds himself floating on the sea: the ship is gone: the death-cry is over: nothing remains but a few spars in the distance: but the air is no longer asleep, the glassy mirror is no longer calm: the waves are gathering and swelling as for a storm: and the reader is aware that a second plunge is preparing into the terrific. At a little distance he sees a barrel, sometimes hid beneath waves—sometimes riding aloft; and to this he makes with all his strength. Then the scene goes on thus:—

Just as he was exhausted, he succeeded in reaching the barrel.—But scarcely had he laid hold of the outermost rim with both hands, when the barrel was swayed down from the opposite side. A shipwrecked man, whose long wet hair streamed down over his face, fixed his nails, as it were the talons of an eagle, on the hoops of the barrel; and by the energy of his gripe—it seemed as though he would have pressed them through the wood itself.—He was aware of his competitor: and he shook his head wildly to clear the hair out of his eyes—and opened his lips, which displayed his teeth pressed firmly together.

“No: though the d—I himself,—thou must down into the sea: for the barrel will not support both.”

So speaking he shook the barrel with such force—that the young man, had he not been struggling with death, would have been pushed under water. Both pulled at the barrel for some minutes, without either succeeding in hoisting himself upon it.—In any further contest they seemed likely to endanger themselves or to sink together with the cask. They agreed

therefore to an armistice. Each kept his hold by his right hand,—each raised his left aloft, and shouted for succour. But they shouted in vain; for the storm advanced, as if it heard and were summoned by the cry; the sky was black and portentously lurid; thunder now began to roll: and the waves, which had hardly moved before the explosion, raised their heads crested with foam more turbulently at every instant. “It is in vain,” said the second man, “Heaven and Earth are against us: one or both of us must perish: Messmate, shall we go down together?”

At these words the wild devil all at once left loose of the barrel, by which means the other, who had not anticipated this movement, lost his balance and was sinking. His antagonist made use of this moment. He dashed at the sinking man's throat—in order to drag him entirely under the water; but he caught only his neck-handkerchief, which luckily gave way. The other thus murderously assaulted, on finding himself at liberty for an instant, used his time, and sprang upon the barrel; and just as his desperate enemy was hazarding a new attack, in a death-struggle he struck him with his clenched fist upon the breast: the wild man threw up his arms; groaned; sank back;—and the waves swallowed him up.”

Now then having mounted our young man upon his barrel, and advanced him to the sole command of this valuable vessel which refuses to carry double,—the reader will be glad to know who he is. We are at liberty to tell him that his name (by his own account, given to a justice of peace, in vol. ii. p. 174,) is Edmund Bertram, and so we shall call him for the future; and further, that he is (according to the general opinion of Germany and the design of the author) the hero of the novel: we indeed say *No*; he is only the pseudo-hero. No matter: hero, or not,—the reader is glad that he is victorious on account of the ferocious assault of the other man: but let him not be too sure that he is victorious:—we have not done with the other fellow yet; he will be back again in a moment: and here he comes.

In the moments of mortal agony and conflict human laws cease, for punishments have lost their terrors: even higher laws are then silent. But, in the pauses of the struggle, the voice of conscience resumes its power,—and the heart of man again

* “Old Nick, a name for the D—I in the popular dialect; especially the nautical dialect of England.”—German Note.

relents. As Bertram went rocking over the waves numbed in body and exhausted in spirits, all about him hideous gloom, and the fitful flashes of lightning serving but to light up the great world of terrors,—his inner voice was not so silenced but that he felt a pang of sorrow at the thought of having destroyed the partner of his misfortunes. A few minutes however had scarcely passed before he heard a groaning near him. Happily at this instant a flash of lightning illuminated the surrounding tract of water; and he descried his antagonist still fighting with the waves: he was holding by a spar—too weak to support his weight, but capable of assisting him in swimming. His powers were apparently failing him, as he looked up to his more fortunate enemy: He stretched out his hand to him, and said:

"Stranger! show me this pity. All is over with me; or in a moment will be: should you have a happier fate, take from my pocket-book this letter—and convey it to the lady. Oh! if thou hast ever loved, I beseech thee to do this: tell her that I never ceased to think of her—that I thought of her only when I was at the point of death: and, whatsoever I may have been to man, that to her I have been most faithful. With frantic efforts he strove to unclasp his pocket-book: but could not succeed. Bertram was deeply touched by the pallid and ghastly countenance of the man (in whose features however there was a wild and licentious expression which could not be mistaken); and he said to him:

"Friend below, if I should have better luck, I will endeavour to execute your commission. Meantime I can swim; and I have now rested myself. Give me your hand. You may come aloft, and I will take a turn in the waters until I am tired. In this way, by taking turn about, possibly both of us may be saved."

"What!" cried the other—"are you crazy? Or are there really men upon this earth such as books describe?"

Bertram convinces him that he is in earnest by assisting him to mount the barrel, and descends himself into the waves; after which the scene proceeds thus:

Meanwhile the storm continued, and the natural darkness of night was now blended with the darkness of tempest. After some minutes, the man, who was at present in possession of the barrel, began thus:

"You fool, below there, are you still alive?"

"Yes: but I am faint, and would wish to catch hold of the barrel again."

"Catch away then:—Do you know any thing of the sea hereabouts?"

"No: it was the first time in my life that I was ever on shipboard."

The other laughed. "You don't know it?" "Well! now I do: and I can tell you this: there's no manner of use in our plaguing ourselves, and spending the last strength we have in keeping ourselves afloat. I know this same sea as well as I know my own country: and I know that no deliverance is possible. There is not a spot of shore that we can reach—not a point of rock big enough for a sea-mew; and the only question for us is—whether we shall enter the fishes' maw alive or dead."

"It is still possible," said the other—"that some human brother may come to our assistance."

The other laughed again and said—"Human brother, eh? Methinks, my friend, you should be rather young in this world of ours—and have no great acquaintance with master *man*: I know the animal: and you may take my word for it, that, on such a night as this, no soul will venture out to sea. What man of sense would hazard his life—for a couple of ragamuffins like you and me? and suppose he would, who knows but that it might be worse to fall into the hands of some *men of sense* than into the tender mercies of the sea? But I know a trick worth two of that."

"Tell it then."

"Let us leave fooling: This cask, on which I sit, to my knowledge contains rum; or arrack; which is as good. We can easily knock a hole in it; then make ourselves happy and bouzy—fling our arms about each other like brothers, and go down together to the bottom: after *that*, I think we shall neither trouble nor be troubled, for we shall hardly come up again, if we toddle down groggy."

"Shocking! why that's suicide!"

"Well! is your conscience so delicate and scrupulous? However as you please: for any thing I care, and as you like it better, some dog of a fish may do for us what we might as well have done for ourselves. But now come aloft, my darling, come aloft. I'll take my turn at swimming—as long as the state of things will allow it; and wait for you below." They changed situations.—But even upon the barrel, Bertram began to feel his powers sinking. He clung as firmly as he could. But the storm grew more and more terrific: and many times he grew faint in his wild descents from the summit of some mounting wave into the yawning chasm below: Nature is benign even in the midst of her terrors: and, when horrors have been accumulated till man can bear no more, then his sufferings are relieved for a time by insensibility. On awaking it is true that the horrors will return; but the heart has gained fresh strength to support them.

So it fared with Bertram, who continued

to grow fainter and fainter; until at length in the midst of silent prayer he finally lost all consciousness.

When Bertram next awakens, the scene is changed: the sea is no longer raving in his ears: the wind is silent: nothing is heard but the gentle flapping of a pine tree fire: Bertram's senses begin to clear: he looks up, and by the fitful gleams of the fire he sees the rafters of a rude hut like a Highland shealing; and at length becomes aware that he is lying in a bed. The smoke, which disperses at intervals, discovers to him an old woman—of striking person and countenance—sitting near the fire. This person is styled Gillie Godber, and plays so conspicuous a part in the novel, that we may as well at this point furnish the reader with the key to all that she does. About twenty-four years ago a son of hers, a stripling of seventeen, had been connected with a gang of smugglers; some offence, in which he had participated, made him liable to capital punishment: and, in spite of his mother's agony of intercession, he had actually suffered on the gallows—chiefly through the agency of Sir Morgan Walladmor: a circumstance in this gentleman's history, which is calculated to give a false impression of his character; for he is really a kind-hearted man to all sorts of people except smugglers and the readers of Walladmor; the first of whom he is apt to hang when he can, and the last he takes every opportunity of boring. To this unhappy event succeeds a pitiable effect on the poor mother's mind: she is possessed by a frenzy of grief, and an immitigable appetite for revenge; to which indeed she dedicates her life; and Sir Morgan has long suspected that in one instance she had very soon met with an opportunity of gratifying her vindictive appetite, and had not let it slip. Be that as it might—under this terrific conflict of passion the poor woman's wits had unsettled; and she is frequently quite out of her mind. In her cottage Bertram, whilst supposed to be asleep, is witness to a dreadful spectacle; misinterpreting it, he is alarmed for his own safety; and the next morning about sun-rise makes his escape: but Mrs. Gillie Godber, soon after appearing behind him with a couple of bull-

dogs, peremptorily orders him to go back: which he does: and, for a hero, somewhat too tamely. She again alarms him, when lying apparently asleep, by attempting to strip his shirt sleeve above his elbow—for a purpose which the reader first understands when he comes to the end of the novel. In the end however Bertram is put on board a smuggling brig commanded by a sort of Dirk Hatteraick (who does not however support his brief part with much spirit), and soon after is put ashore in some part of Wales. But where? Aye, where indeed? With all respect for our German friend, we must take the liberty of laughing a little at his theories on the subject of Wales and the Bristol Channel. Welsh hydrography and Welsh geography, are not his *fort*. No Vincent will ever investigate Mr. Bertram's *Periplus* of the Bristol Channel: no Strabo (to borrow a pun from Dean Swift, which he is very welcome to have back again) will ever track our stray beau through the principality. To him, who would determine the latitude and longitude of the place at which he is now put ashore, be it known that the following are the conditions of the problem. It is a place in South Wales; on the Bristol Channel; not very far from Manchester (which is stated to be on the borders of Wales); near Bath and the Isle of Anglesea; and within an easy morning's ride of Snowdon and Bristol.—Well, we know all these places; even Manchester and her portico; and very pleasant places they all are (though some of them rather smoky), and very pleasant it is to us to see so many old friends brought acquainted with each other. However, all these things are trifles: and our German friend is welcome to laugh in his turn at our geography of the Hartz forest (which by the way he does at p. 174, vol. ii.); for we dare to say that it is to the full as absurd as his map of Wales.

On leaving the boat, he asks the road to M*** the nearest town; and, just as it falls dark, sets off on a mountain-road which "appeared dangerous in more respects than one"—in quest of a lodging for the night; "which according to the usages of this country it was not likely that he would find it easy to obtain, both be-

cause he was on foot and because he carried his own portmanteau." The darkness deepens as he quits the seashore to enter the gorge of a mountain ravine through which the road lies; and he is disposed to despair; when suddenly he fancies that he hears a voice behind him, and he is soon after joined by a suspicious-looking person wrapped up in a cloak, and carrying a bludgeon. What crime lay hid in this man's appearance, that he should be considered so "unfreundlich" (unpromising) an object before he had spoken a word, we do not learn: except indeed the great crime of poverty, which Bertram contrives to make out in the darkness; *that* excepted, and the bludgeon, he is pretty much on a level with Bertram himself. However some grounds of suspicion do certainly arise from his conversation, which wears a very Gad's-hill air.

"Why did not you answer me, when I shouted?" said Bertram: "you must have heard me."

"Heard you? yes; I heard you well enough: but who in his senses goes shouting at night-time up and down a bye-road on a smuggler's coast, as if he meant to waken all the dogs and men in the country."

"Who? why any man that has a good conscience: what difference can the night make?"

"Aye, that *has*. But take my word for it, friend, a man that comes ashore from Jackson's brig may as well go quietly along and say as little as possible about his conscience. In this country they don't mind much what a man *says*: many a gay fellow to my knowledge has continued to give the very best character of himself all the way up the ladder of the new drop, and yet after all has been nonsuited by Jack Ketch when he got to the top of it for wanting so little a matter as another witness or so to back his own evidence."

"Well, but, I suppose, something must be *proved* against a man,—some overt act against the laws, before he can be suspected in any country: till that is done, the presumption is that he is a respectable man: and every judge will act on that presumption."

"Aye, in books perhaps: but when a running-fire of cross examinations opens from under some great wig, and one's blood gets up, and one does n't well remember all that one has said before,—I know not how it is, but things are apt to take a different turn."

"Well, my rule is to steer wide of all temptation to do ill; and then a man will carry his ship through in any waters."

"Will he? Why, may be so; and may be not. There are such things as sunk rocks: and it's not so easy to steer wide of *them*: constables for instance, justices of peace, lawyers, juries."

"But how came you to know that I was put on shore from Jackson's brig?"

"Why, to tell you a secret, it was I that lay at the bottom of the boat, whilst your learned self were writing notes in a pocket-book.—But hush! what's that?"

He stopped suddenly; looked cautiously round; and then went on:

"It was nothing, I believe. We may go on; but we must talk lower: in these cursed times every stone has ears. Here we must cross the brook, and double the rock on the left."

Whilst Bertram went on, he loitered a few steps behind, and then cried out—"Do you see any body?" On receiving an answer in the negative, he advanced; turned the corner, and then began again:

"You are going to M * * *; and you want a guide to show you the road and to carry your portmanteau: Now I'll do both on cheap terms; for all I ask in return is this—that, up to the inn-door, if we meet any body that asks unpleasant questions, you will just be so good as to let me pass for your servant whom you have brought from abroad. What say you? Is it a bargain?"

"My good friend,—according to the most flattering account I have yet received of your morals (which is your own), they are rather of a loose description; and with all possible respect for your virtue that the case allows, you will admit yourself that I should be running some little risk in confiding my portmanteau to your care: for I know not who you are; and, before I could look round, you might be off with my whole property; in which case I should certainly be on a 'sunk rock.' Some little risk, you must candidly allow?"

"No," said the stranger—"No, not at all: I'll convince you of it in a moment. Now just look at me (there's a little starlight just now). Don't you think I'm rather a stouter man than yourself?"

"Oh! doubtless."

"And perhaps this bludgeon would be no especial disadvantage to me in a contest with an unarmed man?"

"I must acknowledge it would not."

"Nor this particular knife? according to your view of my 'morals,' as you call them, I suppose it would not be very difficult for me to cut your throat with it, and then pitch you into one of these dark mountain ravines—where some six weeks hence a mouldering corpse of a stranger

might chance to be found, that nobody would trouble his head about?—Are my arguments forcible? satisfactory, eh?”

“Undoubtedly. I must grant that there is considerable force in your way of arguing the case. But permit me to ask, what particular consideration moves you to conduct me and my portmanteau without hire to M * * *? It seems too disinterested a proposal, to awaken no suspicion.”

“Not so disinterested as you may fancy. Suppose now I happen to have left a few debts behind me in this country: or suppose I were an alien with no passport:—or suppose any other little supposes you like: only keep them to yourself, and talk as low if you please as convenient.”

“Well, be it so: here's the portmanteau: take care you don't drop this little letter-case.”

Bertram's alarms are not altogether dissipated; for he considered that

“Even by his own account the man wore rather a suspicious character; and what made it most so in the eyes of Bertram was the varying style of his dialect. He seemed to have engrafted the humorous phraseology of nautical life, which he wished to pass for his natural style, upon the original stock of a provincial dialect: and yet at times, when he was betrayed into any emotion or was expressing anger at social institutions, a more elevated diction and finer choice of expressions showed that somewhere or other the man must have enjoyed an intercourse with company of a higher class. In one or other part it was clear that he was a dissembler, and wearing a masque that could not argue any good purposes. Spite of all which however, and in the midst of his distrust, some feeling of kinder interest in the man arose in Bertram's mind—whether it were from compassion as towards one who seemed to have been unfortunate, or from some more obscure feeling that he could not explain to himself.”

Whatever might be Bertram's opinion of his guide, the latter had or affected to have no better of *him*; and in this parting colloquy they “reciprocate” on this subject very frankly and very merrily:

“The road now wound over a rising ground; and the stranger pointed out some lights on the left which gleamed out from the universal darkness.

“Yonder is M * * *, if *that* is to be our destination. But, if the gentleman's journey lies further, I could show him another way which fetches a compass about the town.”

“It is late already and very cold: for what reason then should I avoid M * * *?”

“Oh, every man has his own thoughts and reasons: and very advisable it is that he should keep as many of them as possible to himself. Let no man ask another his name, his rank, whither he is bound, on what errand, and so forth. And, if he does, let no man answer him. For under all these little matters may chance to lurk some ugly construction in a court of justice—when a man is obliged to give evidence against a poor devil that at any rate has done *him* no harm.”

“Aye,” said Bertram, “and there are other reasons which should make the traveller cautious of answering such questions: for consider—how is he to know in what dark lane he may chance to meet the curious stranger on his next day's journey? Though to be sure you'll say that, for a man with no more baggage than myself, such caution is superfluous.”

The stranger laughed heartily, and said: “True, too true, as the gentleman observes: and indeed the gentleman seems to understand how such matters are conducted very well. However, after all, I would strongly recommend it to the gentleman to avoid the town of M * * *.”

“But why so? Is it a nest of thieves?”

“Oh! lord bless us! no: quite the other way: rather too honest, and strict, you understand.”

“Well, and for what reason then avoid making the acquaintance of so very virtuous a town?”

“Why, for *that* reason. It's unreasonably virtuous. In particular there is a certain magistrate in the neighbourhood, who hangs his 12 men *per annum*: and why? For no other cause on God's earth than because their blood is hotter than his own. He has his bloodhounds for tracking them, and his spies for trepanning; and all the old women say that he can read in the stars, and in coffee grounds, where contraband goods come ashore.”

“Why, my pleasant friend, what is it you take me for?”

The stranger turned round, pressed his companion's hand; but, not finding the pressure returned, he laughed and said in a significant tone:

“Take him for? I take the gentleman to be as respectable and honourable a gentleman as any that——frequents the highway by night. You are come from abroad: at school you had read flattering accounts of this famous kingdom of England and its inhabitants; and, desiring to see all this fine vision realized, you did not let the distance frighten you. And to a young man I take it *that* is some little credit.”

“Well, Sir, well?”

"Before you left home, your purse had been emptied at some watering place, we'll say by gamblers, sharpers, black legs, &c.; but no matter how: there are many ways of emptying a purse; and you are now come over to our rich old England to devise means for filling it again. All right. He, that loses his money at one sort of game, must try to draw it back by some other."

"So then you do really take me to be an adventurer—a fortune-hunter?"

"Oh, Sir, God forbid I should take a man for any thing that it is not agreeable to him to be taken for; or should call him by any name which he thinks uncivil. But the last name, I think, is civil enough: for I suppose every man is a fortune-hunter in this world. Some there are now that hunt their fortunes through quiet paths where there is little risk and much profit: others again" (and here he lost his tranquil tone, and his self-possession) "others hunt a little profit through much danger, choosing rather to be in eternal strife and to put their hopes daily to hazard than to creep and crawl and sneak and grovel: and at last perhaps they venture into a chase where there is no profit at all—or where the best upshot will be that some dozen of hollow, smiling, fawning scoundrels, who sin according to act of parliament, and therefore are within the protection of parliament, may be——"

He paused suddenly, and made a fierce gesture which supplied the ellipsis to his companion: but the latter had little wish to pursue such a theme, and he diverted the conversation into a different channel.

Different indeed! For he proceeds to explain that in fact he has not come to Wales upon any swindling ideas, but simply in search of the picturesque, and the "enormous ruins of Bangor* Abbey," and all that sort of thing:—Not loaded dice, but crayons and Indian ink—not pistols, but pencils—are his pocket companions. Not "Gad's-hill" stations, but Mr. Pennant's stations, are the stations for him. The stranger, who is highly diverted, prepares to quiz Mr. Bertram unmercifully—and (to borrow a phrase from the streets of London) to "go it" in fine style. Mr. Bertram, on his part,

sees no joke,—but surrenders himself with admirable *bonhomie* to his caustic friend. "I know them all"—says the stranger—"Drumwaller—Arthur's table—Cairwarnak: you shall see them all, my dear friend. And perhaps the gentleman would like to see a few old churches in the moonlight—ivy, moonshine, wall.—"

"Undoubtedly I shall," said Bertram; "and I understand that Wales is particularly rich in ruins; and I've seen beautiful sketches of some taken by moonlight."

"Aye, bless your heart, but did you ever see Griffith ap Gauvon?"—

And he proceeds to astound Mr. Bertram with a flaming description of ap Gauvon "in the eastern ravines of Snowdon;" and the chapter winds up in this way.

"I protest," said Bertram, "you make my head giddy with your description."

"Aye, but don't be giddy just yet: for we are now going over a narrow path; and there's a precipice below. Here, give me your hand. So!—Now turn to the right: now two steps up: and now take my arm; for it's so dark under these walls—that you'll be apt to stumble."

Both advanced in this way for some hundred paces, when suddenly the guide stopped, and said:

"Here we are at last: and my term of 'service' is out. This is the *Walladmor Arms*; and it is the best inn in the town; for there is no other."

If any courteous reader has ever in the bloom of youth made a pedestrian tour among the northern or western mountains of our island, he will understand what was in Bertram's mind at this moment—a vision of luxurious refreshment and rest after a hard day's fatigue, disturbed by anxious doubts about the nature of his reception. In this state he laid his hand upon the latch; and perhaps the light of the door-lamp, which at this moment fell upon his features, explained to his guide what was passing in his mind; for he drew him back for one moment, and said—

"One word of advice before we part: even the 'servant' may presume to counsel his 'master' as he is quitting his service. The landlord within is not one of

* This little anachronism often recurs in the novel; whether intentionally as an anachronism (and for the same purpose of fun as leads him to cite mottoes to his chapters from "Old Play,") we know not. However, many a German tourist in North Wales, we doubt not, will in future be found peering about for the ruins of Bangor. Bangor Abbey was not, as the author imagines, at the Bangor in Caernarvonshire which we all know—but at another Bangor in Flintshire; flourished during the Saxon heptarchy; and was a ruin before *that* was a ruin. This we happen to recollect; having written a tragedy in our 13th year on a certain Ethelfrid—a Caesar Borgia sort of person—who cut the throats of the abbot and all his monks.—*Reviewer.*

those landlords who pique themselves on courtesy: and the gentleman tourist, with submission be it said, is not one of those tourists who travel with four horses,—or even by the stage-coach: and foot-travelers in England, especially in the winter-season, do not meet with 'high consideration.' Which premises weighed,—if you were to ask for a night's lodging at your first entrance, I bet ten to one that you will get none; no, not though the house were as empty as it is probably full by the infernal din. But do what I tell you: Call for ale, porter, or wine, the moment you enter. As fast as your reckoning mounts, so fast will the frost thaw about the landlord's heart. Go to work in any other way, and I'll not answer for it but you'll have to lie in the street."

With full determination to pay attention to his advice, Bertram again laid his hand upon the latch; opened the door; and made his appearance for the first time in his life upon that famous stage in the records of novelists—a British inn.

In the bar of the *Walladmor Arms* are assembled a mixed party, of whom the most interesting person to the novel is Mr. Dulberry, a decayed tradesman and "alderman" of Manchester, and a radical reformer. He is also somewhat of a relation to Dogberry: for he tells Bertram that it never has gone well with old England since *Brevia Parliamentaria*, or "Short Parliaments" as he translates it, went out of fashion; and is much surprised to hear that his substantive in the above piece of erudition was suspected to be an adjective, and his adjective a substantive: however the main interest of his part is derived from the unseasonable parade of his constitutional principles: Runnymede, the Bill of Rights, Act of Settlement, "Castle-reagh's hussars," "hoofs of dragoons," and "Manchester massacres," are the notes upon which he rings his changes: he is a purist and a rigorist: treading on his toes he views from the high station of Magna Charta: as much as possible he evades all taxes; indirect taxes even he evades by drinking only smuggled brandies; and with all this he combines a ludicrous ostentation of committing suicide as befitting a patriot, though uniformly taking his measures so as to provide himself with some excellent interruption or apology for delay. This gentleman calls the attention of the company upon himself

by setting the "*Courier*" on fire, which he does under horror at a paragraph stating that an Englishman had been arrested in the Isle of Wight for political offences by the emissaries of Government. "What Government, the company exclaim," the French Government? "No: the English Government." And he proposes that all present should unite in some strong remonstrance to Government on the case. But, as it soon turns out that the prisoner was charged with having taken part in the Cato-street conspiracy, the whole room decline any interference on his behalf. This brings up the subject of the prisoner, who is called Nichols or Nicholas in the newspaper—and turns out to be a person well known in that neighbourhood for his daring character, great powers of mind, and romantic exploits, both as a commander of Rotterdam smugglers and as a pirate. Several striking anecdotes are told of his hair-breadth escapes, and the singular address and presence of mind which he had displayed in that very bar in baffling his pursuers: and the whole picture is finished by a suggestion that his brain had latterly been crazed by his passion for a young lady of that neighbourhood (the niece of Sir Morgan Walladmor): the notion of Nichols in love is treated with ridicule by the coarser part of the company: though it is urged in proof, that the sanity of his actions had latterly been so much affected by his attachment to Miss Walladmor, that the Rotterdam merchants had refused any longer to confide their interests to his management, and had displaced him for Captain le Harnois. All present, strangers or not, are now anxious to know more of the newspaper paragraph: this had been reduced to ashes: but, on Dulberry's report, the "*Courier*" had gone on to state that Nichols had been shipped in the Halcyon for the coast of Wales, where he was to take his trial for some rencontres with the revenue officers, on which a verdict of guilty was more certainly anticipated than on his transactions in Cato-street. This naturally brings up Bertram, who informs the company of the fate of the Halcyon—and transfers upon himself a good deal of the interest which had before settled upon Nichols.

The next day but one is St. David's day: every man appears with a leek in his hat: and an annual procession to the church, which passes the inn with much antique pomp and ceremony, serves to introduce Sir Morgan Walladmor, of Walladmor Castle, who presides as the great territorial proprietor of the neighbourhood, MP., and so forth. Sir Morgan Walladmor rides in the procession along with his beautiful niece: and both are described as exhibiting the traces of deep mental suffering in their countenances. Sir Morgan is elaborately costumed; and, but for a double cloud of grief which sate upon his mind, appears to be constitutionally a very jovial person; a great whig; a violent persecutor of radicals and smugglers; and, as we hinted once before, of the reader: but otherwise as worthy a man as one could wish. By the way, on the subject of *Bore*,—that weighty office (so necessary in every well-regulated novel as a constitutional check upon the levity of the other characters) is usually lodged in one sole autocrat or despot: but in Walladmor the author has thought fit, upon considerations of human mortality, to vest it in two persons—a sort of Roman consulship: and the reader may take our word for it that it is no consulship of Cæsar and Bibulus: no sinecures are allowed here. These worthy Duumviri are Dulberry and Sir Morgan: both in fact are mad: Dulberry from commercial losses and politics; Sir Morgan upon the topics of astrology and genealogy. This madness of the baronet's, the reader sees, is Janus-faced, looking forwards and backwards. Welsh genealogy however is the great *fundus* (as the critics express it) from which Sir Morgan draws. He descends in quest of his game as low as one Rhees-ap-Meredith, who lived it seems 1824 years before Ann. Domini 1. It is a fact: 1824 years below the Christian æra does this worthy magistrate send down his bucket for pure extract of bore: and as we happen to be in the corresponding year above that æra, we may say of

Sir Morgan, considered in his functions of bore, that he is like Virgil's oak:

Quantum vertice ad auras,

We forget the exact words, but the ἀπόδοσις is—*tantum radice ad Tartara* tendit.*

But we must check our wit, and proceed:—Agreeably to ancient custom, Sir Morgan on returning from church holds a court for redress of grievances, petitions, &c. No appellant presents himself but one, a Dutchman who on the part of young Le Harnois applies for permission to carry the body of the deceased Captain Le Harnois, “descended from the Montmorencies,” to a Catholic burying ground, and a dispensation from the indignity of having the hearse searched by the Excise-officers. As a magistrate, Sir Morgan flatly refuses: but on a dexterous application to his weak side as a genealogist, he grants his warrant. Bertram is persuaded to attend this funeral: on its road such tumultuous scenes of indecorum occur, that the reader begins to suspect the contents of the hearse: many of the mourners, it is clear, suspect: and finally, in spite of Sir Morgan's “*permit*,” the Excise suspect; and a party of officers stop the procession at a turnpike-gate, which they have barricadoed. Then comes forward the chief mourner, a young man of fine person and apparently in deep grief: but all fails to move the hard heart of the Excise; and at last the funeral train are obliged to storm the barriers. In one of the tempestuous scenes which follow Bertram, who stood aloof, receives a note ill-spelt but well-expressed, desiring him to meet the writer that evening at the ruins of ap Gauvon. Leaving the funeral, he sets off over a wild country to this “well-known” abbey. On his road he springs a covey of five old women, sitting under a wall, whom he takes for witches, but who in fact are dispersing smuggled claret over the country: then meets Mrs. Godber: and at length, as night falls, with much difficulty reaches ap Gau-

* In fact literally *ad Tartara*: for Rhees ap Meredith is there; and comes out this very year by benefit of an arrangement made with a Welsh “apostle,” which grants to some act of Welsh virtue the power of liberating from Tartarus in every year of our æra all Pagan Welshmen who descended thither in the corresponding year on the other side of our æra.

von. A blazing fire in one of the vaults attracts him to the window. He overhears a conversation, in which one of the speakers is repeatedly addressed as Nicholas; his foot slips; and he is tumbling head foremost into the vault and in imminent danger of being shot as an intruder, when a torch reveals his features to the leader of the party, who turns out to be the writer of the little billet which had drawn him thither. This person entertains him with dinner, and claret; and then dismisses all the rest of his followers. After which comes a succession of scenes which we shall translate—as unfolding the chief characters in the novel, and preparing all that follows down to the dénouement.

Our first extract is from a conversation between Bertram and his unknown acquaintance in the vault:

“And is it your opinion that every body would pass the same keen judgment on me?”

“Ay, if not a harsher: but do you know, Mr. Bertram, that at first sight, I knew your profession by your face, and what your destiny is in this life.

“And which of my unhappy features is it that bears this unpleasant witness against me?”

“Unhappy you may truly call them,” said the other, smiling bitterly—“unhappy indeed; for they are the same as my own. I rest a little upon omens and prefigurations; and am superstitious; as all those are who have ventured upon the sea, and have risked their all upon the faith of its unsteady waves. It will mortify you (my young friend) to confess, (but it is true) that much as storm, sun, passion, and hardships, may have tanned and disfigured my face, nevertheless it is still like thy gentle woman's face, with its fair complexion and its overshadowing locks; and when I look back upon that inanimate portrait which once an idle artist painted of me, in my 16th year, I remember that it was one and the same with thine. Kindred features should imply kindred dispositions and minds. The first time I observed you closely, on that evening when sunk in reverie, you came on shore from Jackson's brig, you meantime thinking, if indeed you thought of me at all, that I was asleep; then did I behold in your eye my own; read in your forehead all the storms that too surely have tossed and rocked the little boat of your uneasy life; saw your plans, so wide and spacious—your little peace—your doubts about the end which

you were pursuing—your bold resolves—bold, and with not much hope.”

“Oh stranger, but thou knowest the art, far above thy education, of reading the souls of others.”

A smile passed over his countenance whilst he replied: “Education! oh yes, I too have had some education: oh! doubtless education is a fine thing, not to run in amongst gentlemen of refinement like a wild beast, and shock the good pious lambs with coarse manners or ferocious expressions. Oh yes, education is of astonishing value: a man of the wildest pursuits, and the nature of a ruffian, may shroud himself in this, as a wolf in sheep's clothing—and be well received by all those accomplished creatures whom fortune brought into this world, not in smoky huts, but in rich men's rooms decked with tapestry. I too have stolen a little morsel of education amongst a troop of players; and if my coarse habits will sometimes look out, why that's no fault of mine, but of those worthy paupers that thought proper to steal me in my infancy. There are hours, Bertram, in which I have longings, longings keen as those of women with child—longings for conversations with men of higher faculties—men that I could understand—men that could answer me—aye, and that would answer me, and not turn away from the poor vagabond with disdain.”

“And you have chosen me for such a comrade?”

“As you please: that rests with yourself. But, Bertram, at any rate, I rejoice to find amongst my equals one that does not—as others do of the plebeian rout—live the sport of the passing moment,—one that risks his life, yet in risking it knows what life is—that has eyes to see—thoughts to think,—feelings—but such a dissembling hypocrite as you (and here he smiled) will laugh when he hears a ruffian talk of feelings.”

“Your wish is, then, to find some well-educated comrade, who, when your conscience is troublesome, may present your crimes under their happiest aspect—may take the sting out of your offences, and give to the wicked deed the colouring of a noble one?”

Nicholas knit his brows, and said with a quick and stern voice:

“What I have done I shall never deny: neither here nor there above—if any above or below there be. I want nobody to call my deeds by pretty names, neither before they are executed nor after. What I want is a friend; one to whom I could confide my secret thoughts without kneeling as before a priest—or confessing as to a judge; one that will rush with me like a hurricane into life, till we are both in our graves; or one that refusing to

do this, and standing himself upright, would yet allow the poor guilty outcast to attach himself to his support, and sometimes to repose his weary head upon a human heart."

Bertram stared at him, which the other observed, and said smilingly:

"You wonder at my pathos: but you must recollect that I told you I had once been amongst players."

"Speak frankly—what is it you wish of me?"

"This I wish: will you either run joint hazard with me—and try your fortunes in this country;—or will you take your own course, but now and then permit me, when my heart is crazed by passion, by solitude, and unparticipated anguish,—to lighten it by your society?"

"Once for all I declare to you with respect to your first proposal that I will enter into no unlawful connexions."

"Be it so: that word is enough. You refuse to become an adventurer like myself? I ask not for your reasons; your will in such a case is law enough. But then can you, in the other sense, be my friend?"

"Rash man! whence is it that you derive such boundless confidence in me?"

Nicholas stepped up to the young man nearer than before—looked him keenly but kindly in the eyes—as if seeking to revive some remembrance in him; then pressed his hand, and said—

"Have you forgotten then that poor wretch in the tumult of the waves, to whom, when he was in his agony, thou, Bertram, didst resign thy own security—and didst descend into the perilous and rocking waters? Deeply, oh deeply, I am in thy debt; and far more deeply I would be in thy debt, when I ask for favours such as this."

"Is it possible? Are you he? But now I recollect your forehead was then hidden by streaming hair: convulsive spasms played about your lips; and your face was disguised by a long beard."

"I am he; and but for thee should now lie in the bowels of a shark, or spitted upon some rock at the bottom of the ocean. But come, my young friend, come into the open air: for in this vault I feel the air too close and confined."

By this time we presume that the reader will have discovered for himself that the central figure in four distinct scenes—the present, the funeral of Captain Le Harnois, the mountain night-walk from the sea-shore to

M***, and the hurricane in the Bristol Channel, is one and the same person; that James Nichols, Niklas, Nicholas, or Nicolas,† whose daring character and exploits had furnished so much matter for conversation in the bar-room at M***. The scene, which follows immediately after the one we have just translated, serving still further to unfold the character of Nicholas,—we give this also:—

After referring us to "Miss Ratcliff's" Romances for a description of a Gothic convent better than any novelist can paint "who has hitherto passed his days amidst the hills and vales of our Scotland less bounteously endowed with these solemn buildings—buildings of sullen exterior, such as well expresses the horrors within, just as a bad sign over a public house announces bad fare and a bad landlord;" and after deprecating any comparison of Griffith ap Gauvon with the more extensive ruins of "Bangor" the author proceeds thus:

Owls and other night birds which had found an asylum here, disturbed by the steps of the two nightly wanderers, now soared aloft to the highest turrets. At length after moving in silence for some minutes, both stepped out through the pointed arch of a narrow gate-way into the open air upon a lofty battlement. Nicholas seized Bertram's hand, with the action of one who would have checked him at some dangerous point;—and, making a gesture which expressed—"look before you!" he led him to the outer edge of the wall. At this moment the full moon in perfect glory burst from behind a towering pile of clouds, and illuminated a region such as the young man had hitherto scarcely known by description. Dizzily he looked down upon what seemed a bottomless abyss at his feet. The Abbey-wall, on which he stood, built with colossal art, was but the crest or surmounting of a steep and monstrous wall of rock, which rose out of depths in which his eye could find no point on which to settle. On the other side of this immeasurable gulph lay in deep shadow—the main range of Snowdon—whose base was perhaps covered with thick forests,‡ but whose summit and declivities displayed a dreary waste. Dazzled by the grandeur of the spectacle, Bertram would have sought re-

† Out of this bunch of names, for he is called by all (in turn), we choose the name of Nicholas; for indeed he is one of the "clerks of St. Nicholas" (see *Henry IV.*) *on à peu près.*

‡ No: not at present, or since the time of Giraldus Cambrensis—but we will not answer for the Ap Gauvon side.—*Reviewer.*

pose for his eye by turning round; but the new scene was, if not greater, still more striking. From his lofty station he overlooked the spacious ruins of the entire monastery, as its highest points silvered over by moonlight, shot up from amidst the illimitable night of ravines, chasms, and rocky peaks that form the dependencies of Snowdon. Add to these permanent features of the scene the impressive accident of the time—midnight, with an universal stillness in the air, and the whole became a fairy scene, in which the dazzled eye comprehended only the total impression, without the separate details or the connexions of its different points. So much however might be inferred from the walls which lay near with respect to those which gleamed in the distance—that the towers and buildings of the abbey had been for the most part built upon prominent peaks of rock. Those only which were so founded had resisted the hand of time: while the cross walls which connected them, wanting such a rocky basis, had all fallen in. Solemnly above all the chapels and turrets rose, brilliantly illuminated by the moon, the main tower. Upon a solitary crag that started from the deeps, it stood with a boldness that seemed to proclaim defiance on the part of man to nature—and victorious efforts of his hands over all her opposition. Round about it every atom of the connecting masonry had mouldered away and sunk into heaps of rubbish below—so that all possibility of reaching the tower seemed to be cut off. But beyond this tower high Gothic arches rose from the surrounding crags; and in many places were seen pillars springing from two dis-severed points of rock—rising higher and higher—and at last inclining towards each other in vast arches; but the central stones that should have locked the architraves of the mighty gates were wanting; and the columns stood to a fanciful eye like two lovers, whom nature and pure inclination have destined for each other, but whom some malicious mischance has separated for ever. Bertram shut his eyes, before the dazzling spectacle: when he opened them again, his guide said with a tranquil voice—in which however a tone of exultation might be distinguished,

“This is Griffith ap Gauvon, of which I lately spoke to you.”

Directly after the scene proceeds thus; and as it brings out the ferocious jacobinism of Nicholas—his disordered pride, his frantic struggles with his own conscious degradation,—his love, his despair, and his craziness—we give this also.

Here, Bertram, do I often stand on the giddy precipice; and I look down upon

the dread tranquillity of the spectacle; and then often I feel as though I wanted no friend; as though nature, the mighty mother, were a sufficient friend that fulfilled all my wishes—a friend far better and wiser than any which the false world can offer. But, Bertram, come a little further! He led him, sideways, from that part of the building out of which they had issued by the little portal about 100 yards further. The wall, scarce three feet wide, stood here nearly insulated: and was on the one side bounded by the abyss just described, and on the other by what might have been an inner court—that lay however at least three stories deep below. Nothing but a cross-wall, which rose above the court towards a little tower, touched this main wall. At the extremity of this last, where it broke off abruptly, both stopped. Hardly forty steps removed from them, rose the great tower, which in past times doubtless had been connected with the point at which they stood, but was now divided by as deep a gulph as that which lay to the outside wall. “Further there is nothing,” said his guide: “often have I come hither and meditated whether I should not make one step onwards, and in that way release myself from all anxiety about any future steps upon this earth.”

“But the power and the grandeur of nature have arrested you and awed you?”

“Right. Look downwards into the abyss before us:—deep, deep below, trickles along, between pebbles and moss and rocky fragment, a little brook: now it is lit up by the moon;—and at this moment it seems to me as if something were stirring; and now something is surely leaping over:—but no—it was deception: often when I have stood here in meditation, and could not comprehend what checked me from taking one bold leap, a golden pillar of moonlight has met me gleaming upwards from the little brook below—(brook that I have haunted in happier days); and suddenly I have risen as if ashamed—and stolen away in silence.”

“Nicholas, do you believe in God?”

“Will you know the truth? I have lately learnt to believe.”

“By what happy chance?”

“Happy!” and his companion laughed bitterly. “Leagued with bold and desperate men, to rid the world of a knot of vipers, for months I had waited for the moment when they should assemble together, in order to annihilate at one blow the entire brood. Daily we prayed, if you will call that praying, that this moment would arrive: but months after months passed: we waited; and we despaired. At length, on a day,—I remember it was at noon—in burst a friend upon us and cried out—‘Triumph and glory! this night the King’s ministers all meet at Lord Har-

rowby's. At these words many stern conspirators fell on their knees; others folded their hands—hands (God knows!) but little used to such a folding: I could do neither: I stretched out my arms and cried aloud—There is a Providence!"

"Dreadful!"

"Spare your horrors, and your morality. Providence, we know, has willed it otherwise: the honourable gentlemen, at whom we had levelled, flourish in prosperity and honour; and my friends moulder beneath the scaffold."

"Having this origin, I presume that your faith in a Providence is at present —"

"Unshaken: my dagger was meant for Lord Castlereagh; and, although he has escaped my wrath, yet I know not how, but a curse seems to cling to my blade, that whomsoever I have once devoted to it with full determination of purpose, that man —"

Bertram shuddered, and said, "So then it was a conspirator from Cato-street that I delivered from death?"

"Well, push the conspirator over the wall, if you repent."

"But what carried you amongst such an atrocious band? What could you reap from the murder of the English ministers—no merchant from Amsterdam stood with a full purse in the back ground."

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"Just as the other day Mr. Somebody's great porter-vat went to wreck in London and deluged all the streets about it, so would lawless mobs soon have overflowed the bounds of order: order once extinct, that deadly enemy of all my purposes, then—"

"Then? you hesitate."

"One step brings on another, and the rage of licentious mobs cannot be stopped until it has consumed itself. Upon the smoking ashes of the old palaces, between the overlaid scaffold on one side and the charnel house on the other, blood from each side floating the slippery streets,—then is man's worth put to proof; then it is tried not by his prattling, which he calls eloquence—or by his overloaded memory which he calls knowledge: then comes into play the arm, and then the head:"

"And what would you have gained as chief of a maddening populace?"

"What should I have gained? That sort of consideration I leave to the 'learned' and to 'ministers' and such people: my part is—to resolve and to execute as the crisis arises."

"So then it was mere appetite for destruction that drove you on? For that I should scarce have thought your misanthropy sufficient."

"Call it rage, call it frenzy, call it what you will—but something higher it was that

stood in the back ground. A beautiful picture it was when I represented to myself all the great leaders, headless—and in that point on a level with the poor culprit that has just ascended the scaffold for stealing some half a pound of trash. This it was that allured me; and the pleasure of being myself the decapitator! Then worth should have borne the sway and merit."

"Merit? What sort of merit?"

"You think a blood-hound has none,"—said Nicholas, with eyes that shot fire:—"but he can acquire it. Heaven and Earth! he that has such marrow—such blood in his veins—such a will—such an unconquerable will—he can begin a new life: he can be born again. Bertram, do not mock me when I tell you—passionate love has crazed my wits. See, here is a handkerchief of hers! For her sake do I curse my former life; for her sake, I would sink its memory into the depths of ocean! Oh that I could! that all the waters of the ocean could cleanse this hand! that I could come up from the deep sea as pure though I were as helpless as an infant! Once upon a dreadful night—But stop! what was that? Did you hear no whispering from below? Once upon a dreadful night—: Steps go there! hush! hush!"

Bertram's companion here suddenly drew his cloak from his shoulders—rolled it up under his arm—caught his coat-skirts under both arms—and stood with head and body bent forwards, whilst his eyes seemed to search and traverse the dark piles of building from which they had issued; his attitude was that of a stag, that with pointed ears and with fore-feet rising for a bound, is looking to the thicket from which the noise issues that has startled him. Bertram too threw his eyes over the walls as far as he could to the lower part of the ruins; and remarked that, if any hostile attack were made, they should be without deliverance; they were shut in; and no egress remained except that which would be pre-occupied by their assailants.

"I believe I was mistaken," said Nicholas, drawing his breath again, just as Bertram fancied he saw a stirring of the shadow which lay within the gateway at the further end. He was on the point of communicating what he observed to the other, when suddenly a shot was fired. In that same instant Nicholas had thrown his cloak into the abyss; and without a word spoken ran straight, with an agility and speed that thunderstruck Bertram, to the archway; from which figures of armed men were now seen to issue apparently with the intention of intercepting the fugitive. Bertram now expected to see a struggle, as Nicholas was running right into the mouth of the danger. But in the midst of his quickest speed he checked—turned to the left about—leaped down with the instinctive agility of a

chamois upon the wall below, which, bisecting the inner court, connected the main wall with the outer, and then ran along upon the narrow ridge of this inner wall, interrupted as it was by holes and loose stones. At every instant Bertram expected to see him fall and never rise again. But the danger to Nicholas came from another quarter. The pursuers, it would seem, had calculated on the intrepidity and agility of their man, and another group of men faced him on the opposite side. No choice appeared left to the fugitive—but to surrender, or to leap down. Suddenly he stood still, pulled out of his belt a brace of pistols—fired one in each hand upon the antagonists who stood near to him; and, whilst these shrank back in sudden surprise, though no one appeared wounded, with incredible dexterity and speed he sank from the eyes of Bertram—and disappeared. In a moment after Bertram thought he heard a dull sound as of a heavy plunge amongst the rubbish below. All was then still.

"One has burst the net," exclaimed the men, "but there stands his comrade: and, if he prove the right one, no matter what becomes of the other." So saying, both parties neared cautiously to possess themselves of Bertram.

What Bertram will do in this case, we all know: he is all civility, and anticipating submission; and drops like ripe fruit into the hands of the constables. Doubts however remain whether he is the right man: Bertram's face and his resemblance to Nicholas prove now in good earnest unfortunate; for an Irishman, one M'Kilmory, is called upon; he holds up a torch to Bertram's face, and instantly declares that he is Nicholas.

A reward of 500*l.* being offered for the capture of Nicholas,—his captors are in high spirits. The night is severe: their watching had been long; and they had captured from one of the old women a basket of the contraband wine. With these "elements" of a carouse it was not to be supposed they should miss it. They light a fire in front of the abbey: and such is the elevation of their spirits that they even comfort the prisoner; Sampson, a constable, assuring him that in his youth he and others of the party had been near to the gallows; and yet, for all that, they were now "virtuous" as he saw—and men of credit in the state. As the wine operates they quarrel about their claims in the future division

of the 500*l.* Bertram meantime is busy with the picturesque; wishing that Merlin or some other Welsh wizard would call up Salvator Rosa from his grave to sketch the fine composition arranged by the prodigious shadows of Snowdon—the moonlight and the armed men carousing by their pine-wood fire within the gloomy shades of the abbey,—when his attention is drawn by the heat of the quarrel.

"What the d—: rank and precedence has nothing to do in this: that's settled, and we are all to share alike."

"D— your bloody eyes," cried Sampson—"Social distinctions in all things: it's as clear as sunlight in October that I, as leader and the man of genius, am to have 300*l.*; and you divide the other 200*l.* amongst you."

"What?" said the Irishman: "200*l.* amongst eight men?"

"Why, as for you, M'Kilmory, you get nothing. You stayed behind and wouldn't venture yourself upon that wall."

"No: Red-hair, you sheer off," exclaimed all the rest: but Red-hair protested against this; and almost screamed with wrath:

"By rights I should have half," said M'Kilmory; "for it was I that told who he was."

"Not a farthing more than according to merit: and then your share will come short."

M'Kilmory leaped up and clenched his fist: "May the great devil swallow—," But scarce had he uttered a word, when a shot was fired—then a second—a third—a fourth; and a wild shout arose at a little distance of —

"Cut them down!"

Sampson had fallen back wounded: but full of presence of mind, he called out to the Irishman—"Seize him, M'Kilmory! seize the prisoner, or he'll escape."

But M'Kilmory had been the first to escape himself; some others had followed: two of more resolution were preparing to execute the orders of the constable; but suddenly they received such severe thrusts that one tumbled into the fire, and the other rolled over the wounded constable. An uproar of shouts and curses arose: and in this tumult Bertram found himself seized by two stout fellows who hurried him off before he had time to recollect himself—into the shades of a neighbouring thicket. Here, when nobody could discover them by the light of the fire, they made a halt for a moment, and cut the cords that confined the prisoner.

"Take breath for a moment," said one of his conductors, "and then away with us

through thick and thin, if we escape the hounds."

Who it is that conducts this rescue, we need not say.

"We must now see how we can steal through the mountains," said Nicholas, and accordingly over hill and through thicket—lanes—and channels of pebbly brooks, they creep along. Coming at length to a wide heath lit up by the moon, Nicholas thinks it advisable that they should separate, and gives Bertram directions very much *à la Tony Lumpkin*: he points out a black spot on the heath. Thither he must go: then turn to the left; then, when he comes to the peat-ditch, to the right; and a mile beyond he will see a little inclosure: and there dwells—who, reader? one Mr. Valentine Skimble-skamble: at his house Bertram will find a lodging. Mr. Skimble-skamble's Bertram is not destined to reach, nor indeed ever to see Mr. Skimble-skamble except in his dying moments. What follows is an interesting scene of night-rambling in a wild country, snow coming on; and reminds us so much of a youthful adventure of our own near Snowdon (and therefore, we suppose, near Griffith ap Gauvon), and contains beside so amusing a piece of impertinence about Sir Walter Scott—that we must give it. Bertram misses the road to Mr. Skimble-skamble; but (as if again to assure him that he was not born to be drowned) he finds the road to the gallows. This gallows appears to be constructed upon German principles, something in fact like a stand upon a race-course: for he runs "up stairs;" and who should be at the top but old Mrs. Gillie Godber? She, poor old soul, is cooling her heels—croaking and playing the witch as usual, but again draws pity by her raving after her blooming boy who had been executed at this very gallows 25 years ago.

In her craziness she insists on mistaking Bertram for her son: he however declines the connexion; in fact he takes her for a ghost, and takes himself to his heels as fast as possible; for at best we know that his exchequer of courage was not very rich, and it had long ago stopped payment: the author frankly says that his courage had been long buried (untergraben) under the events of

this night: with but small prospect, we fear, of resurrection from any events that are to follow.

He took himself, as we said, to his heels; but, as the author goes on:

"Mrs. Gillie Godber was as nimble as he, and caught him by his coat-lap, at the same time uttering these words in a heart-rending tone: "But we will not introduce the affecting apostrophes of the poor heart-broken mother in this ludicrous connexion; and we go on to say that "while the poor creature left her hold of his coat to throw her withered arm about his neck, Bertram disengaged himself—sprang at two steps down the gallows'-stairs—and ran off winged by fear." With or without her bull-dogs Mrs. Godber seems destined to have the better of Mr. Bertram. The crazy woman cried after him from the scaffold, her hair streaming upon the wind: "Gregory, my love—my boy! come back! The wind is high and stormy: and the snow flakes are driving—driving—driving. Come back, my boy—my darling!"

Bertram's situation was now really somewhat alarming; he had fled from imaginary terrors to real ones; all things considered, a braver man would have felt nervous. The moonlight was gone,—thick snow-clouds had muffled the sky; the snow-storm had fairly set in; all traces of road or path had perished: the little knowledge he had ever had of his bearings had totally gone to wreck in his fright at the gallows: he was on a wide moor filled with turf pits; and the ice, which had borne a man's weight before, now began to give way under its covering of snow. Ever and anon he sank up to the knee: he was overpowered with cold, hunger, thirst, fatigue, and terror; ghosts and premature gibbets were on one side, "virtuous" constables and blunderbusses on another. In fact he was in the condition of Bunyan's Mr. Ready-to-sink. In such a situation now what shall a wise man do? The learned differ: Mr. Bertram's opinion was eccentric: it occurred to him that the best plan would be to lie down—wet as he was—and allow himself to be snowed up; not doubting that, after he was once fairly "tucked in" by the snow, he should have a

good night's rest, and wake in very comfortable condition; breakfast no doubt, and the Morning Chronicle lying by his side. At this crisis an accident occurred to restore his spirits, which with some persons might have been apt to cool them. Driving with his head cowering through the storm—and blinded by the snow, he plunged into a peat-ditch knee-deep at first; but in striving to get out—up to his shoulders. This cold bath “again stimulated the freezing powers of life;” and to recover some warmth he began to run. His head was held slanting; and at length, to his great satisfaction, he runs this head of his “plenum sed” (to borrow a classical expression from a youthful friend, i. e. learned reader, *full butt*) against a high pole: Why it gave him “satisfaction” to do this, the reader may guess: Bertram knew that he had reached an inclosure; and that man was in his neighbourhood. What follows is pretty from its picturesque touches as a sketch of a mountain hamlet in a snowy night.

It was a lofty pole, such as is ordinarily erected upon moorish or mountainous tracts against the accidents of deep snow. Bertram's hopes were realized. At a little distance he found a second pole, then a third, and a fourth, &c. until at length he dropped down upon a little cluster of cottages. He saw indeed neither house, nor tree, nor hedge before him: for even a whole village at such a time—its low roofs all white with snow—would not have been distinguishable: but he heard the bleating of sheep. Seldom had his heart throbbed with such a sudden thrill of gladness as at this sound. With hurried steps he advanced, and soon found a low hedge which without hesitation he climbed; he felt the outer wall of a house, but could not find the door. Close to the house however was a wooden barn, from which issued the bleating which had so much gladdened the poor wanderer.

Now, good public, listen to this prince of hoaxers:

Many a reader, when he runs over this chapter by his warm fire-side, or possibly in summer, will not forbear laughing. But whosoever, led by pleasure or necessity, has in winter roamed over a heath in the Scotch Highlands, and has been fairly mist-foundered,—knows what a blessed haven for the weary and frozen man is a reeking sheep-cote. The author of this novel speaks here feelingly from personal experience: upon a romantic pedestrian

excursion from Edinburgh to the western parts of Strathnaryn he once lost his way in company with his friend Thomas Banley, Esq. who departed this life about ten years ago, but will live for ever in his tender recollection. After wandering for several hours in the thickest mist upon this *Novembry* heath, and what by moorish ground—what by the dripping atmosphere being thoroughly soaked, and stiffening with cold, the author and Thomas Banley, Esq. discovered on a declivity of the bleak Mount Patrick a solitary hovel. It stood apart from all houses or dwellings; and even the shepherd had on this particular night stolen away (probably on a love-tryst): however, if the shepherd was gone, his sheep were not: and we found about fifty of them in the stall, which had recently been littered with fine clean straw. We clambered over the hurdle at the door; and made up a warm cozy bed for ourselves amongst the peaceful animals. Many times after in succeeding years Thomas Banley, Esq. assured me—that, although he had in India (as is well known to the public) enjoyed all the luxuries of a Nabob whilst he served in those regions under Sir Arthur Wellesley, yet never had any Indian bed been so voluptuous to him as that straw-bed amongst the sheep upon the wilds of Mount Patrick.

We perfectly doat upon this gay fellow—with his airy impudence and his “Thomas Banley, Esq.”—But to return to Bertram:

To his great delight Bertram found the door of the barn only latched: without noise he opened it just wide enough to admit his person, and then closed it again cautiously, climbing over the great hurdle which barricadoed the entrance. Then he groped along in a stooping posture—feeling his way on the ground, as he advanced with his hands; but, spite of all his precaution, the sheep were disturbed; they fled from him bleating tumultuously, as commonly happens when a stranger intrudes amongst them, and crowded to the furthest corner of the barn. Much greater was his alarm however when all at once he stumbled with his hands upon a long outstretched human body. He shrank back with sudden trepidation; drew in his breath; and kept himself as still as death.

Thomas Banley, Esq. would not have liked such strange flesh as this amongst his mutton.

But observing by the hard and uniform breathing that it was a man buried in profound sleep, he stepped carefully over him, and sought a soft and warm bed in the remotest corner of the barn. Luckily he found means to conciliate the aboriginal tenants of the barn; and in no long time two

fleecy lambs couched beside him; and he was forced to confess that after the fatigues of such a day no bed could have been more grateful or luxurious.

We are not sure of *that*: on the night of *our* snowy wanderings about Snowdon, except the gallows and Mrs. Godber, we had most of Mr. Bertram's calamities: but it strikes us that we had a far better bed; bed-fellows as innocent, and no such guilty neighbour as Mr. Bertram will be found to have. Cold and perishing we crept about midnight into a lair where two little *human* lambs were couching,—little things of five and six years old, with rosy lips and snowy arms which they curled about our neck (which was also snowy, more so indeed than we could have wished). Think what a heaven of luxury on a winter's night for a man who had been buffeting for six hours with a snow storm,—to have two such little warm mountaineers nestling about him, that never dreamed what a wolf of a reviewer they had between them. However we had not commenced reviewing at that day: nor can they, we fear, at this day be lambs: for it was twenty-two years ago! and they are now but phantoms in our memory, and have long since passed into the equipage of our dreams.—At this same cottage perhaps it was that Mr. Bertram slept: but *he* slept in the barn: and possibly had as good a night as ourselves; though it would have troubled his rest, if he had known all that we know: for that same “long human body,” which is stretched on the ground, to our certain knowledge belongs to a murderer; and one too that has recently committed a murder. Luckily for his peace, Mr. Bertram knew not then, nor perhaps did he ever know, what companion he had: the murderer slept harmlessly under the same roof, and had departed long before Mr. Bertram was ready for turning out.

The next morning's scene is natural and interesting. The males of the family, all but one imbecile old man, are absent: the women and children are standing about Bertram and gazing upon him with looks of pity and surprize, but blended with a lurking terror and suspicion which alarm him. The fact is that a faithful dog has been found killed in the

morning; and the family reasonably charge this savage act upon Bertram. The children, who mourn for their favourite, view Bertram with an eye of aversion: but the women, as women will do in such cases, suffer their compassion for his youth and his distress to prevail; and, though shy, are hospitable and kind. After breakfast, Bertram makes signs that he is going: on which a whispering and symptoms of opposition arise: which in fact proceed from the reluctance of the women, in spite of their displeasure, to allow him to run into a snare: but Bertram explains their behaviour in the very opposite sense, and persists in departing: upon which an ill-looking fellow from the neighbourhood, who had dropped in a little before, and had been eyeing him keenly, offers himself as guide to M***. Bertram, who had marked his scrutiny, can find however no decent pretext for declining his services; and they depart together. Turning suddenly round upon his guide, Bertram detects him applying a measure to his footmarks. When we mention that this guide was Kilmarey who had tracked Bertram's night rambles through the snow to the barn door, and was now engaged in identifying the two sets of foot-steps, we suppose every reader will guess the sequel. At a signal from Kilmarey a body of mounted constables appear, who again make Bertram their prisoner. From the rude style in which they carry him off, it would seem that they were disposed to anticipate the gallows: but at the top of the next hill they find an open carriage and a magistrate on the box waiting for the prisoner. This magistrate is Alderman Gravesand, and a person of some little consequence in the novel. Naturally energetic and inclining to a “vigor beyond the law,” he determines to parade his contempt for the radical populace of M*** by carrying his prisoner through the centre of the town, instead of sending for horses to meet him in the outskirts, and taking a bye road suggested by a constable of cooler judgment. The mob see through his meaning; and are on other accounts favourably disposed to the prisoner, whom they believe to be in custody for smuggling. Here then commences a

furious riot, in which Dulberry figures in all his glory: he harangues the mob from the inn window, whilst the horses are changing: and, a drunken man having laid himself across the middle of the street, he conjures them all to follow his example; for that "by Magna Charta every Englishman was entitled to stretch himself in the mud where and when he would; the 'bill of rights' said nothing to the contrary: and at his peril be it, if the magistrate presumed to drive over them." Dulberry is not much listened to: but the work proceeds: brick-bats begin to fly; the traces of the barouche are cut: the constables are attacked: the riot act is read; and the stern Alderman himself is alarmed, and disposed to treat. But Dulberry is again destined to be disappointed in his dearest hopes, and the Alderman again restored to his system of vigor, by the "hoofs of dragoons:" the scenes which follow, until the final consignment of the prisoner to a dungeon, showing considerable spirit in the selection of circumstances,—we translate:—

In this crisis thinking it prudent to suspend his natural love of violence and domineering, the Alderman had resorted to gentler methods, and was most awkwardly playing the gracious conciliator, and amiably expostulating with an infuriated mob that would not listen to a syllable he said. Fortunately for him his security depended on arguments a little more efficacious. At this moment a trampling of horses was heard; words of command could be distinguished in military language; and amidst a general cry of "The red coats! the red coats!" a squadron of dragoons was seen advancing rapidly along the street. The mob gave way in a moment, and retired into the houses and side alleys. Just at this moment a bold fellow had knocked the wounded constable backwards, and was in the act of seizing firm hold of Bertram, —when the commanding officer rode up and with the flat of his sabre struck him so violently over the head and shoulders that he rolled into the mud, but retained however presence of mind enough to retire within a party of his friends.

In a few minutes the officer had succeeded in restoring order: he now took the prisoner from the carriage and mounted him behind a dragoon. His hands, which

had hitherto been tied to his back, were for a moment unfettered—in order that he might clasp the dragoon's body; which done, they were again secured by ropes to the pommel of the saddle. These arrangements made,—the whole cavalcade accompanied by two constables drew off at a rapid pace to the city gates. Under this third variety in the style of his escort, Bertram began to experience great fatigue and suffering. Without any halt, or a word speaking, the cavalry proceeded at a long trot for two hours along a well-beaten road. On reaching a wretched pot-house however, necessity obliged them to make a short halt and to take such refreshments as the place afforded. To the compassion of a dragoon Bertram was here indebted for a dram; and he was allowed to stretch himself at length on the floor of the house and to take a little sleep. From this however he was soon roused by the ginging of spurs; roughly shaken up; and mounted again in the former fashion behind the dragoon. It was now dark; a night-storm was beginning to rise; and it appeared to the prisoner as though the road were approaching the coast. The air grew colder and colder, the wind more piercing, and Bertram—whose situation made all change of posture impossible—felt as though he could not long hold out against the benumbing rigor of the frost. So much was his firmness subdued, that he could not forbear expressing his suffering by inarticulate moans. The dragoon, who rode before him, was touched with compassion and gave him a draught out of his rum flask. The strength, given by spirituous liquors to a person under the action of frost, is notoriously but momentary and leaves the sufferer exposed to an immediate and more dangerous reaction of the frost. This effect Bertram experienced: a pleasant sensation began to steal over him; one limb began to stiffen after another; and his vital powers had no longer energy enough to resist the seductive approaches of sleep. At this moment an accident saved him. The whole troop pulled up abruptly; and at the same instant a piercing cry for help, and a violent trampling of horses' hoofs, roused Bertram from his stupefaction.

The accident was this: a trooper had missed the line of the road, and was in the act of driving his horse over a precipice which overhung the sea-coast; but the horse clung by his fore-feet, which had fortunately been rough-shod,* to a tablet of hanging rock which had fortunate-

* *Rough-shod*, in the original "*beschlagen*." The technical term, amongst the gentlemen of the stable-yard in England, is—"sharped." We doubt whether there is any classical term extant for this operation, so familiar to horsemen in frosty weather.

ly been smooth-shod with an enamel of ice. His comrades immediately deliver the pendulous dragoon. But the shock had roused Bertram; and he is still further roused by the character of the road on which his eyes open from his brief slumber. A picturesque sketch of this, which closes the chapter and carries us just half-way through the novel, we shall extract:—

The road, as Bertram now became aware, wound upwards along the extreme edge of the rocky barrier which rose abruptly from the sea-coast. In the murky depths below he saw nothing but lights tossing up and down, gleaming at intervals, and then buried in sudden darkness—the lights probably of vessels driving before wind and weather in a heavy sea. The storm was now in its strength on the sea-quarter. The clouds had parted before the wind; and a pale gleam of the moon suddenly betrayed to the prisoner the spectacle of a billowy sea below him, the iron barrier of rocky coast, and at some distance above him the gothic towers and turrets of an old castle running out as it were over the sea itself upon one of the bold prominences of the cliffs. The sharp lines of this aerial pile of building were boldly relieved upon the sky which now began to be overspread with moonlight. To this castle their route was obviously directed. But danger still threatened them: the road was narrow and steep; the wind blustered; and gusty squalls at intervals threatened to upset both horse and rider into the abyss. However the well-trained horses overcame all difficulties; at length the head of the troop reached the castle; and the foremost dragoon seizing a vast iron knocker struck the steel-plated gate so powerfully, that the echo on a more quiet night would have startled all the birds in the adjacent woods for two * miles round.

The ceremonies of reception are given; after which comes the scene which follows:—

Passing through a long and winding gate-way, feebly illuminated by two lanterns, they stood at the edge of a deep abyss. It was apparently a chasm in the rock that had been turned to account by the original founder of the castle, as a natural and impassable moat; far beyond it rose a lofty wall studded with loop-holes and towers—that necessarily overlooked and commanded the whole outer works through which they had passed. At a signal from the old man a draw-bridge was

dropped with a jarring sound over the chasm. Crossing this they entered a small court, surrounded by a large but shapeless pile of building, which gave little sign externally of much intercourse with the living world; here and there however from its small and lofty windows, sunk in the massy stone-work, a dull light was seen to twinkle; and, as far as the lanthorn would allow him to see, Bertram observed every where the marks of hoary antiquity. Here the officer quitted them, having first given some orders to the two dragoons in an under voice.

The termination of their course was not yet reached. The warden opened, at the further end of the court, a little gate; through this, and by a narrow arched passage which the dragoons could only pass by stooping, they reached at length a kind of guard-room which through two holes pierced in the wall received some light—at this time but feebly dispensed by the moon. This room, it was clear, lay near to the sea-shore; for the wind without seemed as if it would shake the foundations of the walls. The old man searched anxiously in his bundle of keys and at length applied an old rusty key to the door-lock. Not without visible signs of anxiety he then proceeded to unlatch the door. But scarce had he half performed his work, when the storm spared him the other half by driving the door in upon him and stretching him at his length upon the floor.

Below them at an immense depth lay the raging sea—luridly illuminated by the moon which looked out from the storm-rent clouds. The surf sent upwards a deafening roar, although the raving of the wind seemed to struggle for the upper hand. This aerial gate led to a little cell which might not unjustly have been named the house of death. From the rocky wall, upon which the guard-room stood, ran out at right angles into the sea a curtain of granite—so narrow that its utmost breadth hardly amounted to five feet, and resembling an artificial terrace or corridor that had been thrown by the bold architect across the awful abyss to a mighty pile of rock that rose like a column from the very middle of the waves. About a hundred feet from the shore this gallery terminated in a circular tower, which—if the connecting terrace had fallen in—would have looked like the work of a magician. This small corridor appeared the more dreadful, because the raging element below had long since forced a passage beneath it; and, the breach being continually widened by the equinoctial storms, it was at length so far undermined that it seemed to hang like an archway in the air; and the narrow cause-

* The German "translator" adds in a note—"two English miles." A very necessary caution: for two German miles would have made the knocker equal to Tom of Lincoln.

may might now with some propriety be termed a sea-bridge.

The rude dragoons even looked out with awe upon the dreadful spectacle which lay before and below. One of them stepped with folded arms to the door-way, looked out in silence, and then shaking his head said—

“So then *that's* the round house he must be carried to?”

“Aye,” said the old man (who had now raised himself from the floor;) “desperate offenders are always lodged there.”

“By G—,” replied the dragoon, “at Vittoria I rode down the whole line of a French battalion that was firing by platoons: there's not a pin to choose between such service as *that* and crossing such a d—d bridge in a gale of wind like this. Nothing but a miracle can save us.”

“What the h—ll!” said the other dragoon,—“this fellow is to be killed at any rate; so he's out of the risk: but must we run the hazard of our lives just to clap a fellow like him in prison? I'm as bold as another when I see reason: but I'll have some hire, I'll have value down, if I am to stand this risk.”

“Oh! it's impossible,” cried the first constable—“no man can stand up against the wind on such a devil's gallery: it has no banisters, you see.”

“Shall we pitch the fellow down below?” said the second constable.

“I have nothing to say against it,” replied one of the dragoons.

“Nor I,” said the other, “but then mind—we must tell no tales.”

“Oh! as to that, you know,” said the first constable, “we shall say the wind carried him out of our hands; and I suppose there's no cock will crow against us when the job's done.”

“And besides it is no sin,” observed the second; “for hang he must; that's settled; such a villain as him can do no less. So, as matters stand, I don't see but it will be doing him a good turn to toss him into the water.”

Unanimous as they were in the plan, they differed about the execution; none choosing to lay hands on the prisoner first. And very seasonably a zealous friend to Bertram stepped forward in the person of the warden. He protested that, as the prisoner was confided to his care, he must and would inform against them unless they flung *him* down also. Under this dilemma, they chose rather to face again the perils of Vittoria. They fetched stout ropes, and fastened them about themselves and the extremity of the door-post. That done, the constables stepped out first, the old man in the centre, and after them the two dragoons taking the prisoner firmly under their arms. Some blasts of wind were terrifically violent; and Bertram, as he looked

down upon the sea which raged on both sides below him, felt himself giddy; but the dragoons dragged him across. The old man had already opened the tower, and Bertram heard chains rattling. They led him down several steps, cut the ropes in two which confined him, but in their stead put heavy and rusty fetters about his feet and swollen hands. The five agents of police then remounted the steps; the door was shut; and the sound of bolts, locks, and chains, announced to the prisoner that he was left to his own solitary thoughts.

This, by the way, is somewhat of a libel upon human nature: if four men could with so much levity dispose of a prisoner to whom they had no enmity, what becomes of those prisoners to whom they have a national hatred? British dragoons besides are not usually suspected of declining any service on the plea of danger; which, great as it was, did not (as the reader soon finds) deter a timid young lady from crossing the same gallery on the same night. Bertram has fallen asleep, and is dreaming of spring and green fields; when he is suddenly awakened by the dreary howling of the wintry wind: to his astonishment he perceives a dim light in his cell, and a young lady wrapt up in furs standing at a little distance; her he recognizes as the same whose beauty and touching expression of grief had drawn all eyes on St. David's day. She, who believes him to be Nicholas, and has not light enough to discover her error, comes to return a letter of frantic passion which she had lately received from that lawless person—to furnish him with money—and to conjure him to think of her no more, and to use the means of escape which she will do her best to put in his way. Before he has time to answer, she opens the door where an officer appears waiting to conduct her across the bridge, and vanishes. To this officer, Sir Charles Davenant, she confides her distress and her wishes. Sir Charles has too much honour to betray her, but declines to interpose between the gallows and one whom he thinks so well fitted to adorn it. In her anguish she addresses herself to her own maid, an amiable girl, who calls upon her lover to assist. He who has deep obligations and attachment to Nicholas would have needed no such stimulus to such a service: but

he happens secretly to know that the prisoner is not Nicholas. Mr. Bertram therefore stands a fair chance for a long confinement; but is delivered in consequence of a scene which would be very effective in a melodrama. For this the way is paved by a previous scene of high "fun." Dulberry has taken it into his head to stroll up to the castle gate: his usual Jeremiades about "Castle-reagh's hussars," "Manchester massacres," and "hoofs of dragoons" are not likely to recommend him to the present garrison: the dragoons issue, and get to all sorts of pleasant games with the poor reformer. They form a ring, and send round this shining light of politics from hand to hand like so many *λαμπαδηφοροι*. Dulberry's piercing invocations of the "Habeas Corpus Act" alarm the castle, and Sir Morgan himself issues on the battlements above. And now "great deeds would have ensued" we were in hopes,—the two bores having at length met as for a solemn engagement. But this engagement is short. Each however has time to launch his respective piece of insanity at the other. Dulberry from below lodges his complaint against the dragoons, adding that they had tossed his white hat into the sea—and had also violated the Great Charter by preventing him from drowning himself. Upon which the baronet from above replies that he had no objection to his drowning himself, none at all, but will never allow that a ragged Manchester radical shall pollute the water at his castle gates which had been hallowed by so many of his illustrious ancestors, who had there been used to precipitate themselves or their great Saxon prisoners. He therefore approves what the dragoons had done. Dulberry rejoins by accusing Sir Morgan of high treason upon a certain statute of the Second of Queen Elizabeth made in behalf of "those of the reformed faith" which he applies to the benefit of the Manchester reformers. All present are scandalized at such language addressed to the old Walladmor on his own castle walls: both dragoons, and Sir Morgan's household, join in snow-balling Dulberry, and a scene of uproarious fun succeeds: every soul in the castle has issued to witness or

partake in these "high jinks" with Dulberry: it is dusk: the castle-gates are left unguarded; and a stranger muffled up in a cloak slips in to a long saloon where he finds Sir Morgan alone. Sir Morgan, seeing a dusky figure standing in silence, is at first disposed to take it for the ghost of Rhees ap Meredith: but the stranger explains that he comes to vindicate the innocence of Bertram, and to demand his liberation, for that he is not the true Nicholas, however strikingly he resembles him. "But what vouchers," Sir Morgan asks, "can he give for all this; what security?"

"Security!—You would have security? Well, you shall. Do you remember that time, when the great Dutch ship was cruising off the coast, and the landing of the crew was nightly expected?"

"I remember it well; for at that time I had beset the coast with faithful followers: and once or twice I watched myself all night through."

"True: and on the 29th of September you were lying upon your arms behind Arthur's pillar. About midnight a man in the uniform of a sea-fencible joined you: and you may remember some conversation you had with him?"

Had Sir M. Walladmor been addicted to trembling, he would now have trembled: with earnest gaze, and outstretched arms, he listened without speaking to the stranger, who continued: "You talked together, until the moon was setting; and then, when the work was done—Sir Morgan—when the work was done, a shot was fired: and in the twinkling of an eye up sprang the sea-fencible, as I do now—and he cried aloud, as I do now, Farewell! Sir Morgan Walladmor!" And so saying the stranger threw open his cloak, discovering underneath a dirk and a brace of pistols; and at the same time, with an impressive gesture, he raised his cap from his head.

"It is Nicholas!" exclaimed the baronet.

"At your service, Sir Morgan Walladmor. Do you *now* believe that your prisoner is innocent?"

Sir Morgan threatens to detain him: but Nicholas has the command of the door, and convinces Sir Morgan that he has taken his measures well.

"Grey hairs I reverence: and to you in particular, least of all men, do I bear malice: though oft, God knows, in my young days, old Sir, you have cost me an ague-fit."

He folded his cloak; looked once again

upon the old man: and with an aspect, in which some defiance was blended with a deep sorrow that could not be mistaken, he turned away slowly with the words—"Farewell!—Gladly, Sir Morgan, I would offer you my hand: but *that* in this world is not to be: a Walladmor does not give his hand to an outlaw!"

Sir Morgan was confounded: he looked on whilst the bold offender with tranquil steps moved down the whole length of the saloon, opened the folding doors, and vanished. Sir Morgan was still numbering the steps of the departing visitor, as he descended the great stair-case: and the last echo had reached his ear from the remote windings of the castle chambers, whilst he was yet unresolved what course he should pursue.

Bertram is now set at liberty; becomes the guest and favourite of Sir Morgan: and Nicholas is no more heard of for some months. At length spring comes on, and Nicholas is again on the scene. He suspects that Bertram is making love to Miss Walladmor; becomes more frantic than ever from jealousy; writes a letter to Bertram, and tells him that—if that were true—it would cancel a thousandfold all obligations to him; and finally, having now a staunch party of smuggling lads under him, meditates an attack on Walladmor Castle. Sir Morgan has this intention betrayed to him whilst he is on a sea excursion: he returns hastily; is in some danger of a sea-fight; and in a heavy gale of wind, which comes on at dusk, loses one of his boats. Miss Walladmor's maid perishes in spite of the fearless exertions of her lover to save her—(by the bye, having so few young women in his novel, the author should have been more careful of them): but Miss Walladmor herself is saved by Bertram: which enables us to make a classical allusion to Tooke's Pantheon; viz. that as Antæus recovered strength in his 'turn-up' with Hercules by touching his mother earth, so doth Mr. Bertram, whose

vocation otherwise is not heroism, never fail to resume his courage and generosity when he is fairly drenched in salt water.

Sir Morgan finds that an attack has taken place in his absence, through some error in the information of Nicholas, and has been defeated. A second attack is known to be meditated in a few hours. But, on this same evening, Nicholas falls in with and engages a body of dragoons commanded by Sir Charles Davenant. The action is sharp and bloody; but Sir Charles defeats him, and almost annihilates his party. The consequence is that about midnight Nicholas presents himself at the gate of Walladmor castle—knocks—is admitted—walks into the midst of Sir Morgan's guests banqueting in the great hall, and in a robber-Moor-like scene—the groupings and attitudes of which are well studied for effect—surrenders himself, as a man now without hope and careless of life.

Next comes down a special commission to try him: the morning is come: all the world are flocking to his trial: the judge has robed: the court is set: the jury are sworn: there is not room left for a bodkin to be wedged into the crowd: smugglers even and pirates have ventured into the audience; and Captain le Harnois himself has risen from the dead, and is supposed to be in court. At this point the author takes upon him to quiz some of our English foibles: Betting goes on in open court: 15 to 1 are offered that Nicholas does not "show the white feather," and various odds upon other contingencies. How the indictment is laid, we are not very clearly informed: but from the speeches of counsel it is manifest that some case of treason (whether Cato-street is not said) is the main count. The counsel for the prisoner, who is called "Master Pritchard,"* makes a very long speech; so long—that, if any-

* In general the author is better read in Hollinshed, &c. than in books of more modern costume. By the way, Master P. quotes Æschylus: and we observe that the author approves of this—on the ground that it tended to throw dust in the eyes of the court—"not one of whom, as ill-natured Leumund asserts (*der böse Leumund*), understood a word of what he was saying." We know not Mr. Leumund (i. e. English reader, Mr. Sneer,) nor Mrs. Candor his sister; nor much desire to know him; but we suppose he has read some story of Parson Adams and Æschylus. Things are changed however since then: amongst other improvements in England since the days of Parson Adams, we observe that Swedish turnips have improved—Welsh geography has improved—and Greek has

thing should happen to either of the consuls, he will be a very proper candidate for "surrogation." However, his defence is very fair; and he does well to insist much on the madness of Nicholas. He tells the jury that it was notorious that a passionate attachment to a distinguished young lady in the neighbourhood had turned the prisoner's brain; regrets that he was not allowed to call for her evidence and that of her uncle; and that he had it not in his power to *subpœna* certain persons from the Continent who could have given decisive testimony to the insanity of the prisoner for some time back. Here the Judge interrupts him, and begs him not to proceed on a topic which without evidence could be of no service to the prisoner, and inflict fresh wounds on an eminent family whose peace of mind had already suffered too deeply. At this moment an out-break of frenzy from Nicholas, on the allusions to Miss Walladmor, whose name he wishes to keep clear of all attaint, does something to support the statements of his counsel: which he fails not to press upon the jury. At length Master Pritchard has perorated: the prisoner has made his bold defence, in which the only thing that looks like a disposition to conciliate the jury is a slight allusion to his own unhappy breeding amongst pirates which had taught him little respect for human laws. Night is come, and the jury have retired to consider of their verdict. Betting now recommences with great spirit: any odds that Nicholas is game to the last step of the gallows ladder, if indeed he should come thither: but a young nobleman offers a 100 guineas to 100 that the jury acquit him: we are not told whether the judge takes this bet. All this in open court: close behind the prisoner goes on this little conversation:

"A stout fellow! by G—: he'll need no stones in his pocket to tighten the noose."

improved. So that, as betting is the fashion, and supposing the case to admit of any decision, we would gladly stake 10 guineas to 1 with our German friend that out of the first 12 barristers we should see in Westminster Hall we would produce 4 that should work through a chorus of the Agamemnon; not so well as Mr. Symmons, or Mr. Von Humboldt; but yet *taliter qualiter*: and one of the four perhaps that would puzzle as good an editor as Mr. Schütz.

"*Fressological*:" there is a sort of joke in this mistake to German ear, which it is scarcely worth while to explain.

"Is his body sold?"

"Oh no! he's to be dissected here."

"Dissected? Oh that's all my eye. Maybe they'll cut a little into the skin just to comply with the law: but take my word for it, he'll be sent to London: the Londoners wouldn't miss such a sight for something. And his skeleton will be kept in the British Museum."

"Aye, but I hear," said a third, "that the *Fressological* * Society of Edinburgh has bought him."

"*Fressological*! You mean *Phrenological*: I know it very well: Sir Walter Scott's the president."

"Well, fress or phrenological, for aught I care: but I hear they say that he has got the organ of smuggling in his skull, and was born to be hanged."

Shift the scene, reader, before the jury bring in their verdict, to Walladmor castle. Here is Sir Morgan sitting alone, having already on certain accounts a deep interest in Nicholas, and some misgivings. At this moment steals in Gillie Godber: all is now accomplished: *her* day is come at last, the day she has been preparing through 25 long years: and the luxury of her vengeance is perfect. Knowing that it is now too late for Sir Morgan to interfere, she gives him satisfactory proof that Nicholas is his son—whom she had stolen in the very hour of his birth, and had delivered to the captain of a smuggling vessel. At the same moment enters Sir C. Davenant: "What is the verdict?" exclaims Sir Morgan, "Guilty!" judgment has passed: the prisoner is to be executed on the following morning; and, to prevent a rescue, the sheriff has resolved to lodge him for this night in Walladmor castle. Sir Morgan bears all with dignity and apparent firmness; and resolves not to see his son until after his death.

Now then we come to the winding up. And the question is—how shall we dispose of the bold criminal? Shall he die?—We have had one obstinate attempt on his life by drowning in the first chapter: and here in the last volume we have 12 men

combining in another attempt upon his life by hanging: shall this be tolerated? The scenes which follow are so tumultuous and full of action that we have no space left for them. Suffice it to say that Nicholas is for this night safely lodged in the "house of death"—before he can escape, he has the aerial corridor to pass, and the guard room full of dragoons; and the sheriff flatters himself all is safe. "The ides of March are come:" saith he: yes, Sheriff, but not passed. More than one heart still clings to the guilty Nicholas: steps are moving in the darkness for his deliverance; and hands are at his service (to use the language of a metrical romance) "more than either two or three." There is an old prophecy attached to Walladmor Castle:

When black men storm the outer door,*
Joy shall come to Walladmor.

How that should be, the reader will think it hard to guess. All, we shall say, is this: that, as the sheriff of Nottingham in well-known days was often foiled, we see no reason why a Welsh sheriff should hope for eternal success; that the British Museum is quite rich enough to bear a single disappointment; and that the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh may chance, like Mecca waiting for her caravan, to "sicken at the long delay." There are such things as smuggling vessels full of men from every climate under heaven: and even amongst enemies there may be some friends: and Sir C. Davenant and his dragoons may chance to find more work than they can manage: and we are in the hands of a fine scenical artist for arranging grand situations; and he may contrive, just as all things hasten to a conclusion, to give us another great discovery or *ἀναγνώρισις*; and he may bring all his people upon the stage together, and groupe them in the finest attitudes for parting and forgiveness; and show South America in the back ground for any bold man that has a character to whitewash; and then drop the curtain upon us all; and call upon us for a "Plaudite!" with three times three for the gay hoaxer and for "WALLADMOR!"

Thus, mounted sometimes *en croupe* behind the novelist in character of translator, sometimes flying on the wings of abridgment,—we have given a rapid sketch of the German novel. We are now expected perhaps by some readers to put on the black velvet, and pronounce judgment. But the truth is this: novel reading is so purely a piece of sensuality (elegant sensuality no doubt), that most readers resent the impertinence of criticism in such a case, as much as he who sits down to a carouse of immortal wine resents a medical intrusion: the day *after* he may bear it; but not when he is imbibing the nectar, preparing to imbibe it, or having *just* imbibed it. In any of these cases it is prudent in the medical friend to keep out of his way. The reader sees, without our telling him, that there is great life and stir in the movement of the story; much dramatic skill in devising situations; and an interest given to some of the characters, beyond the mere interest of the action, by the passions which move them. Two indulgencies however we must suggest to the reader: 1st with regard to Cato-street, he must consider that distance of place has the mellowing effect of distance in time; and that what might be bad taste or coarseness, in any of us—is less so in a German who did not stand so near to it as we, and to whom imperfect knowledge abstracts many of those circumstances which make the recollection of it to us painful or revolting. Secondly we must allow for errors of manners, or feelings, in costuming the parts: these are not at all greater than in many of our own novels of high credit: though more obtrusively forced upon our notice, because the manners painted happen to be our own. And all this it will be the translator's duty to remove. As to the anachronisms, we doubt whether they are not designed. Sir C. Davenant of the year 1822 is said to be the son of the celebrated Sir William Davenant: consequently, he is (according to ancient scandal) by possibility the grandson of Shakspeare, who died in 1616: either son, or papa therefore, must have had a tolerable allowance of life. Bangor Abbey we have noticed

* Gate properly (*thor*); but, for rhyme's sake, door.

already. And there is a battle (not in the story of the novel, but in one of Sir Morgan's long stories) in which we verily believe as many different centuries take a part as in the famous drama of the Antijacobin. The Templars are there; all sorts of Saxons and Welshmen are there: Rhees ap Meredith is there: (and we all know whereabouts he dates:) and a very conspicuous part by the way is played by two Earls of Chester and Slop. Now the Earl of Chester (God bless him!) is still a prosperous gentleman in this world; we read of his Lordship daily in the Morning Herald: and he generally *does* bring a very considerable weight to any side he takes in the battles of this world. But who is his cousin of Slop? Is he by syncope for *Salop*, i. e. Lord Shrewsbury—some bold Talbot or other? If not, we fear he has long been spilt and wiped up by the Muse of history. However, all these things are trifles: nobody cares about such things in a novel, except pedants.

But now, dear German hoaxer, a word or two to you at parting. And mistake us not for any of those dull people "*qui n'entendent pas la raillerie*:" on the contrary, we are extravagantly fond of sport: *la bagatelle* is what we doat on: and many a time have we risked our character as philosophers by the exorbitance of our thirst after "fun." Nay we patronize even hoaxing and quizzing, when they are witty and half as good as yours. But all this within certain eternal limits; which limits are good nature and justice. And these are a little trespassed on, we fear, in the following case:—we put it to our readers. There is a certain Mr. Thomas Malbourne in this novel, of whom we have taken no notice, because he is really an inert person as to the action—though busy enough in other people's whenever it becomes clear to his own mind that he ought not to be busy. This Mr. Malbourne, being asked in the latter end of the book—who and what he is, solemnly replies that he is the author of *Waverley*. "Author of *Waverley*!" says Bertram, "God bless my soul! is it possible?" "Yes, Sir," he rejoins, "and also of *Guy Mannering*, the *Antiquary*, *Tales of my Landlord*," and so he

runs on. "Author of *Guy Mannering*!" says Bertram, "Do I hear you right?" "Yes, Sir, and likewise of *Kenilworth*, the *Abbot*, the *Pirate*," &c. and away he bowls with a third roll-call. Now thus far all is fair, and part of the general hoax. But, when we add that this Mr. T. Malbourne conducts himself very much like a political decoy or trepanner—makes himself generally disagreeable by his cynical behaviour—and condescends to actions which every man of honour must disdain (such as listening clandestinely to conversations, &c.)—it will be felt that our pleasant friend has here been led astray by his superabundance of animal spirits: this is carrying the joke too far; and he ought really to apologize to Sir Walter Scott by expelling the part from his next edition. A second point which we could wish him to amend in his next hoax is the keenness of his satirical hits at us the good people of this island. We like quizzing immensely, as we have said: (we have quizzed *him* a little here and there:) and we like even to *be* quizzed. Nay, we could muster magnanimity enough to subscribe to the keenest pasquinade upon our own worthy self, provided it had any salt of wit (for something it *should* have): and we would never ask after its precise number of falsehoods. But in our national character we *do* ask a little after this: and the more willing we are to hear of our faults, the more we expect that they shall be our *real* faults. We will not suspect that he does not like us: for we like *him* monstrously. Yet, if we were to set Capt. Fluellen or Capt. M'Turk upon his book, we fear that either of those worthy Celts would exalt his nostrils, begin to snuff the air, and say, "Py Cot, I believe he's laughing at us." And Celtic ground, whether Welsh or Gaelic, is not the most favourable for such experiments on the British temper. But let this be reformed, good hoaxer! Do not put quite so much acid into your wit. Come over to London, and we will all shake hands with you. Over a pipe of wine, which we shall imbibe together, you will take quite a new view of our character: and we in particular will intro-

duce you to some dear friends of ours, Scotch, Irish, and English, who will any of them be glad to take a sixteenth in your next hoax, or even to subscribe to a series of hoaxes which we shall assist to make so witty that (to quote Sir Charles Davenant's grandfather) they shall "draw three souls out of one weaver," shall extort laughter from old Rhees ap Meredith in Tartarus, and shall call out "Lord Slop" from his hiding place. Now, turning back from the hoaxer to the hoax, we shall conclude with this proposition. All readers of Spenser must know that the true Florimel lost her girdle; which, they will remember, was found by Sir Satyrane—and was adjudged by a whole assemblage of knights to the false Florimel, although it did not quite fit her. She, viz. the snowy Florimel,

— exceedingly did fret :
And, snatching from her hand half an-
grily
The belt again, about her body gan it tie.
Yet natheless would it her body fit :
Yet natheless to her, as her dew right,
It yielded was by them that judged it.

"By them that judged it!" and who are they? Spenser is here prophetic, and means the Reviewers. It has been generally whispered that the true Florimel has latterly lost her girdle of beauty. Let this German Sir Satyrane, then, be indulgently supposed to have found it: and, whilst the title to it is in abeyance, let it be adjudged to the false Florimel; and let her have a licence to wear it for a few months, until the true Florimel comes forward in her original beauty, dissolves her snowy counterfeit, and reclaims her own "golden cestus."

ON DYING FOR LOVE.

To turn stark fools, and subjects fit
For sport of boys and rabble-wit.—*Hudibras*.

DYING for love is a very silly thing. It answers no one good end whatsoever. It is poetical, romantic, perhaps immortalizing; but nevertheless it is silly, and oftentimes exceedingly inconvenient. I have been pretty near it myself six or seven times, but thanks to my obstinacy! (for which, indeed, I ought to be thankful, seeing I possess a very considerable portion of that unyielding essence,) I have contrived to keep Death from the door, and Despair from the sanctuary of my thoughts. I cannot, in fact, believe that half of those who have the credit (*I* should say *discredit*) of dying for love have really deserved it. A man fixes his affections on a piece of cold beauty—a morsel of stony perfection—or on one far above him in rank and fortune—or on an equal, who has unfortunately a lover whom she prefers. Well! he becomes melancholy, takes cold upon it, and dies. But this proves nothing; he might have died if his passion had been returned, or

if he had never loved at all. The fate of my friend R—— is a case in point. He was deeply enamoured of a very beautiful but adamantine lady, and, as a matter of course, grew very low-spirited and very miserable. He did not long survive; and, as another matter of course, it was given out that he died for love.

As the world seemed to think it sounded better than saying, that his death was occasioned by drinking cold water immediately after walking ten miles under a burning sun, I did not contradict the report, although I had good grounds for so doing, and it became very generally believed. Some aver that Leander died of love, "because," say they, "if Hero had not been on the other side of the Hellespont he would not have been drowned—*argal*, he died for love."* These are your primary-cause-men! your wholesale deduction-mongers! Now I am a plain-spoken fellow, and am more apt to draw natural than romantic conclusions—*argal*, I say

* See As you like it. Act iv. S. 1.

he died of the cramp, or from being carried away by the rapidity of the stream: although, I know at the same time that this is not the *current* opinion. I am no poet, and therefore take no poetic licences: the romantic *do*; and I am quite willing to let Common Sense decide between us. Let me, however, not be misunderstood; I argue not on the impossibility, but on the folly and inconsistency of dying for love. That it has occasionally happened I am well aware. I remember Marian T——, when she was as lovely and lively a girl as ever laid a blushing cheek on a snowy pillow, and sank into dreams of innocence and joy. I remember her, too, when the rose was fading from her cheek, and solace and happiness had vanished for ever from her forsaken heart. There was the impress of blighted hope upon her brow—the record of a villain's faithlessness upon her sunken cheek. Her eye told of long suffering, and her constant but melancholy smile evinced how patiently she endured it. Day by day the hue of mortality waxed fainter and fainter; her beautiful form wasted away,

and she became at last like a spirit of heaven dwelling among, but scarcely holding communion with, the sons and daughters of the earth. The latter part of her life seemed an abstraction—a dream—an unconsciousness of what was passing around her. The sister of S—— (of S—— who had broken the vows that were pledged with such seeming fidelity to Marian) abhorred her brother's perfidy, and was fonder than ever of the poor heart-broken girl. She sincerely pitied her—

For pitee renneth sone in gentil herte;
and sought by every means in her power to revive her past energies, and recall her to lost happiness and peace. But it was too late; although she complained not, her spirit was broken for ever: and in the effort of raising herself to give a last kiss to her friend, she sank back and died without a struggle or a sigh. There were some lines in a periodical work, shortly after her death, evidently written by a person acquainted with the parties, which, I think, may not improperly be inserted here.

To G—— S——.

There's a stain on thee that can never fade,
Tho' bathed in the mists of future years,
And this world will be but a world of shade,
Of sorrow, and anguish, and bitter tears.
Thou hast seen a flow'et pine away,
That, loved by thee, would have blossom'd fair,
And thou shalt meet with a worse decay,
And wither and die in thy soul's despair.

Like the summer's breath was the gentle tale
With which thou told'st of thy love and truth,
But thy falsehood came, like the wintry gale,
And blighted the flow'et in its youth.
It has sunk to earth, but nor tear nor sigh
Has e'er betray'd thy bosom's pain,
Yet a day will come when thou would'st die
To call it back from the grave again.

Had'st thou cherish'd it with the smile that won
Its fadeless love in Spring's blooming hour;
Had thy love beam'd o'er it like the sun,
Whose rays are life to the drooping flow'r;—
It had still been fair, and thou had'st now
Been calm as the lake that sleeps in rest;
But the ray of joy shall ne'er light thy brow,
Nor pleasure dwell in thy lonely breast.

For the lovely one whom thou left'st forlorn,
 A deep lament shall be ;
 But no heart will sigh, and no bosom mourn,
 And no eye e'er weep for thee.
 Thou wilt pass away to the realms of death
 In solitude and gloom ;
 And a curse will cling to thy parting breath,
 As awful as thy doom.

But this, and a few other extreme cases, I consider as mere exceptions to my general rule. Now, supposing, as I have said before, that a man dotes upon a beauty without a heart: What, in the name of reason, should induce him to die for one who does not care a rush for him? There may be others who would have more feeling, and less coquetry, with quite as many personal charms. Or supposing that he is attached to one far above him, either in fortune or rank, or in both. What then! Must he therefore waste away, and become the mere shadow of himself? A child may long to catch a star as he does a butterfly, or to turn the sun round as he is accustomed to turn his hoop, but his non-success would not, as nurses call it, "be the death of him." Again: let us imagine that a man places his affections on an equal, and that she has a stronger yearning towards another. Still, I say, there is no harm done. Let him think (as I should do) that there may be other females with quite as many outward attractions, and more discernment. I have no notion of dying to please any one. I have had too much trouble to support existence to think of laying it down upon such grounds. I should deem it quite enough to perish for the sake of one who really loved me: for one who did *not*, I should be sorry to suffer a single twinge of the rheumatism, or the lumbago. I have read of a man who actually fancied he was fading away—"a victim to the tender passion;"—but who afterwards discovered that his complaint was caused by abstaining too long from his necessary food. This was a sad fall from the drawing-

room window of romance into the area of common sense, and real life; but he was forced to make the best of it: so he took his meals oftener and thought no more about it. He afterwards actually became a suitor to another, was married, and now, I have no doubt, thinks just as I do on the subject of dying for love.

Ere I part with you "my readers all!" take notice of these my last words, and farewell directions, which I give in sincerity of heart, and out of anxiety for your welfare. Ye who have never been in love, but who are approaching insensibly towards it—Corydons of sixteen! "Apollines imberbes" come home for the holidays! take heed! Ye are entering on a little known and perilous sea. Look to your bark lest she founder. Bring her head round, and scud away before the wind into the port of Indifference. There is danger in the very serenity that sleeps upon the waves: there is faithlessness in the lightest breath that curls them. Ye who are in love—ye who are already on the deceitful ocean—listen to me! Look out for squalls!—Beware of hurricanes!—Have a care of approaching storms! There may be an enemy's ship nearer than you wot of. Just give a salute, and sheer off to Bachelor's harbour. And ye, the last and most pitiable class of all—ye, who fancy yourselves dying for love, make a tack! about ship! and, above all, keep plenty of good wine a-board; so that when a sigh is rising in the throat you may choke it with a bumper; and, in case of tears flowing, depend upon it that port will prove the best eye-water.

IDEA OF A UNIVERSAL HISTORY ON A COSMO-POLITICAL PLAN.

BY IMMANUEL KANT.

WHATSOEVER difference there may be in our notions of the *freedom of the will* metaphysically considered,—it is evident that the manifestations of this will, viz. human actions, are as much under the control of universal laws of nature as any other physical phenomena. It is the province of history to narrate these manifestations; and let their causes be ever so secret, we know that history, simply by taking its station at a distance and contemplating the agency of the human will upon a large scale, aims at unfolding to our view a regular stream of tendency in the great succession of events; so that the very same course of incidents, which taken separately and individually would have seemed perplexed, incoherent, and lawless, yet viewed in their connexion and as the actions of the human *species* and not of independent beings, never fail to discover a steady and continuous though slow developement of certain great predispositions in our nature. Thus for instance deaths, births, and marriages, considering how much they are separately dependent on the freedom of the human will, should seem to be subject to no law according to which any calculation could be made beforehand of their amount: and yet the yearly registers of these events in great countries prove that they go on with as much conformity to the laws of nature as the oscillations of the weather: these again are events which in detail are so far irregular that we cannot predict them individually; and yet taken as a whole series we find that they never fail to support the growth of plants—the currents of rivers—and other arrangements of nature in a uniform and uninterrupted course. Individual men, and even nations, are little aware that, whilst they are severally pursuing their own peculiar and often contradictory purposes, they are unconsciously following the guidance of a great natural purpose which is wholly unnoticed by themselves; and are thus promoting and making efforts for a great process which, even

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if they perceived it, they would little regard.

Considering that men, taken collectively as a body, do not proceed like brute animals under the law of an instinct, nor yet again, like rational cosmopolites, under the law of a preconcerted plan,—one might imagine that no systematic history of their actions (such for instance as the history of bees or beavers) could be possible. At the sight of the actions of man displayed on the great stage of the world, it is impossible to escape a certain degree of disgust: with all the occasional indications of wisdom scattered here and there, we cannot but perceive the whole sum of these actions to be a web of folly, childish vanity, and often even of the idlest wickedness and spirit of destruction. Hence at last one is puzzled to know what judgment to form of our species so conceited of its high advantages. In this perplexity there is no resource for the philosopher but this—that, finding it impossible to presume in the human race any *rational* purpose of its own, he must endeavour to detect some *natural* purpose in such a senseless current of human actions; by means of which a history of creatures that pursue no plan of their own may yet admit a systematic form as the history of creatures that are blindly pursuing a plan of nature. Let us now see whether we can succeed in finding out a clue to such a history; leaving it to nature to produce a man capable of executing it. Just as she produced a Kepler who unexpectedly brought the eccentric courses of the planets under determinate laws; and afterwards a Newton who explained these laws out of a universal ground in nature.

PROPOSITION THE FIRST.

All tendencies of any creature, to which it is predisposed by nature, are destined in the end to develope themselves perfectly and agreeably to their final purpose.—External as well as internal (or anatomical) examination confirms this remark in all animals.

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An organ which is not to be used, a natural arrangement that misses its purpose, would be a contradiction in physics. Once departing from this fundamental proposition, we have a nature no longer tied to laws, but objectless and working at random; and a cheerless reign of chance steps into the place of reason.

PROPOSITION THE SECOND.

In man, as the sole rational creature upon earth, those tendencies which have the use of his reason for their object are destined to obtain their perfect development in the species only and not in the individual.—Reason in a creature is a faculty for extending the rules and purposes of the exercise of all its powers far beyond natural instinct, and it is illimitable in its plans. It works however not instinctively, but stands in need of trials—of practice—and of instruction in order to ascend gradually from one degree of illumination to another. On this account either it would be necessary for each man to live an inordinate length of time in order to learn how to make a perfect use of his natural tendencies; or else, supposing the actual case that nature has limited his term of life, she must then require an incalculable series of generations (each delivering its quota of knowledge to its immediate successor) in order to ripen the germs which she has laid in our species to that degree of development which corresponds with her final purpose. And the period of this mature development must exist at least in idea to man as the object of his efforts: because otherwise his own natural predispositions must of necessity be regarded as objectless; and this would at once take away all *practical* principles, and would expose nature—the wisdom of whose arrangements must in all other cases be assumed as a fundamental postulate—to the suspicion of capricious dealing in the case of man only.

PROPOSITION THE THIRD.

It is the will of nature that man should owe to himself only every thing which transcends the mere mechanic constitution of his animal existence; and that he should be susceptible of no other happiness or perfection than what he has created for himself, instinct

apart, through his own reason.—Nature does nothing superfluously: and in the use of means to her ends does not play the prodigal. Having given to man reason, and freedom of the will grounded upon reason, she had hereby sufficiently made known the purpose which governed her in the choice of the furniture and appointments, intellectual and physical, with which she has accoutred him. Thus provided, he had no need for the guidance of instinct, or for knowledge and forethought created to his hand: for these he was to be indebted to himself. The means of providing for his own shelter from the elements—for his own security, and the whole superstructure of delights which add comfort and embellishment to life, were to be the work of his own hands. So far indeed has she pushed this principle, that she seems to have been frugal even to niggardliness in the dispensation of her animal endowments to man, and to have calculated her allowance to the nicest rigor of the demand in the very earliest stage of his existence: as if it had been her intention hereby to proclaim that the highest degree of power—of intellectual perfection—and of happiness to which he should ever toil upwards from a condition utterly savage, must all be wrung and extorted from the difficulties and thwartings of his situation—and the merit therefore be exclusively his own: thus implying that she had at heart his own rational self-estimation rather than his convenience or comfort. She has indeed beset man with difficulties; and in no way could she have so clearly made known that her purpose with man was not that he might live in pleasure; but that by a strenuous wrestling with those difficulties he might make himself worthy of living in pleasure. Undoubtedly it seems surprising on this view of the case that the earlier generations appear to exist only for the sake of the latter—viz. for the sake of forwarding that edifice of man's grandeur in which only the latest generations are to dwell, though all have undesignedly taken part in raising it. Mysterious as this appears, it is however at the same time necessary, if we once assume a race of rational animals, as destined by means of this characteristic reason to a per-

fect developement of their tendencies, and subject to mortality in the individual but immortal in the species.

PROPOSITION THE FOURTH.

The means, which nature employs to bring about the developement of all the tendencies she has laid in man, is the antagonism of these tendencies in the social state—no farther however than to that point at which this antagonism becomes the cause of social arrangements founded in law.—By antagonism of this kind I mean the unsocial sociality of man; that is, a tendency to enter the social state combined with a perpetual resistance to that tendency which is continually threatening to dissolve it. Man has gregarious inclinations, feeling himself in the social state more than man by means of the developement thus given to his natural tendencies. But he has also strong anti-gregarious inclinations prompting him to insulate himself, which arise out of the unsocial desire (existing concurrently with his social propensities) to force all things into compliance with his own humor; a propensity to which he naturally anticipates resistance from his consciousness of a similar spirit of resistance to others existing in himself. Now this resistance it is which awakens all the powers of man, drives him to master his propensity to indolence, and in the shape of ambition—love of honor—or avarice impels him to procure distinction for himself amongst his fellows. In this way arise the first steps from the savage state to the state of culture, which consists peculiarly in the social worth of man: talents of every kind are now unfolded, taste formed, and by gradual increase of light a preparation is made for such a mode of thinking as is capable of converting the rude natural tendency to moral distinctions into determinate practical principles, and finally of exalting a social concert that had been pathologically extorted from the mere necessities of situation into a moral union founded on the reasonable choice. But for these anti-social propensities, so unamiable in themselves, which give birth to that resistance which every man meets with in his own self-interested pretensions, an Arcadian life would arise of perfect harmony and mutual love such as

must suffocate and stifle all talents in their very germs. Men, as gentle as the sheep they fed, would communicate to their existence no higher value than belongs to mere animal life; and would leave the vacuum of creation which exists in reference to the final purpose of man's nature as a rational nature, unfilled. Thanks therefore to nature for the enmity, for the jealous spirit of envious competition, for the insatiable thirst after wealth and power! These wanting, all the admirable tendencies in man's nature would remain for ever undeveloped. Man, for his own sake as an individual, wishes for concord: but nature knows better what is good for man as a species; and she ordains discord. He would live in ease and passive content: but nature wills that he shall precipitate himself out of this luxury of indolence into labors and hardships, in order that he may devise remedies against them and thus raise himself above them by an intellectual conquest—not sink below them by an unambitious evasion. The impulses, which she has with this view laid in his moral constitution, the sources of that anti-sociality and universal antagonism from which so many evils arise, but which again stimulate a fresh reaction of the faculties and by consequence more and more aid the developement of the primitive tendencies,—all tend to betray the adjusting hand of a wise Creator, not that of an evil spirit that has bungled in the execution of his own designs, or has malevolently sought to perplex them with evil.

PROPOSITION THE FIFTH.

The highest problem for the human species, to the solution of which it is irresistibly urged by natural impulses, is the establishment of a universal civil society founded on the empire of political justice.—Since it is only in the social state that the final purpose of nature with regard to man (viz. the developement of all his tendencies) can be accomplished,—and in such a social state as combines with the utmost possible freedom, and consequent antagonism of its members, the most rigorous determination of the boundaries of this freedom—in order that the freedom of such individual may coexist with the free-

dom of others; and since it is the will of nature that this as well as all other objects of his destination should be the work of men's own efforts,—on these accounts a society in which freedom under laws is united with the greatest possible degree of irresistible power, i. e. a perfect civil constitution, is the highest problem of nature for man: because it is only by the solution of this problem that nature can accomplish the rest of her purposes with our species. Into this state of restraint man, who is otherwise so much enamored of lawless freedom, is compelled to enter by necessity—and that the greatest of all necessity, viz. a necessity self-imposed; his natural inclinations making it impossible for man to preserve a state of perfect liberty for any length of time in the neighbourhood of his fellows. But, under the restraint of a civil community, these very inclinations lead to the best effects: just as trees in a forest, for the very reason that each endeavours to rob the other of air and sun, compel each other to shoot upwards in quest of both; and thus attain a fine erect growth: whereas those which stand aloof from each other under no mutual restraint, and throw out their boughs at pleasure, become crippled and distorted. All the gifts of art and cultivation, which adorn the human race,—in short the most beautiful forms of social order, are the fruits of the anti-social principle—which is compelled to discipline itself, and by means won from the very resistance of man's situation in this world to give perfect developement to all the germs of nature.

PROPOSITION THE SIXTH.

This problem is at the same time the most difficult of all, and the one which is latest solved by man.—The difficulty, which is involved in the bare idea of such a problem, is this: Man is an animal that, so long as he lives amongst others of his species, stands in need of a master. For he inevitably abuses his freedom in regard to his equals; and, although as a reasonable creature, he wishes for a law that may set bounds to the liberty of all, yet do his self-interested animal propensities seduce him into making an exception in his own favor whensoever he dares. He re-

quires a master therefore to curb his will, and to compel him into submission to a universal will which may secure the possibility of universal freedom. Now where is he to find this master? Of necessity amongst the human species. But, as a human being, this master will also be an animal that requires a master. Lodged in one or many, it is impossible that the supreme and irresponsible power can be certainly prevented from abusing its authority. Hence it is that this problem is the most difficult of any; nay, its perfect solution is impossible: out of wood so crooked and perverse as that which man is made of, nothing absolutely straight can ever be wrought. An approximation to this idea is therefore all which nature enjoins us. That it is also the last of all problems, to which the human species addresses itself, is clear from this—that it presupposes *just notions* of the nature of a good constitution—great *experience*—and above all a *will* favorably disposed to the adoption of such a constitution; three elements that can hardly, and not until after many fruitless trials, be expected to concur.

PROPOSITION THE SEVENTH.

The problem of the establishment of a perfect constitution of society depends upon the problem of a system of international relations adjusted to law; and, apart from this latter problem, cannot be solved. To what purpose is labor bestowed upon a civil constitution adjusted to law for individual men, i. e. upon the creation of a commonwealth? The same anti-social impulses, which first drove men to such a creation, is again the cause—that every commonwealth in its external relations, i. e. as a state in reference to other states, occupies the same ground of lawless and uncontrolled liberty; consequently each must anticipate from the other the very same evils which compelled individuals to enter the social state. Nature accordingly avails herself of the spirit of enmity in man, as existing even in the great national corporations of that animal, for the purpose of attaining through the inevitable antagonism of this spirit a state of rest and security: i. e. by wars, by the immoderate exhaustion of incessant preparations for war, and by the pressure of evil conse-

quences which war at last entails upon any nation even through the midst of peace,—she drives nations to all sorts of experiments and expedients; and finally after infinite devastations, ruin, and universal exhaustion of energy, to one which reason should have suggested without the cost of so sad an experience; viz. to quit the barbarous condition of lawless power, and to enter into a federal league of nations, in which even the weakest member looks for its rights and for protection—not to its own power, or its own adjudication, but to this great confederation (*Fœdus Amphictyonum*), to the united power, and the adjudication of the collective will. Visionary as this idea may seem, and as such laughed at in the Abbé de St. Pierre and in Rousseau (possibly because they deemed it too near to its accomplishment),—it is notwithstanding the inevitable* resource and mode of escape under that pressure of evil which nations reciprocally inflict; and, hard as it may be to realise such an idea, states must of necessity be driven at last to the very same resolution to which the savage man of nature was driven with equal reluctance—viz. to sacrifice brutal liberty, and to seek peace and security in a civil constitution founded upon law. All wars therefore are so many tentative essays (not in the intention of man, but in the intention of nature) to bring about new relations of states, and by revolutions and dismemberments to form new political bodies: these again, either from internal defects or external attacks, cannot support themselves,—but must undergo similar revolutions; until at last, partly by the best possible arrangement of civil government within and partly by common concert and legal compact without, a condition is attained which, like a well-ordered commonwealth, can maintain itself in the way of an automaton.

Now, whether (in the first place) it is to be anticipated from an epicurean concourse of efficient causes that states, like atoms, by accidental

shocking together, should go through all sorts of new combinations to be again dissolved by the fortuitous impulse of fresh shocks, until at length by pure accident some combination emerges capable of supporting itself (a case of luck that could hardly be looked for):—or whether (in the second place) we should rather assume that nature is in this instance pursuing her regular course of raising our species gradually from the lower steps of animal existence to the very highest of a human existence, and *that* not by any direct interposition in our favor but through man's own spontaneous and artificial efforts (spontaneous, but yet extorted from him by his situation), and in this apparently wild arrangement of things is developing with perfect regularity the original tendencies she has implanted:—or whether (in the third place) it is more reasonable to believe that out of all this action and re-action of the human species upon itself nothing in the shape of a wise result will ever issue; that it will continue to be as it has been; and therefore that it cannot be known beforehand but that the discord, which is so natural to our species, will finally prepare for us a hell of evils under the most moral condition of society such as may swallow up this very moral condition itself and all previous advance in culture by a reflux of the original barbaric spirit of desolation (a fate, by the way, against which it is impossible to be secured under the government of blind chance, with which liberty uncontrolled by law is identical, unless by underlaying this chance with a secret nexus of wisdom):—to all this the answer turns upon the following question; whether it be reasonable to assume a final purpose of all natural processes and arrangements in the parts, and yet a want of purpose in the whole? What therefore the objectless condition of savage life effected in the end, viz. that it checked the developement of the natural tendencies in the human species, but then, by the very evils it thus caused,

* During the two last centuries (i. e. from the date of the scheme for organizing Christendom for some common purpose, no matter what, by the first of the Bourbons, Henry IV. of France, down to the late congresses at Aix la Chapelle and Verona) the human species have been making their first rude essays—putting forth their feelers as it were—towards such an idea.—*Translator.*

drove man into a state where those tendencies could unfold and mature themselves—namely, the state of civilization;—that same service is performed for states by the barbaric freedom in which they are now existing—viz. that, by causing the dedication of all national energies and resources to war—by the desolations of war—and still more by causing the necessity of standing continually in a state of preparation for war, it checks the full developement of the natural tendencies in its progress; but on the other hand by these very evils and their consequences, it compels our species at last to discover some law of counterbalance to the principle of antagonism between nations, and in order to give effect to this law to introduce a federation of states and consequently a cosmopolitical condition of security (or police)—corresponding to that municipal security which arises out of internal police. This federation will itself not be exempt from danger, else the powers of the human race would go to sleep; it will be sufficient that it contain a principle for restoring the equilibrium between its own action and re-action, and thus checking the two functions from destroying each other. Before this last step is taken, human nature—then about half way advanced in its progress—is in the deepest abyss of evils under the deceitful semblance of external prosperity; and Rousseau was not so much in the wrong when he preferred the condition of the savage to that of the civilized man at the point where he has reached but is hesitating to take the final step of his ascent. We are at this time in a high degree of *culture* as to arts and sciences. We are *civilized* to superfluity in what regards the graces and decorums of life. But, to entitle us to consider ourselves *moralized*, much is still wanting. Yet the idea of morality belongs even to that of *culture*; but the use of this idea, as it comes forward in mere *civilization*, is restrained to its influence on manners as seen in the principle of honor—in respectability of deportment, &c. Nothing indeed of a true moral influence can be expected so long as states direct all their energies to idle plans of aggrandizement by force, and thus incessantly check the slow

motions by which the intellect of the species is unfolding and forming itself, to say nothing of their shrinking from all *positive* aid to those motions. But all good, that is not engrafted upon moral good, is mere show and hollow speciousness—the dust and ashes of morality. And in this delusive condition will the human race linger, until it shall have toiled upwards in the way I have mentioned from its present chaotic abyss of political relations.

PROPOSITION THE EIGHTH.

The history of the human species as a whole may be regarded as the unravelling of a hidden plan of nature for accomplishing a perfect state of civil constitution for society in its internal relations (and, as the condition of that, by the last proposition in its external relations also) as the sole state of society in which the tendencies of human nature can be all and fully developed.—This proposition is an inference from the preceding. A question arises upon it—whether experience has yet observed any traces of such an unravelling in history. I answer—some little: for the whole period (to speak astronomically) of this unravelling is probably too vast to admit of our collecting even the form of its orbit or the relation of the parts to the whole from the small fraction of it which man has yet left behind him; just as little as it is possible from the astronomical observations hitherto made to determine the course which our sun together with his whole system of planets pursues amongst the heavenly host; although upon universal grounds derived from the systematic frame of the universe, as well as upon the little stock of observation as yet accumulated, enough is known to warrant us in asserting that there is such a course. Meantime our human nature obliges us to take an interest even in the remotest epoch to which our species is destined, provided we can anticipate it with certainty. So much the less can we be indifferent to it, inasmuch as it appears within our power by intellectual arrangements to contribute something towards the acceleration of the species in its advance to this great epoch. On this account the faintest traces of any approximation in such a direc-

tion become of importance to us. At present all states are so artificially inter-connected, that no one can possibly become stationary in its internal culture without retrograding in power and influence with respect to all the rest; and thus if not the progress yet the non-declension of this purpose of nature is sufficiently secured through the ambition of nations. Moreover, civil liberty cannot at this day any longer be arrested in its progress but that all the sources of livelihood, and more immediately trade, must betray a close sympathy with it, and sicken as *that* sickens; and hence a decay of the state in its external relations. Gradually too this liberty extends itself. If the citizen be hindered from pursuing his interest in any way most agreeable to himself, provided only it can co-exist with the liberty of others, in that case the vivacious life of general business is palsied, and in connexion with that again the powers of the whole. Hence it arises that all personal restriction, whether as to commission or omission, is more and more withdrawn; religious liberty is established; and thus by little and little, with occasional interruptions, arises *Illumination*; a blessing which the human race must win even from the self-interested purposes of its rulers, if they comprehend what is for their own advantage. Now this illumination, and with it a certain degree of cordial interest which the enlightened man cannot forbear taking in all the good which he perfectly comprehends, must by degrees mount upwards even to the throne, and exert an influence on the principles of government. At present, for example, our governments have no * money disposable for national education, because the estimates for the next war have absorbed the whole by anticipation: the first act therefore, by which the state will express its interest in the advancing spirit of the

age, will be by withdrawing its opposition at least to the feeble and tardy exertions of the people in this direction. Finally, war itself becomes gradually not only so artificial a process, so uncertain in its issue, but also in the after-pains of inextinguishable national debts (a contrivance of modern times) so anxious and burthensome; and, at the same time, the influence which any convulsions of one state exert upon every other state is so remarkable in our quarter of the globe—linked as it is in all parts by the systematic intercourse of trade,—that at length, those governments, which have no immediate participation in the war, under a sense of their own danger, offer themselves as mediators—though as yet without any authentic sanction of law, and thus prepare all things from afar for the formation of a great primary state-body, or cosmopolitic Arcopagus, such as is wholly unprecedented in all preceding ages. Although this body at present exists only in rude outline, yet already a stirring is beginning to be perceptible in all its limbs—each of which is interested in the maintenance of the whole; even now there is enough to justify a hope that, after many revolutions and re-modellings of states, the supreme purpose of nature will be accomplished in the establishment of a cosmopolitic state as the bosom in which all the original tendencies of the human species are to be developed.

PROPOSITION THE NINTH.

A philosophical attempt to compose a universal history † in the sense of a cosmopolitical history upon a plan tending to unfold the purpose of nature in a perfect civil union of the human species (instead of the present imperfect union) is to be regarded as possible, and as capable even of helping forward this very purpose of nature.—At first sight it is certainly a strange and apparently an

* “No money disposable,” &c. The reader must remember that this was written in Germany in the year 1784, and in the midst of petty courts (which are generally the most profligate). In England, and even elsewhere, there is now the dawn of a better system.—*Translator.*

† The reader must remember what Kant means by a *universal history*: in the common sense, as the history of the whole world in its separate divisions, such a history exists already in many shapes that perhaps could not be essentially improved. But in Kant's sense, as a history of the whole as a whole, no essay has been made towards it. *Translator.*

extravagant project—to propose a history of man founded on any idea of the course which human affairs would take if adjusted to certain reasonable ends. On such a plan it may be thought that nothing better than a romance could be the result. Yet, if we assume that nature proceeds not without plan and final purpose even in the motions of human free-will, this idea may possibly turn out very useful; and, although we are too short-sighted to look through the secret mechanism of her arrangements, this idea may yet serve as a clue for connecting into something like *systematic* unity the great abstract of human actions that else seem a chaotic and incoherent *aggregate*. For, if we take our beginning from the Grecian history—as the depository or at least the collateral voucher for all elder or synchronous history; if we pursue down to our own times its influence upon the formation and malformation of the Roman people as a political body that swallowed up the Grecian state, and the influence of Rome upon the barbarians by whom Rome itself was destroyed; and if to all this we add, by way of episode, the political history of every other people so far as it has come to our knowledge through the records of the two enlightened nations above-mentioned;* we shall then discover a regular gradation of improvement in civil polity as it has grown up in our quarter of the globe, which quarter is in all probability destined to give laws to all the rest. If further we direct an exclusive attention to the civil constitution, with its laws, and the external relations of the state, in so far as both, by means of the good which they contained, served for a period to raise and to dignify other nations and with them the arts and sciences, yet again by their defects served also to precipitate them into ruin, but so that always some germ of illumination survived which,

being more and more developed by every revolution, prepared continually a still higher step of improvement:—in that case, I believe that a clue will be discovered not only for the unravelling of the intricate web of human affairs and for the guidance of future statesmen in the art of political prophecy (a benefit which has been extracted from history even whilst it was regarded as an incoherent result from a lawless freedom of will),—but also such a clue as will open a consolatory prospect into futurity, in which at a remote distance we shall discover the human species seated upon an eminence won by infinite toil where all the germs are unfolded which nature has implanted—and its destination upon this earth accomplished. Such a justification of nature, or rather of providence, is no mean motive for choosing this cosmopolitical station for the survey of history. For what does it avail to praise and to draw forth to view the magnificence and wisdom of the creation in the irrational kingdom of nature, if that part in the great stage of the supreme wisdom, which contains the object of all this mighty display, viz. the history of the human species—is to remain an eternal objection to it, the bare sight of which obliges us to turn away our eyes with displeasure, and (from the despair which it raises of ever discovering in it a perfect and rational purpose) finally leads us to look for such a purpose only in another world?

My object in this essay would be wholly misinterpreted, if it were supposed that under the idea of a cosmopolitical history which to a certain degree has its course determined *à priori*, I had any wish to discourage the cultivation of *empirical* history in the ordinary sense: on the contrary, the philosopher must be well versed in history who could execute the plan I have sketched,

* A learned public only, that has endured unbroken from its commencement to our days, can be an authentic witness for ancient history. Beyond that, all is *terra incognita*; and the history of nations who lived without that circle must start from time to time as they happened to come within it. This took place with the Jewish people about the time of the Ptolemies, and chiefly through the Septuagint translation of the Bible; apart from which, but little credit should be given to their own insulated accounts unsupported by collateral evidence. From this point we may pursue their records upwards, and so of all other nations. The first page in Thucydides, says Hume, is the only legitimate commencement of all genuine history.

which is indeed a most extensive survey of history, only taken from a new station. However the extreme, and, simply considered, praiseworthy circumstantiality, with which the history of every nation is written in our times, must naturally suggest a question of some embarrassment. In what way our remote posterity will be able to cope with the enormous accumulation of historical records which a few centuries will bequeath to them? There is no doubt that they will estimate the historical details of times far removed from their own, the original monuments of

which will long have perished, simply by the value of that which will then concern themselves—viz. by the good or evil performed by nations and their governments in a *cosmopolitical* view. To direct the eye upon this point as connected with the ambition of rulers and their servants, in order to guide them to the only means of bequeathing an honorable record of themselves to distant ages; may furnish some small motive (over and above the great one of justifying Providence) for attempting a Philosophic History on the plan I have here explained.

MEMENTO MORI,

INSCRIBED ON A TOMBSTONE.

WHEN you look on my grave,
And behold how they wave—

The cypress, the yew, and the willow—

You think 'tis the breeze

That gives motion to these,—

'Tis the laughter that's shaking my pillow !

I must laugh when I see

A poor insect like thee

Dare to pity the fate thou must own ;

Let a few moments slide,

We shall lie side by side,

And crumble to dust, bone for bone !

Go weep thine own doom !

Thou wert born for the tomb,

Thou hast lived, like myself, but to die ;

Whilst thou pity'st my lot,

Secure fool ! thou'st forgot

Thou art no more immortal than I !

THE LIFE AND REMAINS OF THE REV. EDWARD DANIEL

CLARKE, LLD.*

OF all popular writers, perhaps a writer of travels is the most popular. He is at once the historian and the hero: he addresses us with the frankness of an intimate correspondent, and appeals directly to our sympathy

with the air of one who knows that it will not be withheld. We give up our faith to him on easy terms. It is the least return we can make for the obligations under which we are laid by one who enables us without

* The Life and Remains of the Rev. Edward Daniel Clarke, LLD. Professor of Mineralogy in the University of Cambridge. London, Cowie, 1824.

stirring a step from our chimney corner to mineralize in Siberia and botanize in Kamchatcha.

He travels and I too: I tread his deck;
Ascend his top-mast; through his peering
eyes

Discover countries; with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes and share in his escapes;
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circle, and is still at home.

If poor Barry were alive, he would undoubtedly introduce Dr. Clarke in his picture of the Thames, floating among the Naiads behind Dr. Burney, with three goodly quartos under each arm. Have the phrenologists examined his brows? If they have not laid their finger on the organ of *space*, we predicate the downfall and the death-blow of the system. He was marked out from infancy as an explorer of earth's surface, her cities, her ruins, and her deserts, and a discoverer of her hidden treasures. The learned augured ill of him, and even now stand helpless and astounded at the fallacy of their prognostications and the miracle of their pupil's fame. He had real learning, and such as they wot not of. He kept aloof from the spell of "Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, viorum:" he tarried not in amorous dalliance with the triangles: lines equilateral and figures curvilinear sought in vain to entangle him in their embracements. His heart was with the products of the mine: with the "cedar of Lebanon and the hyssop on the wall:" among medals blue with the rust of centuries, and marbles, which the finger of past generations had traced with barbaric characters. His destination coincided with the bent of his nature. He seems a personification of the locomotive energies inherent in man: "he puts a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes:" we see him in Italy; he is off to the Hebrides and Highlands: turns up in Lapland: looks in at Moscow: haits at Constantinople: is seen again on the plain of old Troy: we catch a glimpse of him in the holy sepulchre: he dodges us again at the great Pyramid: we seek him at Cairo, but "ere he starts a thousand steps are

lost:" he is already at Vienna, and lights on Montmartre: credulity itself is staggered when we find him at last settled down into a Benedict and living "in a cock-chaffer box, close packed up with his wife and children."

Bodily activity and animal spirits were not all that he carried with him. The mind was busy, the fancy alive, the heart warm, the pen eloquent. He describes with the graphic stroke of a master artist: he notes down his traits of men and their manners with the humour of a Smollett: we do not mean his *ill*-humour. The travels in Russia were thought not civil enough: not reverential enough, we should rather say; there was a great stock of admiration then in the country as respected the character and customs of the Muscovites. To find fault with their clothes or their cookery was to give room for a shrewd suspicion of a man's loyalty. Perhaps we have a little recovered out of this warm fancy: if we have not, the time will come. There was confessedly a tendency to the satirical in Dr. Clarke. We remember we thought him rather hard on the table-manners of the Greeks: their mode of washing after dinner: the fine airs of their ladies in displaying their well-rounded arms during the ceremony, &c. "They who have glass windows," the proverb is somewhat musty: but there was scarcely a circumstance—nay, there was positively not a single one, which in the hands of a smart French traveller might not have been paralleled, with a very slight shade of difference, in the manners of a London table; and this has actually taken place.* From a personage whose nearly arrived at the secret of ubiquity as Dr. Clarke, we should naturally have looked for a tolerant indulgence of the customs of foreigners, or even barbarians. His heart, however, was in the right place: he would not have hurt a hair of a Greek's head. These sarcastic details were prompted by a talent for biting humour, not always indicative of a narrow benevolence, and by that keen perception of the ludicrous, which is found to

* Compare with Dr. Clarke's description of a Greek dining-room the dinner of Mr. D. in "Quinze jours à Londres."

reside with a volatile imagination. All doubt of Dr. Clarke's loyalty, arising out of his want of fondness for Russians, must, we think, be wholly removed by his sturdy denial of any good being effected, either in *posse* or in *esse*, by "those demons the democrats;" as well as by the passage containing an eulogium on the character of the English clergy and the religious qualities of our late sovereign, to which we cheerfully subscribe; but which the editor, for some unaccountable reason, has chosen to place in staring capitals, as if it were a discovery dragged up by means of a pulley from the bottom of that well, in which they say truth resides. Were we to indulge a poetic flight, we might calculate on Clarke's spirit being soothed by the check now so happily given to the fiendish officiousness of republican innovators, particularly in Italy: the blood of St. Januarius, the God of Naples, continues to be liquefied without interruption, and the royal pig-hunt proceeds in peace.

The biographer, Mr. Otter, has shown his judgment in making the bulk of the book consist in extracts from Clarke's journals and correspondence; and in what respects the particulars of his private life, he has exercised a delicate, and even sensitive, impartiality. Perhaps there is a little too much of lamentation at his friend's "truant disposition," and a little tediousness bestowed upon the reader in weighing the *pro* and *con* of college erudition. Vicesimus Knox, the popular essayist and the master of Tunbridge school, was Clarke's tutor: he was one of those who, as may be seen from one of his essays, prodigiously over-rated the value of classical attainments. It is not surprising that he shook his head at the discouraging progress of a boy, whose abilities were yet sufficiently great to puzzle his prognostics and interest his concern. That the report of his deficient application should, as the editor thinks, appear extraordinary to "many of those who have witnessed the laborious habits of his latter days," is very probable; it will not appear so to those who recollect that Samuel Johnson was an idle loungee in the sunshine, with ragged shoes and a circle of truant hearers. We do not quote

such instances as safe examples: but it is in science and learning as in war: success is the test. All *à priori* reasoning is invalid when we can argue from facts and place our foot on the terra firma of experience. The biographer talks indeed of the "precious years of boyhood and of youth," which are usually dedicated to the acquisition of fundamental truths and to the establishment of method and order in the mind, being "by him wasted in unseasonable pursuits:" but how is it proved from the results that they *were* unseasonable? That Clarke himself "felt sensibly, and regretted most forcibly the disadvantages accruing to him in after life from the neglect in his earlier years of the ordinary school studies," are mere formal words of course that prove nothing: no man is the best judge of that educational process which would best have suited him. Of the alleged "defective knowledge of principles" we can say nothing, for we do not know what is meant: still less can we comprehend how such a deficiency should be "an error singularly aggravated by the analytical process he usually adopted in all the acquisitions both in language and science:" the process, in short, by which, and by which alone we can arrive at truth. Notwithstanding the continued uneasiness of the editor of Clarke's Remains at "his little progress in the appropriate studies of the place," we can see much that is "seasonable," because adapted to the sphere in which nature had destined him to move, in the studies to which he voluntarily applied himself, and which embraced history, ancient and modern, medals, antiquities, and natural philosophy, especially the mineralogical branch. One of his recreations at Cambridge was the constructing and sending up a splendid balloon to the admiration of his brother collegians and his own delight. Sad fellow! the truth was, he was always agile and earnest in the pursuit of science, and left the word-conners to their "As in præsentî." It may be difficult to conjecture with the editor "what might have been the effect of a different training upon such a mind;" we may, perhaps hazard a guess, that instead of looking out on the sea of Azoff, he would have pored himself half-blind in an inge-

nious re-construction of the Greek choral metres.

Let us see how nature set to work with him.

Having upon some occasion accompanied his mother on a visit to a relation's house in Surrey, he contrived, before the hour of their return, so completely to stuff every part of the carriage with stones, weeds, and other natural productions of that country, then entirely new to him, that his mother, upon entering, found herself embarrassed how to move; and, though the most indulgent creature alive to her children, she was constrained, in spite of the remonstrances of the boy, to eject them one by one from the window. For one package, however, carefully wrapped up in many a fold of brown paper, he pleaded so hard, that he at last succeeded in retaining it; and when she opened it at night, after he had gone to sleep, it was found to contain several greasy pieces of half-burnt reeds, such as were used at that time in the farmers' kitchens in Surrey, instead of candles; which he said, upon inquiry, were specimens of an invention, that could not fail of being of service to some poor old woman of the parish, to whom he could easily communicate how they were prepared.

Another childish circumstance, which occurred about the same time, is worthy of recital; not only because it indicates strongly the early prevalence of the spirit to which we have alluded, but because it accounts in some measure for the extraordinary interest he took throughout his life in the manners and the fortunes of gypsies. At this period, his eldest brother was residing with his relations at Chichester; and, as his father's infirm state of health prevented him from seeing many persons at his house, Edward was permitted frequently to wander alone in the neighbourhood, guarded only by a favourite dog, called Keeper. One day, when he had stayed out longer than usual, an alarm was given that he was missing: search was made in every direction, and hour after hour elapsed without any tidings of the child. At last, his old nurse, who was better acquainted with his haunts, succeeded in discovering him in a remote and rocky valley, above a mile from his father's house, surrounded by a group of gypsies, and deeply intent upon a story which one of them was relating to him. (P. 26.)

What those attractive objects were, which thus engrossed the attention of Edward Clarke, to the manifest injury of his classical progress, it is difficult for us to know: but that some of them at least referred to popular experiments in chemistry and electricity may be clearly inferred from several humorous exhibitions, which he used to make in his father's house, during the holidays; to the entertainment, and

sometimes to the dismay, of the neighbours and servants, who were always called in, upon those occasions, to witness the wonders of his art. In the pursuit of these experiments, it is remembered that he used, in spite of the remonstrances of the cook, to seize upon tubs, pots, and other utensils from his father's kitchen, which were often seriously damaged in his hands; and that, on one occasion, he surprised his audience with a thick and nauseous cloud of fuming sulphureous acid; insomuch that, alarmed and half-suffocated, they were glad to make their escape in a body, as fast as they could. It does not appear, however, that his attachment to these sedentary pursuits prevented him from partaking in the active pleasures and amusements which were suited to his age, and in which his light and compact figure, uniting great agility with considerable strength, was calculated to make him excel. Every sort of game or sport, which required manliness of spirit and exertion, he was ever foremost to set on foot, and ever ready to join; but in running, jumping, and swimming, he was particularly expert. (P. 32.)

Such was his education. The results are the volumes of his *Travels* and the invention of the Gas Blow Pipe.

We shall not draw up a dry biographical memoir. The reader is referred to the book itself for dates and genealogies. One curious fact we shall mention, that as it was said of a noble house, "all the sons were brave and all the daughters virtuous," it may be affirmed of Clarke's ancestry that they were all eminent for letters. His great grandfather was Wotton, the author of the *Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning*. Dr. Clarke was born in 1769, at Willingdon in Sussex, and died in 1822. He may be said to have "felt the ruling passion strong in death;" for his dissolution seems to have been accelerated by the chemical experiments in which he employed himself preparatory to a course of lectures in mineralogy. A bust of him was executed by Chantry, and prefixed to this volume there is a spirited etching from a painting by Opie.

The facilities which Dr. Clarke enjoyed, in visiting Scotland and the Continent, were opened to him, as is well known, by his filling the situation of private tutor to the honourable Berkeley Paget, and subsequently to Mr. Cripps. He had, however, previously visited Italy as a companion to Lord Ber-

wick. The present work traces his several tours by his own notes and letters, which, as containing many incidents and descriptions not included in the published travels, are properly supplementary to them. Some of the extracts are not at all inferior to his best and liveliest sketches. We are tempted to give one; it is in a letter to his mother, dated from Enontakis, in Lapland, July 29, 1799.

We have found the cottage of a priest, in this remote corner of the world, and have been snug with him, a few days. Yesterday I launched a balloon, eighteen feet in height, which I had made to attract the natives. You may guess their astonishment, when they saw it rise from the earth.

Is it not famous to be here, within the frigid zone? More than two degrees within the arctic, and nearer to the pole than the most northern shores of Iceland? For a long time darkness has been a stranger to us. The sun, as yet, passes not below the horizon; but he dips his crimson visage behind a mountain to the north. This mountain we ascended, and had the satisfaction to see him make his curtesy, without setting. At midnight the priest of the place lights his pipe, during three weeks in the year, by means of a burning-glass, from the sun's rays.

We have been driving rein-deer in sledges. Our intention is to penetrate, if possible, into Finmark, as far as the source of the Alten, which falls into the icy sea. We are now at the source of the Muonio in Tornea Lapmark. I doubt whether any map you can procure will show you the spot. Perhaps you may find the name of the place, Enontakis. Well, what idea have you of it? Is it not a fine town?—sashed windows, and streets paved and lighted—French theatres—shops—and public buildings? I'll draw up the curtain—now see what it is! A single hut, constructed of the trunks of fir-trees, rudely hewn, with the bark half on, and placed horizontally, one above another; here and there a hole to admit light: and this inhabited by an old priest, and his young wife and his wife's mother, and a dozen children and half a dozen dogs, and four pigs, and John, and Cripps, and the two interpreters, and Lazarus, covered with sores, bit by mosquitoes, and as black as a negro. We sleep on rein-deer skins, which are the only beds we have had since Tornea.

We have collected minerals, plants, drawings, and, what is of more importance, manuscript maps of countries unknown, not only to the inhabitants of Sweden, but to all the geographers of Europe. The best maps afford no accurate idea of Lap-

land. The geography of the north of Europe, and particularly of the countries lying to the north of the Gulf of Bothnia, is entirely undetermined. I am now employed in tracing the topography of the source of the Muonio. We are enabled to confirm the observations of Maupertuis, and the French missionaries, respecting the elevation of the pole, and the arctic circle. I shall bring a piece of it home to you, which stuck in my boot, as I stepped into the frigid zone. It will serve as excellent leaven and be of great use in brewing; a pound of it being sufficient to ferment all the beer in the cellar, merely by being placed in my cabinet.

The wolves have made such dreadful havock here, that the rich Laplanders are flying to Norway. One of them, out of a thousand rein-deer, which he possessed a few years ago, has only forty remaining. Our progress from Tornea has been entirely in canoes, or on foot, three hundred and thirty miles. There are no less than one hundred and seven cataracts between this place and Tornea. We live on rein-deer flesh, and the arctic strawberry: which is the only vegetable that has comforted our parched lips and palates for some time. It grows in such abundance, near all the rivers, that John gathers a pail full whenever we want them. I am making all possible exertion to preserve some for you. Wheat is almost unknown here. The food of the natives is raw fish, ditto rein-deer, and sour milk, called pijma. Eggs, that great resource of travellers, we have not. Poultry are never seen. Had I but an English cabbage, I should feast like an alderman. (P. 356.)

We could wish that Mr. Otter, in another edition, would cancel the foot-note, at page 646, including Pope's vulgar snarling epigram against literary women. Dr. Clarke's old bachelor habits (for he married late) might plead his apology: but there is no reason, that we can see, for blazoning this opinion (however well-suited to a college-room) as something partaking equally of novelty and philosophy. We should have thought that *Angelica* (she appears to deserve her name) would have taught her husband better. "Reading, writing, arithmetic, accurate spelling, with a LITTLE common geography," these are the Doctor's allowance as the sum of attainment in young women. We should call it *bar-maid's* allowance. Yet is he "positive," notwithstanding his residence in Turkey, that young women "have souls:" for he permits them to read the Bible. He seems to hint that they have no

need to read any thing else; but if they read that, it is not clear to us that young women will be content to sit down in a state of quiescent ignorance. We should be glad to know, if this sort of sampler education had been the lot of Miss Aikin and Miss Edgeworth, whether we should have possessed the "Age of Elizabeth" and the delightful tales, which have laid, for girls and boys alike, the foundation of moral prudence and intellectual activity? Who would willingly do without these works? Not we. "As to mathematics," ejaculates the traveller, "the very idea of such a study for Laura is enough to turn one's brain." Who or what Laura is or might have been, we have no means of conjecturing: but if Laura be taken as the representative of her sex, we beg to demur as to the rationality of the Doctor's apprehensions. Observe—he regards "music and dancing as essential for women." So a poor girl is to stand up in everlasting quadrilles, though her feet "take no more note of time" than the stockings which dangle alternately from a laundress's line, and is to be pinned down, seven hours a day, to the pianoforte, (independent of the stern whisper, which, in general parties, will frequently accompany the persuasive suavity of smile in the mother, whose self-love is gratified by a daughter's exhibition of her vocal powers,) although the hobgoblins of her dreams are made up of minims and crotchets: but, if

omnipotent nature have given to a girl's brain a bias towards geometry, the male parent steps in with a prohibition; and is to think it something gained if he can say to a stranger, while passing an eulogium on his right-spelling daughter,

Nor deals, thank God for that! in mathematics.

Dr. Clarke's dread of *mathematics* is something like his old tutor Dr. Knox's dread of *metaphysics*: whose paper on the subject is so clearly and cleverly refuted in Belsham's Essays. We have heard of compressing a young lady's waist with stays till it resembled a wasp's in tapering fineness; and in China they break the joints of female toes and double them up under the foot. Either practice is foolish and barbarous: but it is neither half so barbarous nor so foolish as the rule that limits the faculties of the female mind, lest some drunken booby, who pretends to take his wife as a companion, should find himself outdone in the powers of conversation.

We do not like to end with censure or objection: we shall therefore state that the interest of the book is much increased by the addition of some letters of Mr. Burckhardt, who, like Dr. Clarke, was a traveller and a man of science, and who died at Cairo in 1817. There is also a letter from Lord Byron, which will be read at the present time with peculiar interest, though the subject is purely literary.

RAISING THE DEAD.

THE MIGHTY MIRACLE; OR, THE WONDER OF WONDERS AT WINDMILL-HILL.

Miss Barbara O'Connor has kicked up a mighty dust lately with her enchanted elbow, and the Surgeon-General of all Ireland has written a book to prove that there is nothing miraculous in miracles, and that patients may be cured of their diseases, in spite of physicians, by the mere force of imagination. This I think comes fairly under the old saying, "Great cry and little wool, as the man said when he shaved his pig!" If the case be coolly considered, I think it will appear that Prince Hohenlohe is not half so great

a witch as he pretends to be. I am not quite sure whether our informant was in earnest or no, when he alluded (in the last number of the LONDON MAGAZINE) to this royal miracle-worker having raised a certain Padre B—— from the grave. But even if he was, and if Prince Hohenlohe did really, as he asserts, disappoint the devil of a roast priest and pickles for supper, this was not after all such an extraordinary performance. Restoring the dead to life is a common recreation amongst the *Illuminati* of Germany. We all

saw Mr. Wallack perform the same feat last year at the English Opera-house. He brought Mr. T. P. Cooke to life, several times; and the latter gentleman was so good as to die many nights successively for the express purpose of repeating the operation. I do not mean to assert that Mr. Wallack *bonâ fide* deals with the devil; but only at second-hand, the Author of Frankenstein (a lady, by the way) having been

more immediately concerned in that diabolical piece of business. But on turning over some of my dustiest volumes, I find that even in our own country, this species of miracle (as perhaps one of the easiest) is not without a precedent. The following is a proclamation which was issued about the beginning of last century, in order to draw a sufficient number of witnesses, who might attest this stupendous event.

THE MIGHTY MIRACLE!!

OR, THE WONDER OF WONDERS AT WINDMILL-HILL, &c. &c. !!!

The town having been busied with apprehensions of wars in the north, and the affairs of state; having almost suffered our late Doctor Emms to be buried in oblivion, as well as in his grave near Windmill-hill; and so by consequence he may rise alone, or as we term it vulgarly, in hugger-mugger, without any to witness the wonder. But let me acquaint you that as such miracles are not common, it is fit they should be proclaimed aloud by Fame's trumpet; neither have all men the gift of raising the dead, nor hath it been known for many ages.

Esquire Lacy * has published a relation of the dealing of God with his unworthy servant since the time of his believing and professing himself inspired; which befel him the first of July, 1707. His agitations coming upon him without the working of his imagination, upon what he saw in others, and proceeding from a supernatural cause separate and distinct from himself; whereby his arm, leg, and head have been shaken, his limb twitched, the respiration of his breath has for sundry days beat various *tunes of a drum*, and his voice has been so strong, clear, and harmonious, that his natural one could never furnish. He has been carried on his knees several times round a room, swifter than he could have gone on his feet. Sir Richard Buckley has been cured of an hospital of diseases, by a promise thereof made through his mouth,† under the ope-

ration of the Spirit; and by the same means a man purblind has been cured; and a woman of a fever; Mr. Preston of a carbuncle; and another of a deep consumption. Therefore Esquire Lacy, with the rest of the inspired prophets, gives notice for the satisfaction of the unbelieving that according to their prophecy (who cannot err) that on the twenty-fifth of May, they repair to Bunhill-fields, and there in that burying-place, commonly called Tindal's ground, about the twelfth hour of the day, behold the wonderful Doctor fairly rise; and in two minutes' time the earth over his coffin will crack, and spread from the coffin, and he will instantly bounce out, and slip off his shroud (which must be washed, and with the boards of his coffin be kept as relics, and doubtless perform cures by their wonderful operation), and there in a trice he dresses himself in his other apparel (which doubtless hath been kept for that intent ever since he was interred), and then there he will relate astonishing matters to the amazement of all that see or hear him.

Likewise, for the more convenient accommodation of all spectators, there will be very commodious scaffolds erected throughout the ground, and also without the walls in the adjacent fields, called Bunhill-fields, exceeding high, during this great performance. The like may never be seen in England hereafter. And, that you may acquaint your children and

* Restoring to life seems to be a kind of hobby with persons of this name. Our friend John, in his "Letters to the Dramatists of the Day," speaks of "revivifying Melpomene," though there are not two bones of her ladyship sticking together.

† This is exactly similar to Prince Hohenlohe's performances; except that we never heard of his curing an "hospital of diseases" at a blow.

grand-children (if you have any), that you have seen this mighty miracle, you are advised not to neglect this opportunity; since it is plainly evident that of all the shows or wonders that are usually seen in holiday-time, this must bear the bell; and there it is published in all news, that the country may come in; the like never performed before. It is likewise believed that gingerbread, oranges, and all such goods exposed to public sale in wheelbarrows will doubtless get trade there, at this vast concourse: therefore, for the benefit of poor people, I give them timely notice, since it is a bad wind blows none no profit. But, besides this admirable wonder of this strange and particular manner of his resurrection, he is to *preach a sermon*; and lest it should not be printed you are invited to be ear-witnesses thereof, as well as eye-witnesses to see his lips go, in the pronunciation thereof: all which will be matter of great moment, filling you all with exceeding amazement and great astonishment; his voice will be loud and audible that all may hear him, and his doctrine full of knowledge; undoubtedly you will return home taught with profound understanding. Which miracle, if you chance to see or hear, you will not forget; and so by consequence, for the future, be endowed with sound judgment, and most excellent wisdom, most eloquent expressions, and what not.

Then neglect not this great and most beneficial opportunity, but for that time set all your affairs aside. And take this advice from Mr. Lacy, and the inspired prophets, together with Mrs. Mary, of Turnmill-street, a *she-prophetess*, and the young woman who sells *penny-pies*, who, in hopes of obtaining all your company, remains yours; not questioning but to give you all content with this rare show.

* A bad Spaniard it is said makes a good Portuguese.

† I have forgotten the Doctor's name; I mean the professional gentleman who authenticated Prince Hohenlohe's first *English* miracles.

Such is the proclamation. Now, I think, if Prince Hohenlohe were to get up a "raree-show" of this description in England, and herald it by such a promising manifesto, it would do much more towards converting bad Protestants into good Catholics,* than all the miracles he has hitherto performed, in holes and corners, on the fair sex, to whom his services are chiefly devoted. Suppose, for instance, he were to convene an assembly of the English and Irish bishops, and in their presence raise from the dead some celebrated character lately defunct, such as the Emperor Napoleon, or Billy Waters; or if the worms have made away with too much of these cotemporary meteors, the Irish Surgeon-General would probably have no objection to die for a few minutes, especially as by his own theory he would only have to *imagine* himself alive again, and be so. For my own part, I have been so far convinced by Dr. B——'s† reasoning, that although I am but a sorry kind of a heretic, if I could only see a trifling miracle of the above sort performed, it would go near to make me shave my head, put on a hair-shirt, and, like Simon Stylites, betake myself to the top of London column, where I might live out the rest of my days in penitence and obscurity. Until that be done, however, I think it better to stick to my old sect, and support the Antipope (his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury).

I should particularly advise Prince Hohenlohe, in case he adopts my notion of raising the dead, that whether it be the Emperor Napoleon, Billy Waters, or the Irish Surgeon-General, the resurgend should be previously enjoined to *preach a sermon* (in conformity with the above proclamation) before he quits the ground,—in his *grave clothes* too, as the most solemn and suitable to such an occasion.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S NEW WORK.

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

September 25, 1824.

My dear Sir,—I need not tell you how much your request flatters me, nor how willing I am to comply with it. Having reflected a good deal on the character of Washington Irving's writings, a very few hours have enabled me to adjust my ideas with respect to his last work; nor can I add much to my letter of the 7th ult. on this subject. Though written without any view to your particular consideration, or any notion that my private *ipse dixit* would ever be deemed of weight sufficient to occupy a place in your MAGAZINE, I have always, after Lord Strafford's instructions, so accustomed myself to write even upon the most trivial subjects as if they were of the utmost importance, that you need not have been at the trouble of requesting me *not* to make any alterations in my former letter. I have merely added such remarks as I thought necessary towards completing it into a kind of familiar review, and it was for the sole purpose of duly connecting these additional remarks with those in the said letter that I asked you to return it. My expressions, whether with regard to matter or manner are as much beyond my own power to improve, after my pen has once committed them to paper, as they would be after my lips had once committed them to air. You have therefore my full permission to insert, word for word, my correspondence of the 7th ult. (of which you say you have preserved a copy), ushering it in with this little piece of egotism, by way of preface, if you choose, and subjoining the few additional observations which I now enclose you.

I have looked forward to the publication of Geoffrey Crayon's new work with much greater anxiety than to that of a new novel from the indefatigable pen of the Great Unknown. Geoffrey (said I), does not write against time, as the novelist does. He pays his readers more respect and does himself more justice. He loves fame as well as money. Besides, even when the G. U. was chary of his reputation, and leaned but

lightly on his feather, I do not know that so much value (taking the *utile* and the *dulce* together) was derivable from any of his works as from those of our transatlantic brother, Geoffrey. At least, speaking for myself, who always wish to combine in my reading profit with pleasure, the perpetual insinuation of stories or passages where the strain of reflection is so deep as to amount almost to philosophy,—the insinuation of such stories or passages amongst those of a more purely amusive kind, will ever render such works as the Sketch Book much more acceptable to me than novels like those of the Author of Waverley, which are wholly devoted to entertainment. I read the latter, as it were, against my conscience. When I have finished one, and another, the question inevitably recurs—What have I gained by such an expense of time and eyesight? Am I wiser? Very little. Or better? Not much. What have I gained, then? Why, so many hours' amusement. And is this all? All: what would you more?—Instruction. I do not ask a sermon, or a philosophical essay; but instruction of some kind or other, an accession to my previous stock of knowledge, something which I can chew upon, digest, and turn to my own aggrandizement, I must have, or I would nearly as soon spend my time at a billiard table. Indeed altogether as soon; for a good game of billiards invigorates the body, whilst a novel, such as I speak of, debilitates the mind. The imagination being pampered, we have no energy of appetite for the simple fare of reason and wisdom which other books set before us. That is a higher kind of writing which, in however small a degree, addresses the heart or the understanding as well as the fancy. I do not, however, mean to be taken as one who condemns romantic or imaginative works; I merely say that those not wholly so are better. It would be hard upon readers as well as writers to prohibit (were that possible in effect) all works of more en-

tertainment; there are many who can read only such works, and some who can write none other. Yet perhaps it is unjust to say so: there are probably few readers who would not willingly imbibe the lessons of wisdom if they were sufficiently few and concise, if they were agreeably displayed and happily illustrated; there are probably few writers who could not impart such lessons, if they took half the pains to deserve their own approbation that they do to merit the applause of others.

To instruct by delighting is a power seldom enjoyed by man, and still seldomer exercised. It is in this respect that Homer may be called the second of men, and Shakspeare the first. The wisdom of the Greek was not so universal as that of the Briton, nor his genius so omnipotent in setting it forth attractively. From the several works of the latter, a single work might be compiled little less worthy of divine sanction than any other extant, and by the beauty of its nature, far more secure of human attention. But Shakspeare has done so much in this way, so nearly all that is sufficient,—he has made the laws of the decalogue and all their corollaries so familiar, he has exhibited the passions and propensities, the feelings and emotions, incident to humanity, so freely, and as I might say, graphically,—that another such artist would be superfluous. Nature might create a second Shakspeare, but it would be bad economy. What the first has left undone, may be completed by a much less expense of Promethean fire than would go to the creation of a second. We are therefore not to look for a similar being, at least until we acquire new attributes, or are under a new moral dispensation. Spirits of an inferior order, a Milton, a Pope, or a Cowper, are potent enough to disseminate the remaining or minor truths of natural morality amongst the people, or rather to repeat, illustrate, and impress them on our hearts and memories. Writers of this class whom we may call the lay ministers of the Deity, to teach from the press instead of the pulpit, in the closet instead of the church, we may expect; and with them should we be satisfied. Though we cannot reasonably hope for another

high prophet of profane inspiration to re-communicate to us the lessons of divine wisdom which are already to be found in Shakspeare, it is no presumption to hope that the spirit of illumination will descend upon humbler poets, and make them our secular guides in morality. This is the office which should be sought by every writer, and for which he ought to prepare himself, as the will to become is (independent of genius) one and the same with the power to be. In this case it is not God who chooses what priests shall serve him, but the priests who choose whether they will serve him or not.

The preceding exaltation of the poetic character into something of a sacred nature, the designating poets, as it were,—a temporal order of moral teachers,—may astonish those who have been accustomed to degrade poetry into a mere collection of sounding words and glittering images. But a great poet is always a philosopher and a moralist; such also, in some degree, is every poet who is worthy of that name. The moral state of a nation may be judged of by its poetry, and it is its poetry which chiefly influences its morals. For one man on whom a moral lesson is impressed by a sermon, there are at least an hundred on whom it is much more deeply impressed by a poem. No one who ever read can forget—

I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none.

But we hear every Sabbath many more maxims than we care to remember. A nation's poetry is then its immediate Scripture, and the digest of its practical wisdom and morality. A nation's poets are the best moral teachers of its people. In ancient times, when the priesthood was not so separate an order as at present, the task of instructing the people devolved almost wholly on the poets; especially on the dramatic writers. And hence we find the Greek and Roman dramas so replete with maxims, precepts, pious exhortations, and moral sentiments.

But to combine the poet and the philosopher is not given to every one. To instruct and delight at the same time is, as I before observed, not within the power of every author;

at least, in this respect, there is a great difference in different authors. In the single province of amusing they are more on a level both with each other, and with the professors of many less intellectual arts,—the painter, the musician, the actor, and the buffoon. But he who can, at once, improve our hearts, expand our minds, and entertain our fancy, is a far superior genius to him who can do but one of these. It is in this general faculty that I think Washington Irving excels his contemporaries. This is the age of “deep feeling,” but of little else. Few authors endeavour to merit the reputation of being as wise as they are passionate. The author of *Waverley* is certainly a more powerful writer than the author of the *Sketch Book*; that is, his subjects are more lofty, his imagery is more daring, and his language is, if I may so express myself, much louder and more vehement. But though a more powerful, he is not a more effective writer. He agitates the heart more, but he does not more forcibly persuade it towards his object. And he would as soon think of putting on band and cassock as of addressing the reason instead of the fancy of his readers. I say not this to disparage the author of *Waverley*; by no means. His line of writing may not admit of such a proceeding. His talents may lie in another direction, and, powerful as they are, they may not be universal. I merely wish to point out in what I conceive Washington Irving's superiority to consist. He is certainly the only author I can now recollect, who, in the present day, largely intermingles moral reflection with the poetry of composition. This is the consummation devoutly to be wished by readers, and devotedly to be sought after by writers. The author of the *Sketch Book* is, in my opinion, a model for that class of writers to whose works the multitude chiefly resorts for its mental recreation, apprehensible by almost every age, sex, and condition, yet not beneath any. He unites much of the solid with more of the splendid; a certain degree of reflection with a greater degree of imagination; considerable power and will to instruct, still more considerable power and will to delight. But such unions are rare;

unions by which Nature sometimes endeavours to make compensation for the myriads of fools whom she brings every day into the world.

How beautifully, for instance, does the story of “The Widow and her Son,” in the *Sketch Book*, intervene between “The Country Church” and “The Boar's Head Tavern!” How much sweet and unobtrusive wisdom is inculcated by the sketch of “Westminster Abbey” and several others in these volumes! How frequently does the author lead us unwarily into a train of reflection! and in the midst of his liveliest stories how often do we meet with sentences and passages of gentle admonition or instructive remark, a maxim or a moral, tending to make us better or wiser, disclosing a new truth, or impressing an old one!—But of this beautiful and most praiseworthy introduction of moral reflection into works of entertainment, “Rural Funerals” is the happiest example. The subject is interesting to the most insensible reader; the language is some of the sweetest I have ever met with; and the sentiments are of that deeply impressive moral kind, pregnant with feeling, simple, yet full of thought,—composing a master-piece of its kind, which it is almost vain for me to recommend to imitation; for it can scarcely be imitated with success, perhaps by the author himself. The last page or two where he speaks of “the sorrows for the dead” are worthy of perpetual study and eternal remembrance. They are at once beautiful and sublime; instructive and delightful. To them I would chiefly point my reader's attention, as exhibiting that degree of reflection, and that measure of instruction, which I am anxious to see all our general authors impart to some portions of their writings. I am not an admirer of didactic composition; but I confess it is not without some compunction that I sacrifice my time to the perusal of works where the imagination alone is pampered, and the reason altogether starved. Idle meditation would be a more profitable employment than such reading.

With these pre-dispositions in Mr. Irving's favour, and with these expectations from his forthcoming work, you may judge, my dear sir,

of my disappointment, when instead of the qualities I have mentioned as raising him so far above his contemporaries, I found little in his *Tales of a Traveller*, but the style, to admire. Here is scarcely a gleam of his playful and Addisonian wit; nothing of his vivid delineation of character. But this is not the worst. The *Tales of a Traveller* are a number of short stories comprised in two volumes of about the same size as his former works. *Not one* of these stories is of the reflective character. In not one of them does the author indulge that fine strain of sentiment and moral feeling which makes his *Sketch Book* such a family-treasure,—even for the space of an ordinary paragraph. Some of the tales are, to be sure, of a serious nature; serious as any one of those hundred thousand frightful little stories of ghosts and Italian banditti that appal the midnight milliner,—and just as worthy of any other reader's admiration. Except in beauty and grace of language they are not a whit superior to an equal number of pages torn from the innumerable garbage-novels which Paternoster pours upon us every publishing week. It is curious enough too, that the author in his preface actually makes a boast of the "sound morality" inculcated by each of his stories; not by *some* of them, observe, but by *each* of them. Now I beg leave to put the question to Mr. Irving,—Where is the "sound moral" of the following stories, viz. *The Great Unknown*, *The Hunting Dinner*, *The Adventure of my Uncle*, *The Adventure of my Aunt*, *The Bold Dragoon*, *The German Student*, *The Mysterious Picture*, *The Mysterious Stranger*, i. e. *all* the stories of Part I, except the last? Is there one of the stories in Part III which contains more "sound morality" than banditti stories generally do? The impression left on my mind by Mr. Irving's fascinating description of these heroic ruffians is rather in *favour* of robbing. I don't know but that if I possessed a good villanous set of features, and the tact of dressing myself *point device* in the "rich and picturesque jackets and breeches" of these Italian cut-throats, I should be tempted into the romance of taking purses amongst the Abruzzi mountains, were it for nothing but to pick

up some of that "sound morality" which Mr. Irving says is to be found there. But to be serious: it will be very evident to all who read these volumes, that in the two Parts I have specified (i. e. half the book), the morality is either evil or exceptionable.

I have reason to believe that Mr. Irving received a very liberal sum from his publisher for this work; and if this be really the case I am sorry for it. Should I be asked wherefore? I answer; that (not to speak of fame) it is much to be feared his own interest, as well as that of the public, will eventually suffer by it. Irving will now perhaps begin to "write against time" as others do, and destroy his own credit with his readers, as others have done. Being myself a man of no superfluous wealth, I shall certainly reflect maturely before I give four-and-twenty shillings for his next work, whatever it may be. And how does the interest of the public suffer? Why in this manner: the author, as I may say, defrauds us of the deeper riches of his mind, putting us off with the dross which lies nearest the surface, can be more easily gotten together, and more readily delivered over to the task-master, his publisher. The *Tales of a Traveller* seem to tell one more tale than the author would wish to make public,—viz: that Geoffrey Crayon knows something of "The Art of Bookmaking" beyond the mere theory. They bear unequivocal marks of having been composed for Mr. Murray, and not for the public. Whilst reading them, I was perpetually haunted by a singular vision; I fancied that I saw the author at his writing-desk, armed with a goose-quill and other implements of literary husbandry, whilst the aforesaid eminent bibliopolist stood at his elbow, jingling a purse of sovereigns, from which a couple descended into the author's pouch according as he finished every page of foolscap. Hasty composition is written in palpable yet invisible letters on the face of the whole work. The subjects chosen are most of them common-place; and the manner of treating them is not very original. There is in these volumes, as I have said, nothing of that sweet and solemn reflection, no traces of that fine rich vein of melancholy meditation, which

threw such an air of interest over his first and best work, which infused such a portion of moral health into the public constitution.* Yes, there is one passage of this nature, and it is the best in the whole work. It is the description of a wild and reckless youth who returns, after many wanderings, to visit the grave of the only being he had loved on earth, his mother. Geoffrey Crayon wrote this passage. We may perceive, also, traces of the other end of his pencil in the humorous Dutch stories which form Part IV of his collection. The pun has some truth in it which asserts that Mr. Irving is *at home* whenever he gets among his native scenes and fellow countrymen. Though even in this Part the touches of humour are fewer and less powerful than of old; faint flashes of that merriment which were wont to set his readers in a roar. *Rip Van Winkle* and *Sleepy Hollow* are stories beyond the inspiration of Albemarle-street. Of the remaining Tales in these volumes, the author of *Bracebridge-hall* may have written some,—and any other “gentleman of the press” (only borrowing Mr. Irving’s easiness and grace of language) might have written the rest. One or two *Americanisms*, and a general dearth of those peculiar beauties in thought and expression which overspread his former works, indicate the same negligence and haste which I have remarked as comparatively distinguishing these volumes. At least I had rather impute these faults to those causes than to a mind worn out, or a genius broken down. The author may possibly have written this work at the feet of Fame, not under the eye of Mammon; but if so—Farewell! his occupation’s gone! Geoffrey Crayon was Mr. Irving, but Mr. Irving is not Geoffrey Crayon.

As to delineation of character, I could scarcely persuade myself that he who drew the admirable portrait of Master Simon could err so lamentably as our author has, in attempting to depict several miniatures in the present volumes. A “worthy fox-hunting old baronet” tells a most romantic love-tale, with all the sen-

sibility of a disciple of Della Crusca, and an officer of British dragoons is made to speak in the following style, so very characteristic of that order of gentlemen: “Oh! if it’s ghosts you want, honey,” cried an Irish captain of dragoons, “if it’s ghosts you want, you shall have a whole regiment of them. And since these gentlemen have given the adventures of their uncles and aunts, faith and I’ll even give you a chapter out of my own family-history.” To be sure this officer had the ill-luck to have been born in the same country with Burke, Sheridan, and Grattan; he was, it must be confessed—an Irishman; and it is past doubt that Irishmen in general can never wholly divest themselves of a certain mellifluous elongation of tone called the *brogue*, nor perhaps of a greater breadth of pronunciation than our English nicety of ear can digest; but although my experience has lain pretty largely amongst gentlemen of that nation, I must in justice say that I never yet met with one whose idiom in any degree approached the plebeian model here brought before us. Mr. Irving, judging probably from the “rascal few” whom crime, or vagabondism, has driven to his country, that common *refugium peccatorum*, conceives it necessary to make an Irish gentleman express himself like an Irish American; or perhaps he has taken Foigard and Macmorris for his *beau-ideal*. To me, who have kept better company than Mr. Irving probably met with in Hiberno-America, his delineation of an Irish gentleman, as we must presume every dragoon-officer to be, appears offensively unnatural. Being moreover put forth as a general characteristic description (which, with Mr. Irving’s seal to it, must necessarily have its influence on foreign opinion), the gentry of that nation cannot but consider it as an insult and an injustice which the ignorance that dictated it can alone excuse.

In the *L’Envoy* to the Sketch Book Mr. Irving speaks of the “contrariety of excellent counsel” which had been given him by his critics. “One

* It is ungenerous I acknowledge, but I cannot help wishing that the author of the Sketch Book had remained a little longer under the pressure of that misfortune (whatever it may have been) which seemed to have dictated those pathetic and deeply-affecting little stories, that form the principal charm of his maiden work.

kindly advised him to avoid the ludicrous, another to shun the pathetic." If the turn of an author's genius is to be determined from the line of writing which he seems most to indulge, *humour* is certainly the reigning quality of Mr. Irving's mind. Bracebridge-Hall, much and the best part of the Tales of a Traveller, are written in the humorous vein. On the other hand, if the turn of genius is to be estimated by the felicity of execution, we should perhaps say that our author's forte was the pathetic. But in truth, the fine melancholy shade which was thrown over the Sketch Book seems to have been only the effect of sorrow's passing cloud,—

and to have past with it. Could not Mr. Irving manage to be humorous and pathetic at the same time, and give us another Sketch Book? He would thus please both parties, instead of neither.

To conclude: it is an usual complaint with the authors of one popular work that their succeeding efforts are ungraciously received by the public; but the inferiority of the Tales of a Traveller to Mr. Irving's preceding works is so palpable, that I am sure he himself must acknowledge the sentence that condemns it as unworthy of his talents to be just.

I am, &c. &c.

FACETIÆ BIBLIOGRAPHICÆ

OR,

The Old English Jesters.

No. IX.

A BANQUET OF JESTS. OR CHANGE OF CHEARE, &c. THE FOURTH IMPRESSION, WITH MANY ADDITIONS. LONDON, PRINTED FOR RICHARD ROYSTON, AND ARE TO BE SOLD AT HIS SHOPPE IN IVIE-LANE NEXT THE EXCHEQUER-OFFICE. 1634. Duodecimo, containing 234 pages, besides 14 of preliminary matter, and 12 more of contents or index.

This is another and later edition of the curious little volume recorded in our last number, (p. 285.) and we are again tempted to introduce it to the notice of our readers in a very short article, because the additions are so numerous as to make it almost a distinct publication from its predecessor, and some of the jests are not unworthy of revival.

The first edition consists of 195 articles, the fourth of 261; out of which number 91 are altogether new, 26 of them being substitutions for the same number originally given in the copies of 1630, but subsequently withdrawn.

There was probably an edition between the sixth of 1640 and that of 1660 mentioned by Granger; for in "A catalogue of some books printed for Richard Royston, at the Angel in Ivie-lane, London, and some formerly

printed at Oxford," appended to Lyford's "Plain Man's Senses exercised to discern both good and evil," London, 1655, in quarto; we find *The Banquet of Jests, new and old*, in 12.

Since our last, we are also indebted to a friend for looking through the registers of the Stationers' company; and from his information, we learn that the first book entered in Royston's name was *January 26, 1628 (1629) An Elegie upon the Fate of the most hopefull young Prince Henry, eldest Sonne to his Matie of Bohemia*, so that it would appear he commenced business nearly a year and a half preceding the appearance of our jest book, and when he was about the age of 28. The jests were entered May 10, 1630. In 1633 he had a partnership with Allot (the editor of England's Parnassus, and the publisher of the second Shakspeare) and others in Withers' Emblems, in folio, a book which must have required no small capital from the number and beauty of the engravings.

We promised to be brief, and will keep our word by concluding with a few of the witticisms added to the present edition, although we do not presume to say with the original printer:

Since, reader, I before have found thee kinde
Expect this fourth impression more refine.

Of Peter Martyr. (31.)

One Peter Martyr a great schollar and very famous in his time, had beene a long suitor for a bishoprick, but was still crost in his suit; at the last foure fryers confessors were preferred together to foure vacant seas, and he not remembred: which being told him, hee said, *Me thinks amongst so many confessors, one martyr would not have done amisse.*

Of one for favour made a Master of Art. (91.)

Two gentlemen meeting, saith one to the other, Would you believe that such a man, being late at Oxford, had the courtesie done him to be made master of art? to whom the other answered; O yes; without question.

Of a Divine. (102.)

A divine in his sermon praying for the Lords spirituall and temporall, desired heartily in his prayer thus; that the Lords spirituall might be made *lesse temporall*, and the Lords temporall *more spirituall*.

An Office in Reversion. (182.)

A great man in this kingdome being of a temperate and spare dyet, and using to take much physick, had the reversion of another man's office, who was exceeding fat and corpulent, and loved to drink deepe and to feed high, to whom being invited to dinner and finding his stomack sickly and weake, forbore to eate at all; which the other observing, Sir, saith he, you take too much of the apothecarie's physick, and too little of the kitchin's; and I feare though you are my executor for my place, yet I may outlive you. The other taking up a pure Venice glasse that then stood before him, made him this answer: *I question that, Sir, for this brittle glasse which you see, being well and carefully kept, may last as long as your great brasse kettle.*

Of a moderate Drinker. (234.)

A gentleman of a very temperate dyet sitting at table where there was great plenty of wine, drunke very sparingly; which observed by another, who then sate over against him; Sir, saith he, if none in the world would drinke more than you, wine would bee cheape: to whom he replied, "Nay rather, if all men did drinke as I doe, it would make wine very deare, for I drinke as much as I can."

An Epitaph upon a Scolding Woman. (246.)

Wee lived one and twenty yeare

Like man and wife together;

I could no longer have her heere,

Shee's gone, I know not whether.

If I could guesse, I doe professe

(I speake it not to flatter)

Of all the women in the world,

I never would come at her.

Her body is bestowed well,

A handsome grave doth hide her,

And sure her soule is not in hell,

The fiend could not abide her.

I think shee mounted upon hie,

For in the last great thunder

Mee thought I heard her voyce on hie

Rending the clouds in sunder.

Of a Woman that was Beaten by her Husband. (260.)

A country fellow had an idle housewife that did use to sit slothfull at home, and settle her selfe about nothing that belonged to any housewifery, but suffered all things to goe (as the old proverbe is) at sixe and seven. Upon a time comming from his labour, and finding her to sit lazing by the fire he tooke a holly wand, and began to cudgell her soundly; at which she cryed out aloud, and sayd, Alas! husband, what doe you meane? you see I doe nothing, I doe nothing. I, marry wife, saith hee, I know that very well, and that is the reason for which I beat thee.

We have before said, that Archee, who is held forth as the editor of the latter editions of this volume, had in all probability nothing to do with the publication. In the edition of 1640, is one jest which does not appear in the preceding copies, and which is the only passage throughout the volume that has any allusion to him.

Archee over-reached. (p. 44.)

Our patron Arche the king's iester having before fool'd many, was at last well met withall: for comming to a nobleman to give him good morrow upon new yeare's day, he received a very gracious reward from him: twenty good pieces of gold in his hand. But the covetous foole expecting (it seemes) a greater, shooke them in his fist, and said they were too light. The nobleman tooke it ill from him, but dissembling his anger he said, I prethee Arche, let mee see them againe, for amongst them there is one peece I would be loath to part with. Arche supposing hee would have added more unto them, delivered them backe to my lord, who putting 'em up in his pocket, said well, "I once gave money into a foole's hand, who had not the wit to keepe it."

This extract is curious, as it corroborates the accounts given in some of the writers of that day, of the profusion and extravagance of the new year's gifts, and it will easily account for the wealth said to be amassed by Armstrong whilst he

held the situation of royal fool. To prove that he saved money, and laid it out in the purchase of landed property, we have met with a contemporary authority in an uncommonly rare tract printed in duodecimo 1636, and entitled, *The fatal Nuptiall, or Mournfull Marriage*. This is a metrical account of a lamentable accident that occurred in the preceding year, on Windermere Water, when forty-seven persons (among them a young married couple with their friends and relations going to keep the wedding) were drowned. The anonymous poet (a very bad one by the way) meaning to enforce the uncertainty of life and the liability of all ranks to a similar disaster, introduces Archee, who was probably well known in the neighbourhood of the accident.

Is't so, that wee in houely danger stand,
Whether wee saile by sea, or goe by land ?
That wee to th' world but one entrance
have,
But thousand meanes of passage to our
grave ?—
And that the wise shall no more fruit re-
ceave
Of all his labours, then the foole shall
have—
For th' politick Hun must yeeld to swelling
Humber,
As well as th' least of his inferiour number,
And Archee, that rich foole, when hee least
dreaumes,
For purchast lands, must be possesst of
streames.

Archee, however, took care not to endanger himself on the water: he married a wife, enjoyed his property, and died, at a good old age, in his bed, in the year 1672.

NOW AM I HAPPIER THAN A KING!

Now am I happier than a king!

My goblet flows with wine,
And round my couch the gay girls sing,
And all their love is mine !
My brow is bound with ivy pale,
And tendrils of that tree
The best that grows on hill or dale,—
At least the best to me !

My bower is wreathed of myrtle green,
The lily, and the rose,
Whose red bud blushes to be seen
'Mid lilies fair as those !

Thus am I happier than a king !

My goblet flows with wine,
And round my couch the gay girls sing,
And all their love is mine !

And Myra laughs, and Daphne smiles,
And Galatea tries
To win me with her witching wiles,—
And gentle Thyrsa sighs !

Thus am I happier than a king !

My goblet flows with wine,
And round my couch the gay girls sing,
And all their love is mine !

Then fill my bowl, and bind my hair

With fresher wine and flowers :

To-morrow may belong to Care,—

To-day ! to-day is ours !

Now am I happier than a king !

My goblet flows with wine,
And round my couch the gay girls sing,
And all their love is mine !

WALK TO PAESTUM, LEUCOSIA, &c.

PART II.*

WE took up our lodging at a wretched *taverna*, one of the few houses within the walls of Paestum, and having reposed a little, went forth to examine the temples.

How *grandiosi*, how imposing, how sublime are these old edifices—ruins they can hardly be called, they have still such a character of firmness, of entireness! These “firm-set” columns seem to be rooted in the earth—to have grown from it—mysterious, eternal, they seem almost productions of other energies than those of man! How inadequate are models or drawings to convey the grand characters of architecture! How we felt the fact, when our eyes took in the magnitude of the proportions, the grandeur of the *ensemble* of these structures! And so great a charm exists in their wild solitary situation—this wide—wide plain seems to reserve itself exclusively for their basis, this circus of mountains, and this sea form so appropriate a frame for them—the silence of man seems here the silence of reverence, and the tinkle of the sheep-bell, the distant low of the ox, the rustle of the green lizard, and even

———i stridi ingrati
Delle cornici squallide e de' corvi——

are sounds consonant to the hoary antiquity, to the obscured but venerable glories of the edifices. We have no wish (probably because we have no means) of adding much to the volumes of description that already exist, of these remains—so be not frightened, gentle editor—we here serve up our few observations with a brevity that must excuse their illogical disorder.

Padre Paoli must have been mad, or curst indeed with a *Borrominesco* taste in architecture (as Paolini observes), when he said that the style of these temples was *rozzo e goffo* (rude and clumsy), condemned by all persons that loved delicacy; his supposing them to be works of the Etruscans, and in the Etruscan order, was bad enough; his career of ignorance might have stopped there—the bar-

barous old monk ought to have been confined to his cell a year for his contumacy!

Mr. Forsyth was certainly right in curtailing the antiquity of the Paestum temples, and Mr. Eustace's assertion, that “from the solidity or heaviness of their forms, we must conclude that they are the oldest specimens of Grecian art now in existence,” can hardly be made good. “The proportions of an order,” says the former gentleman, “are but a matter of convention: they often vary in the same country, nay in the same edifice; and surely a Phidias working in the metropolis of Grecian art, with its two best architects and the Pentelic quarry at his command, might well produce more elegance than contemporary, or even later artists, who were confined to the ruder materials and tastes of a remote colony.” In support of this opinion we would observe that the *materials*—the very coarse, porous, and at the same time, very brittle stones, of which the temples are built, are such as adapt themselves more agreeably to large masses than to fine light pieces. These stones were undoubtedly formed and found at Paestum itself; they are hard coralline petrifications: the brackish water of the river *Salso* that runs by the walls of the town, and in different branches across the plain, has so strong a petrifying virtue that you can almost follow its operation with the eye; the waters of the neighbouring Sele have always been remarkable for the same quality: in many places where the soil had been removed, we perceived *strata* of stones similar to those which compose the temples, and we would almost venture to say, that the substratum of all the plain, from the Sele to Acropoli, is of the like substance. Curious petrifications of leaves, pieces of wood, insects, and other vegetable and animal matters, are observed in the materials of the columns, walls, &c.

The *cyclopean* walls of the city are pretty well preserved, except on the side towards the sea; on the eastern

* See vol. ix. p. 122, for the first part.

side they have suffered little, and fragments of towers, which seem to have flanked the walls at regular distances, yet exist. The gate in this part, called *La Porta della Sirena* (from a small rudely sculptured figure, which looks more like a dolphin, over the arch) is very perfect, but mean and small, and here the aqueduct which conveyed the water from the mountains behind Capaccio is traced for some distance. Near the hollow, called the Amphitheatre, we perceived the figure of a gladiator, seated with a shield on his arm, executed in bold relief, on a large block of fine white stone, which had been but lately discovered. It may serve to strengthen the rights of the "scooped out space" to its title of amphitheatre.—Yet if this hole was the *arena* of an amphitheatre, what a diminutive one it must have been! Did not the Roman taste for that amusement take so deeply among the Paestans, as among their other colonies and conquests? And yet the coin most frequently found here, bearing the Latin epigraph *Paest.*, has the figure of a gladiator on one side and of a wild beast on the other.

We did not quit the interesting ruins until evening closed in. Our quarters at *O Sî Pepe's* were not particularly good; his hostelry consisted of a stable and pig's-sty on the ground floor; upstairs a good sized room that was kitchen, tap, parlour, and dining-room, a bed-room for the whole family behind, and on one side a *spence* about ten feet square, in which they had shaken down two sacks of straw for us. Comfort we could not expect, but we were very merry withal: the few inhabitants of that secluded spot met at *Sî Pepe's* to spend the evening in jollity befitting the season (you remember it was Easter Sunday); an old man played the Spanish guitar, and a boy beat a tabor; the landlord's children (*ne aveva una bella provista*) danced the *tarantella*, while the older bystanders beat time and cracked their fingers for castanets. We contributed our portion to the amusement by treating them to supper and wine, and this had so good an effect that we were soon in as gay a circle as can be imagined. The joke, the story, the rustic song went round, one peal of laughter followed another, but though rough and noisy, their

mirth was not at all gross or offensive. We made the singers repeat slowly three or four of their songs, which, like ancient oral traditions are spread from mouth to mouth, and without ever being committed to the custody of ink and paper, enjoy a circumscribed, tiny immortality, in the town or village where they were produced; we wrote them down, they are exceedingly simple, but not without prettiness—how figurative—how eastern is this passage!

Figliuola con quisto pietto palombino,
Luci più della luna di Yennaro,
'Sta buccuzza vostra yetta fiori,
Le labruzze son coralli naturali;
Quanno ti metti 'sta tovaglia bionna,
Mi pari un antenna in auto mare!

Maid with the dove's breast,
Thou shinest brighter than the moon of
January;

This mouth of thine throws forth flowers,
Thy lips are natural corals;

When thou putteth thy brown napkin o'er
thy head

Thou seemest to me a sail in the high sea!

Admire, we beseech you, the *orientality* of the simile, "when thou putteth thy brown napkin over thy head, thou seemest to me a sail in the high sea." No northern imagination, less than Macpherson-Ossian can come up to this!

When our merriment was at its height, it was interrupted by loud cries across the plain, and the barking of dogs: a boy came in saying, "*sono calati i lupi*" (the wolves are come down), and we all ran to the door: the noise, however, waxed weaker and weaker, and soon ceased. This incident introduced a long conversation on the privation of fire-arms, on wolves, and shooting. On the reintegration or pristination (the latter is the favourite word now) of King Ferdinand's government after the fall of the constitution, the people were disarmed, punishments decreed against such as concealed their arms, and many obstacles placed in the way of obtaining licences, especially for such as had been, or were suspected of having been *Carbonari*. This was felt as a dreadful evil all over the kingdom, and the inhabitants of this part of the country had strong and particular motives of discontent. "The mountains around are full of wolves," said our host, "they come down in troops and attack our flocks, and even our colts

and mares before our eyes, and we can do nothing but shout and throw our sticks at them; the rogues have found out we have no guns, and the next thing they will do will be to come and eat us in our houses." But, besides affording this protection, a gun was a great provider; the plain abounds in game, and, be it said *in confidenza*, now and then an unruly wild boar, or a silly fat buck or so, would wander from the royal woods of Persano, to places where he had no business, and the country people (always preserving *la distanza di rispetto* towards the game-keepers, who are numerous), would now and then take the liberty of bringing him down and eating him.

We remembered that the Epicurean Horace speaks somewhere with satisfaction of supping on a Lucanian boar, but we had no idea of the savouriness of a Lucanian wolf; here, however, we learned that the peasants are accustomed to eat that flesh, and that they think it very good. *Su di questo proposito* our host told us a delightful story: a short time after his marriage he took a wolf and gave a dinner to some of his neighbours; his spouse, who was a *forestiera*, and not endowed with the Paestan predilection for wolf-flesh, ate of it heartily without knowing what it was; as soon as the repast was ended, the frolic began by the company's imitating the *ululare* of the wolf, which harmonious noise, they said, proceeded from the animal they had eaten—she felt rather qualmish at the time, but ever since has had no objection to a bit of the monster. The following *membra disjecta* of the evening's lucubrations are too precious to be lost.

"Wolves are kings—true kings, for they eat of the best, and take any kind of meat they like without paying for it."

"Our King Ferdinand cares more for a wild boar or a brace of *beccaccj* than a subject. The last time he was down here, a number of us surrounded him, begging for a testimony of his generosity." "Go and take your *zappe*" (a sort of hoe), said he, "and work—you are better off than I am."

"We were all Carbonari here about (*perchè era la moda*), because it was the fashion!"

One of the peasants on entering the back-room of the host, which was ornamented with numerous pendant flitches of bacon, gazed round with delight and exclaimed, "*Evviva o sì Pepe, sta proprio come uno dio!*" "O bravo master Pepe, he is as well off as God Almighty."

Our night's rest was not over luxurious; our sacks of straw were stony hard and too short; the cloaks that covered us retained the pungent odours of bad tobacco; this closet too was hung with bacon, the smell of which we abhor, and moreover there was a cackling hen and brood of chickens in one corner. Yet it was delicious to look through the shattered window of this filthy cell upon the glorious ruins rising up in the clear moonlight from the silent dusky plain. The next morning, escorted by two peasants, we set out for a grand *festa*, that is held on Easter Monday at Capaccio Vecchio, a town that rose on the mountain hard by, when Paestum was destroyed by the Saracens, and which has been, now for a long time, deserted in its turn and in ruins. A walk of about two miles brought us to the foot of this mountain, and to *Capo di fiume*, the source of the river *Salso*, which bathes the walls of Paestum. The water, strongly impregnated with salt, bubbles out very copiously from a marshy flat; in the middle of the stream, close to the source, is a small island, strewn with ancient fragments—three bases of pillars are standing at three of its corners—this water was prized for its medicinal qualities, and here, perhaps, stood a little edifice for the convenience of bathers or drinkers. Other antique fragments are traced along the banks of the stream, and seven mills, that form a small village, stand near the source. As we were sauntering here we heard a loud chaunt of many voices, and turning in the direction whence the sound proceeded, we saw a lengthened procession winding two by two along a rugged path on the mountain side, high above our heads, towards the ruined town: the singing, the few flaunting banners distributed along the line, the slowly moving figures, the rough hill, the grey ruins, the rapid tolling of a church bell, produced the most romantic of effects,

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and we watched them with a mute pleasure until they had all disappeared behind projecting rocks, and their chaunt had sunk to a melancholy murmur.

From *Capo di fiume* we toiled up a very precipitous path to Capaccio Vecchio. On a small flat which we found very much crowded stands the church and an hermitage attached to it, the only buildings not in ruins; several gay flags were flying by the church door, within they were celebrating mass, and the wide nave was covered with kneeling women, for the most part very pretty, and dressed in the same costume. We saw the object of the devotion and the *festa* in a hideous wooden gilt statue of a *madonna*, holding a pomegranate in one hand; besides this treasure the church contains an old marble pulpit and a marble urn, in which, according to tradition, reposed the bones of a certain San Matteo, until the wealth or power of the Salernitans transported them to the cathedral of Salerno, where they have ever since remained, and work a miracle annually, even unto this day.

According to old chronicles, the inhabitants of this town, safe in their situation, and the walls and fortresses with which they had strengthened it, lived peacefully and happily, while the towns in the plains and on the sea coast were continually devastated by the Saracens and other enemies. This happiness at length came to a fatal termination in 1218, when the Count of Capaccio, who had joined a rebellion of the Barons against the Emperor Frederic II. was obliged to retreat and defend himself in this, his last strongest hold, and after a long and obstinate resistance to surrender to an enraged enemy. The popular tradition says, the place was taken through the treachery of an old woman, to whom the conquerors emphatically expressed their detestation of her crime—a crime by which they had succeeded, by throwing her from the loftiest of the towers down a tremendous precipice. How alike are these stories in all ages and in all countries! they proceed from sentiments which are natural, and do honour to man. It appears that the Emperor's troops destroyed the town and castles, and that the portion of

the population that escaped repaired to a neighbouring village called *San Pietro*, which thenceforward assumed the name of *Capaccio Nuovo*. The punishment inflicted on the conspirators was barbarous and *bizarre* at the same time; each was sewed in a sack with a dog, a monkey, a cock, and a viper, and so thrown into the sea; their relations even to the fourth and fifth remove, were burned after having their eyes scooped out, and only one, a boy nine years old, was saved from that horrid fate, by the fidelity and craft of a servant. The ruins of the town, which are very considerable, show it to have been surrounded by high walls, strengthened by a number of towers; large parts of these, as well as of the main castle or keep, are yet standing, the stone work of a number of little houses is almost entire—they have been deserted for centuries, and yet they seem as if they had been inhabited but the other day.

When the devotional exercises in the church were terminated, the scene assumed the character of a country fair; there were little stalls exposing coarse laces, ribbons, *corone* (rosaries), pictures of saints, and *madonnas*, wine-barrels, shoes, fox and badger skins, and a variety of other articles for sale: there were stalls of bread, wine, and fruit, and little cook-shops with fires in the open air, frying meat, boiling macaroni, *minestra verde* and other good things. We procured a dish of eels, taken in the river *Salso* below, a boiled fowl, and a little meat—we had providently brought a *boraccio* of good wine from our host *O Sⁱ Pepe's*, and about noon we sat down with our two conductors on the brow of the hill, to dinner. The picture was peculiarly pleasing and exhilarating—the day was lovely; not a single spot dimmed the cerulean canopy—a playful zephyr mitigated the heat of the sun, and wafted to us the sweets of flower and herb, of shrub and blossoming tree; before us spread the wide Paestan plain, specked with its grand edifices and scattered farms, and bounded majestically by the blue Mediterranean, and the lofty irregular Apennines—our eyes could make out through the light silvery vapours of noon the white mass of Salerno and several other towns—we marked

the position of Amalfi of Posidonia, and other places built on the precipitous sides of the promontory, where they seem as if they were about to slip into the sea—the rugged cliffs of Capri just peeped out beyond the Capo Campanella, and the Siren rocks showed themselves sleeping in the shade of the lofty coast: around us groups of peasants were seated on the declivities of the hill, or in angles of the grey ruins, eating, drinking, and laughing—all so gay—so full of life. “And then the women smiling so prettily from under their modest head-drapery.” The reflected rays of so much happiness warmed our hearts—there was no resisting, and in spite of sundry laudable resolutions not to make too free with the rosy God, we sucked at our *boraccio* so heartily and so frequently that it waxed low—it was again filled, and again devoutly emptied, and we protested with the jolly Bishop, the worthy Monsignore Fortiguerra, that

Di tutti i beni che ci ha dato Iddio.
Non è mica il minor quello del vino.

Il Ricciardetto.

About three o'clock the company began to drop off in large parties and in different directions, some to Capaccio Nuovo, some to La Rocca, some to Trentenara—to Acropoli, and some to the plain. We joined a gay straggling troop that was going to the first of these places. We have seen many popular *feste* (we are fond of them—we like to see nature in its broad, unveiled colours—we would rather go to one than to a ball, a masquerade, or a new opera), but in justice we must acknowledge we never saw one equal to this. It offered us satisfactory and consoling scenes of rustic life, and impressed us with a very favourable opinion of the peasantry of these parts; there was a deal of genuine simplicity, cheerfulness, kindness, and affection throughout; and among the women a degree of personal beauty that in all our wanderings we have rarely seen surpassed in people of this class, and certainly never equalled in this kingdom. Their costume was such as is common in the south of Italy; a clean piece of white linen cloth (frequently fringed) was folded in a curious manner over the head, it dropped down behind, and fell upon the neck, con-

cealing the hair, except a few wandering tresses, but forming a simple, pretty frame, to the oval, well complexioned face, the large dark eye, the fine lined nose, the little mouth and white teeth, and the firm round chin, and setting off at the same time the Guido-Madonna-like expression of modesty, ingenuousness, and good nature that characterized the whole. A *vest* closely embraced the firm but not inelegant bust; this was the smartest part of the apparel; it was commonly of cloth, either blue, or red, or green, laced in front and trimmed with knots of gay ribbons at the shoulders and wrists; in some a little lace ran round the bosom, but we did not observe any of the galloon, or spangles, or gaudy frippery that the Neapolitan peasantry generally bedeck themselves with: the petticoat, of more sober colour, also for the most part of cloth, fell in rich folds, so long as almost to touch the earth. All the women were dressed alike as to fashion, the only difference being in the quality or colour of the materials, and the same uniformity existed in the dress of the men. These costumes are, at least to us, affecting; they seem to unite people in one vast family, to form a bond of union, to draw closer the ties of society.

A rough road along the sides of the mountain conducted us to Capaccio Nuovo, which is about two miles from the ruined city. We had learned at the *festa* that there was a Franciscan monastery here, and to this we repaired forthwith, to secure a lodging. The old Guardiano at first received us rather morosely and started difficulties, alleging that theirs was a miserable monastery, that they had no beds and nothing fit to be eaten by persons of our quality; we, however, set forth the modesty of our demands and overruled all his difficulties, and at length he agreed to receive us, and to treat us as well as he could. The society contrived, after great exertion, to furnish one coarse bed, the interest of the superior in the town procured another, and on these we reposed soundly until a short time after night fall, when an old monk came with a lamp in his hand to conduct us to supper. We found the community consisting of eight individuals besides

the Guardiano, already assembled in the refectory, a large hall, wainscoted and painted, dimly lighted by a lamp pendent in the centre. A sallad of wild herbs, some eggs fried with cheese, some sweet bread, a little *ricotta* and a bottle of wine, light, but clear and spirited, furnished our supper. After our frugal meal we repaired with the old Guardiano into the vast gloomy kitchen, where the monks assembled round a large wood fire; they were as romantic a looking group as might be desired; with one or two exceptions, old, solemn, and taciturn. The Superior improved on acquaintance, and became very loquacious; among other things, he spoke of two English artists who had resided six weeks or two months in his monastery the preceding year; he had forgotten their names, but if by chance these gentlemen meet with this letter, they may learn with pleasure that the monks of Capaccio retain a grateful remembrance of their kind, amiable manners.

We passed four days very agreeably in this secluded spot; our food, it is true, was not very choice, but the fine mountain air and exercise made it savoury and softened our poor hard beds; the conversation of the monks was ignorant and limited, but ingenuous and characteristic; the residence was dilapidated and melancholy, but was thus so much the more romantic; and, besides, it was an excellent point for those wild mountain excursions we are so fond of. We can form volumes in our own minds of the numerous little incidents, imaginings, and sentiments, that occurred to us in this short space, but as they would be difficult to express and would have little interest to those who have not shared our situation, we shall with all possible conciseness relate only one or two of them. The monastery, we have said, is dilapidated; it was once a well-built extensive edifice, sufficient for the comfortable residence of thirty or forty monks; but it is now fast hastening to its ruin: the stout oak doors are falling from their hinges, most of the windows and lattices are broken, the roof in several places lets in water, and many other symptoms of decay are visible. "You see," said the indignant Guardiano, "what dogs I have fallen among; the buildings

their forefathers—their pious forefathers erected, they permit to fall to ruins before their eyes! Ah! they are sad wretches, they are all *miserrabili e carbonari* and have no fear of God in them—our *circa* produces almost nothing, although we go for miles with the *bisaccie di San Francesco*—Judas and not Jesus has passed this way! I have now been here several years (woe the while! for I came from the flourishing and well supplied monastery of Castellamare) I have done what it has been possible to do—the last Guardiano was a *ciuccio* (i. e. an ass) and neglected the affairs of the community. Would you believe it! when I came here there were only three starved pigs and four fowls, the garden was only fertile in weeds, the cistern was full of dirt, and there was no pulley to the well: now I have increased the number of pigs from three to twelve, and the fowls from four to forty, I have laid by a stock of wine, have improved the garden and the cistern, bought four brass candlesticks for the altar to supply the place of those that had been stolen, and I have done a great many other things which will make future Guardiani and monks mention me with respect. Ah! they will say when I am dead and gone, Padre Onorato was the flower of Guardiani; he put things on a good footing, poor old man!—and yet *Signori*, would you believe it, all the monks are not satisfied with my administration, but that gives me little concern, as they are idle and ignorant, and I remember that even the Saviour of men could not please all men—that one among his disciples was even found to betray him." Oh love of fame! how general thou art! through what a variety of vistas dost thou entice thy devotees! thou charimest alike the conqueror of a nation, the author of a poem, and the breeder of pigs!

The garden is a large piece of ground exceedingly well cultivated, and solely laboured by the monks. This industry and the good effects it produces is owing to the poverty or want of devotion in the neighbourhood; for the monks find it more agreeable to circulate the *bisaccie di San Francesco*, than to labour the earth; and in more favoured regions, where there is a little land attached to the monastery, it is always either

let out or cultivated by hired hands. For our parts, we think it would be well if these mendicant orders had every where to struggle with the same difficulties that exist here; the monks would then be obliged to contribute their share to the general stock, and instead of living on the bread extorted from poverty and superstition, might support themselves by their honest, independent labour: tracts of uncultivated land (abundant in this kingdom) might be subjected to the plough and the spade, and more substantial benefits than the chaunting of masses and the mumbling of prayers, might thus be conferred on society.

As we were passing behind the church, in the garden, we stopped to look through a low barred window; it gave us a view of the interior of a vault in which are deposited the remains of the monks who die in the monastery. It is a small square chamber, with recesses or niches projecting from the walls; opposite to the window are four niches; from three of these the bodies that once occupied them have slipped down in the course of decay, and now lie on the floor; but in the other, a monk in his cowl and usual dress, remains in a sitting posture reclining against one side of the recess; his naked legs stick out from his dress and seem of an extraordinary length from their thinness, the flesh being shrivelled up to the bone; on the tawnied face is still a sort of expression—the hands are closed as in prayer. The Guardiano assured us that that dead monk had been "*un eccellentissimo cuciniere*," (a most excellent cook), and that they long lamented his loss. On the top of the niches, which form a sort of shelf, lies another monk; he is stretched out and on his side, and though dead a long time, is so well preserved as to look like one sleeping; the floor is strewn with skulls, bones, fragments of dress and some broken wooden crosses—no disagreeable smell announced the slow, but loathsome decomposition going on within. As we were turning away from this "narrow house" which the gay, warm light of day streaming through the narrow grating, illumined in a striking manner, an old monk said coolly "*Questo è Signori è la posta nostra*;" (this, gentlemen, is our

post) the Guardiano ordered a lay brother to tear up the weeds, that had grown thickly in front of the window, in order that the monks as they passed, might kneel down, and see the interior and say a prayer, which he warmly recommended them to do, "The thread of life is of a mingled yarn." We had scarcely left this spot, which, in us at least, had elicited serious and melancholy musings, than we met with a scene ludicrous in the extreme. One of the monks had skulked into the garden after dinner, and just as we turned a corner he was consoling himself with the rare luxury of a few early figs. The Guardiano no sooner descried this marauder than he cried out with a voice, stronger than we should have thought his lungs capable of furnishing, to know what he meant; the poor monk was unhappily deaf, and so could not profit by his Superior's warning; nay, though two young sturdy lay-brothers bawled out in concert, all their vocal efforts were thrown away, the poor offender could hardly have heard thunder, and having his back towards us, he was quite unconscious of being overlooked, and continued eating and pocketing in the greatest tranquillity. At this spectacle the rage of the Guardiano vented itself in a shower of reproachful terms—*marituolo, birbone, ladro, assassino*, &c. One of the lay brothers began to throw stones at the delinquent, but being too far to reach him, he ran towards him throwing stones and hallooing all the way; even this was in vain, and the fig-eater never stopped until the young man caught hold of his arm as he was in the act of plucking the precious fruit, and cried out "*Ne questo stai facendo—stai rubando i fichi?*" (ah! this is what you're about—you are stealing the figs). The poor sinner, taken by surprise, was too much confused to concert a reasonable excuse, and took refuge in a downright denial, answering as boldly as he could "*che dicite! chi ha la toccato!*" (what do you say? who has touched them?) and though there were so many witnesses against him, and though the figs were found in his sleeve, he barefaced it out, that he had not picked any, but that he had just found one or two on the ground, and that when we saw him, he was

only taking away the worms from the tree.

One of our walks from Capaccio was to *Capo d'Acqua*, the source of the water, which, by means of an aqueduct supplied the ancient Paestum; it is about two miles from the monastery, higher up the mountains and under the elevated little town of Trentinara. The water, which is exceedingly good, rises from three copious springs near each other; the cuniculus is in some parts covered with a coat of soil, but is always near the surface; it is very strongly built with hard stones and cement still harder; the channel for the water is about two feet wide and three deep, it straggled down the mountain, and ran across the plain to Paestum (a distance of six miles) and entered the walls of that city by the side of the Siren gate, where, as we have before-mentioned, it is still traced for some distance. The aqueduct has been broken in its course, and the water now escapes and runs to waste in numerous directions; a very inconsiderable expence of labour would restore it; and, scanty as the population of Paestum and its neighbourhood now is, if those men had any spirit they would do the work, for all the water in the plain is disagreeably brackish and unwholesome. It was near the close of day when we were at the "rising of the waters," the mild, lovely close of a glorious day! we sat there on the broken aqueduct, deeply enjoying our solitary situation for some time; the last rays of the sun, that seems more brilliant and more warm when about to leave us, that

———— Vivida Soave
Luce d' amore——

beamed up the hollow of the mountains through the thick woods before us; nothing was seen but a solitary wood-man hastening through the glades, nothing heard but the twitter of a few birds, the sheep bells, the calls of a distant shepherd, or the notes of a lonely *zampogna* far up the hills.

We had heard of a little work on the Paestan antiquities, written by a certain Canonico Bamonte, a Canon of Capaccio, and the day before we left the monastery, we sent to purchase it of the author. We received, with the book, an invitation from the reverend man of letters. When we waited upon him, we found him to be a pompous pedantic creature, with a right foot of monstrous dimensions; he was extremely civil, gave us some bad coffee, and some indifferent information interlarded continually with "*questo poi ritroverete luminosamente esposto nella mia opera*"—"questo anche ho riportato nella mia opera"—"pure questo ho indicato." He showed us a large collection of ancient coins, medals, and other objects discovered at and near Paestum; part, or the whole of which, he would gladly sell to any collector. We must in courtesy give a word of recommendation to his book—we promised as much, and indeed, silly as the greatest part of it is, it is worth the traveller's 6 *carlini*, as it contains sundry little notices of discoveries, visits, &c. &c. not to be found in the usual guides or authors who have written on Paestum, besides a tolerable topographic plan.

We left the Franciscans early one fine morning to prosecute our journey to Acropoli and Leucosia.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG GIRL.

BEAUTY and Virtue crown'd thee!

Death in thy youth hath found thee!

Thou'rt gone to thy grave

By the soft willow-wave,

And the flowrets are weeping around thee!

The sun salutes thee early,

The stars be-gem thee rarely,

Then why should we weep

When we see thee asleep

'Mid a world that loves thee so dearly?

MONTGOMERY'S MISTRESS.

Modernized from the Poems of Alexander Montgomery, Author of the Cherry and the Slac.

O NATURE lavish'd on my love
Each charm and winning grace,
It is a glad thing to sad eyes
To look upon her face;
She's sweeter than the sunny air
In which the lily springs,
While she looks through her clustering hair
That o'er her temples hangs—
I'd stand and look on my true love
Like one grown to the ground;
There's none like her in loveliness,
Search all the world around.

Her looks are like the May-day dawn,
When light comes on the streams;
Her eyes are like the star of love,
With bright and amorous beams;
She walks—the blushing brook-rose seems
Unworthy of her foot;
She sings—the lark that hearkens her
Will evermore be mute;
For from her eyes there streams such light,
And from her lips such sound—
There's none like her in loveliness,
Search all the world around.

Her vestal breast of ivorie,
Aneath the snowy lawn,
Shows with its twin born swelling wreaths
Too pure to look upon.
While through her skin her sapphire veins
Seem violets dropt in milk,
And tremble with her honey breath
Like threads of finest silk.
Her arms are long, her shoulders broad,
Her middle small and round,
The mould was lost that made my love,
And never more was found.

C.

THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL MACQUARIE.

AMONGST the great and the good who have lately been called from this world of care and anxiety, we regret to have to record the name of Lauchlan Macquarie, Esquire, of Jarvisfield, in the Island of Mull, a Major-general in the army, and late Governor and Commander in Chief of His Majesty's colony of New South Wales and its dependencies. Few have died more regretted by a large circle of friends and acquaintances, and none more beloved or respected. Gen. Macquarie was born in the island of Mull on the 31st of December, 1762,—was lineally descended from the ancient family of Macquarie, of Macquarie, and nearly allied to the chief of that warlike and loyal clan. His mother was the sister of the late Murdoch Maclaine, of Lochbuy, than whose a more ancient or distinguished fa-

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mily does not exist in the Highlands of Scotland. At the early age of fifteen (9th April, 1777) he was appointed an ensign in the late 84th, or Royal Highland Emigrant regiment, raised in America by his relation, Sir Allan Maclean, and young as he was, he joined the corps immediately on his appointment, and served with it in Nova Scotia, under the command of Generals Lord Clarina, Francis Maclean, and John Campbell, till 1781, when he got his lieutenancy in the late 71st regiment. This regiment he joined in South Carolina, where he served under the orders of the late General, the Hon. Alexander Leslie, till 1782, when the 71st, with other regiments, being sent to Jamaica, he remained there till the conclusion of the American war. At the peace of 1783, the 71st regiment was ordered home from the West Indies, and finally disbanded at Perth in 1784.

Lieutenant Macquarie remained on half-pay till December 1787, when he was appointed to the present 77th regiment, then raising, and of which, from his standing in the service, he became the senior lieutenant. He accompanied his regiment to India in the spring of 1788, and arrived at Bombay in the month of August of that year, where he was appointed Captain-Lieutenant in December; and for seventeen years he continued to serve in the Presidency of Bombay, and in different parts of Hindostan, under the respective commands of Marquis Cornwallis, Sir William Meadows, Sir Alured Clarke, Lord Harris, Sir Robert Abercromby, Lord Lake, James Balfour, James Stuart, and Oliver Nicolls. Having purchased his company in the 77th, he received the brevet rank of Major in May 1796, and the effective Majority of the 86th regiment in March 1801, with the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel on the 9th of November of that year. In the year 1803 he got the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the 73d, then a Highland regiment. In 1810 the rank of Colonel in the army, and in 1813 was made a Major-General. He was present at the first siege of Seringapatam in 1792, and at its capture in 1799. He was also distinguished at the captures of Carra-

nou in 1790, Cochin in 1795, and Columbo in the island of Ceylon in 1796. In 1801 he accompanied Sir David Baird and the Indian army to Egypt with the distinguished rank of Deputy Adjutant-General — was present at the capture of Alexandria, and final expulsion of the French army from Egypt. In 1803 he obtained leave of absence and came to England, where he was immediately appointed to the home staff, and served as Assistant Adjutant-General to Lord Harrington, who commanded the London district. In 1805 he returned once more to India, where he continued for two years, and then came home overland. He arrived in October 1807, and joined the 73d regiment, then quartered at Perth, in 1808.

In 1809, when his regiment was ordered to New South Wales, Col. Macquarie stood so high in the estimation of his King and of the Ministers, that he received the appointment of Governor in Chief in and over that colony. He held this high office for a period of twelve years; and, whatever may be said by those who envy what they cannot imitate, and are at all times anxious to detract from the merits of their cotemporaries, posterity will form a different estimate of his character, and be able to appreciate the soundness of those measures to which the colony owes its present prosperity, and upon which will depend its future greatness. Indefatigable in business, and well qualified, from his intimate knowledge of mankind, to judge of the character of those with whom he came in contact: he conducted the affairs of his government with a prudence and steadiness which few, however gifted, will ever equal, and none, we venture to affirm, can ever surpass. One of the maxims which he appears to have had constantly in his view was, to raise to something like respectability in the scale of society those who had expiated their crimes and follies by a life of good conduct and regularity in that country to which they had been transported, and thus, by the countenance and support which the well-behaved were sure to meet with, he stimulated others to follow their good example; a conduct much more likely to prove beneficial, than if the

repentant criminal had been left to his hapless fate, in a society where it required all the support of a Governor-in-chief to give him a status in that society, and maintain him in it. Yet this Christian-like conduct was one of the few errors that were imputed to General Macquarie in the discharge of his duty as governor of the colony.

Having been superseded by Major-General Sir Thomas Brisbane, General Macquarie returned to England in 1822, and retired for a short time to his estate in the island of Mull. While in India, he married a Miss Jarvis, sister of Lieutenant-Colonel Jarvis, now of Dover in Kent. But this lady did not live to accompany him to England, and left no issue; and in the beginning of 1809 he was married a second time to Miss Campbell, daughter of Donald Campbell, Esq. of Aird, and sister to the present Sir John Campbell of Ardnamurchan, Baronet. By this lady, who survives him, he has left one son, Lauchlan, who was born in Australia, and is now about nine years of age.— Having served for upwards of forty-seven years, General Macquarie a few days before his death, was advised, under the new regulation, to sell his lieutenant-colonelcy. During the winter of 1822-3, he travelled on the Continent for the benefit of Mrs. Macquarie's health; but in the autumn of last year he retired once more to his estate in Mull, where, as he states in a letter addressed to the writer of this short memoir, he intended to rusticate for a few years, until his son was prepared to enter Eton College.

But alas! how vain are the determinations of man.—In April last General Macquarie came up to town, with the view of getting his colonial accounts finally settled, and to ascertain the determination of Ministers in regard to the remuneration to which he had become entitled by his long and faithful services as Governor of New South Wales. His accounts, being regularly and correctly kept, were soon brought to a close; and his merit so fully allowed, that a pension for life, of a thousand a year, was granted him; and as he

states in a note from Duke-street in the end of June last, his cares were now at an end. In four short days from the date of that note they were indeed at an end for ever. Dining at a friend's house about the beginning of June, he was unable to procure a hackney coach, and as the rain had nearly ceased, he ventured to walk home to his lodgings. He was immediately seized with a suppression of urine, which in the end baffled the skill of the most eminent of the profession to remove or alleviate, and on the 1st July he breathed his last. Mrs. Macquarie, impressed with some impending misfortune, and from information from a faithful black servant that had been many years the attendant of the General, fortunately left Mull to join her husband in London, and arrived a few days before his death, so that she had the consolation, though a melancholy one, of witnessing the last moments of him whose loss is irreparable, but who died as he had lived, a hero and a Christian. General Macquarie was ever more desirous of a good name than of riches; he returned to England in 1822, a much poorer man than he had left it in 1809. He did not live to enjoy his pension a single day, so that the regulated price of a Lieutenant-Colonelcy of Infantry was all that he received for a faithful service of nearly half a century. We have little doubt, however, that when his merits become fully known to his Majesty, and are fairly appreciated by his country, as one day they must be, that some permanent mark of Royal favour will be granted to his orphan son. And upon whom could a baronetcy be more worthily bestowed than upon the son and only descendant of such a man? General Macquarie has left one brother, a distinguished officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Macquarie, who retired from the service a few years ago on account of bad health, and is now resident upon his property in his native isle. The General's remains were sent down to Scotland for interment, and have been deposited in the family vault of the Macquaries, at Iona.

Aug. 9, 1824.

A. H.

to make the match undesirable, he terminates on wooing the young gentleman into the family. Blushington is asked to dinner at Friendly Hall.

THE ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

Jonathan in England.

MR. MATHEWS has at length, with the courage of a traveller who has resolved never to revisit the country of which he speaks,—given a loose to his humour about the Americans;—and we are no longer taught by him to believe that on the other side of the Atlantic, all is constancy, generosity, and hospitality. Either our inimitable actor in his original sketch meditated a second trip to the Land of Liberty, and was therefore tender in touching too roughly on the frailties of his friends,—or else he was under the restraint of some American intimate or visitor, whose national prejudices were to be consulted, and whose home feelings were to be studied. Very certain it is that Mr. Mathews was upon his best behaviour in the first narration of his adventures in Boston and New York;—and we English, old and new, were repeatedly admonished to love each other, and to cherish mutual kindnesses, as though the actor were fearful, lest he should by some unhappy slip of the tongue set the two countries together by the ears. The time, however, has now arrived when Mr. Mathews is “a pretty damned deal” less particular about the nice feelings of the Yankees. And whether it is that he has abandoned all intention of again crossing the Atlantic,—or whether he has lost the quelling spirit that sat *night-maring* his humour,—is of little consequence to an English audience;—the change is thoroughly for the better—and Jonathan in England is as unvarnished a caricature of the impudence, stubbornness, and freedom of a Yankee, as a lover of the ridiculous would desire to see.

The idea of this little farce is well conceived, and does great credit to the ingenuity of the inventor. Jonathan W. Doubikins, our old friend with the straw hat, fowling piece, and snuff-coloured surtout, arrives in England with a letter of introduction from his uncle Ben,—dear uncle Ben,—every body's uncle Ben! He reaches Liverpool with his Nigger

THE DRAMA.

from the hands of Mr. Pease, who without doubt is the cleverest writer to order, or any dramatist of the age. He can if he pleases make an actor.

Agamemnon, — and the first act passes at the Waterloo Hotel from which he is ejected, and at a little inn on the outskirts of the town where he sleeps for the night. At the latter place a good night scene is contrived, where a pair of long and short ostlers in meagre trim, sneak in to rob the pantry through a pannel in the Yankee's room. One of the ostlers, meagre, miserable, and poor, is about to go to London to better himself—and has a letter to an alderman, recommending the bearer as a postilion,—which by mistake he changes for Jonathan's letter of introduction to the same person. The second act brings Jonathan W. to London, and ushers him, with his post-boy character, before Sir Leatherlip Grossfeeder:—of course, the ostler also appears with his American letter of introduction, and the blunders and pleasantries which arise from these mixed letters are excessively humorous. The character of the alderman is written with a pen dipped in mock turtle!

The dialogue and the incidents are broad, and much is left to the actor to fill up;—but as Mathews has been measured with a nice hand his American character fits him admirably. All the follies of all the odd characters throughout America, appear to be huddled together in this one part, and the jumble is therefore considerably more humorous than natural. Perhaps the happiest scene is that in which Jonathan discourses upon liberty in the kitchen with the political butler,—seasoning his remarks with the offer of his *Nigger* for sale.

All the performers played with good-will, and good sense and spirit, from Mr. Tayleure down to Mrs. Grove. Keeley is too slow, but he is truly natural. Mr. Sloman played Agamemnon with a *genuine* humour—and Bartley, as the Alderman, was as hearty as good living and swan-hopping could make him. His sketch of a river excursion to Richmond was most happily conceived and executed.

This little piece is, we understand,

from the hands of Mr. Peake, who, without doubt, is the cleverest writer to order, of any dramatist of the day. He can, if he pleases, make an actor; and the less activity there is in the object he selects to work upon, the more he achieves. He built up Wilkinson out of some very raw materials,—and it has also pleased his authorship to erect Mr. Keeley into something like an acting shape. We only wish Mr. Peake would patronize a few other sleepwalkers; he would do an incalculable service to the theatres.

THE BASHFUL MAN.

This is a very clever dramatic sketch, for it is no more; and all our readers who remember the story in Cumberland's *Observer*, will recognize the original on which this piece is founded. Mr. Moncrieff is the author, and he is fortunate enough to have once more hit the town a masterly blow; having with his Tom and Jerry, Giovanni in London, Monsieur Tonson, and other pieces, succeeded in planting some tolerably hard hits heretofore. Mathews plays the Bashful Man, and though the part is not suited to him, and other performers might be found who would make more of it, still he exhibits a very ludicrous picture of the miseries of a constitutionally timid man. His bow is nervous and gentlemanly,—but he is only near sighted at intervals. Elliston, or Jones, or Liston, would perhaps better fit the part than Mathews; who, since the *solos* he has been of late years accustomed to play on the stage, has acquired habits of conferring with himself, or with the audience only, which much perplex the other performers.

There is little plot. Mr. Blushington, by the death of a rich uncle, suddenly comes into a large property, which appears to be settled upon his nerves for life, with no "remainders over." His college habits having increased his constitutional timidity, he is well fitted to come trembling forth into society. All is agitation, diffidence, confusion, error, mischance. He sees a young lady at church whom he should like to love. The father of the girl, desiring the tender and fearful affection, and not perceiving any objectionable poverty

to make the match undesirable, determines on wooing the young gentleman into the family. Blushington is asked to dinner at Friendly Hall—he accepts the invitation and becomes alarmed. He goes—blunders a set speech, intended for the Baronet, to his butler; reaches down the wooden Xenophon, upsets the ink and his own three grains of trembling self-possession, bows down a bust of Socrates, wipes up the ink with his white handkerchief; and goes, thus tuned in every nerve-string, to the dinner table, where he lays waste every moveable object. He throws down the butter-boat, scalds his mouth with burning soup, spills the salt, and drinks to his young lady in vinegar; wipes his flushing face with the inked handkerchief, and then, amid the laughter of all the Friendly family, jumps up with the table-cloth in his button-hole, and accomplishes a finished clearance. He returns home; but the Friendlys (determined not to lose their prize) follow him, and invite themselves to dinner at his house. We do not see this second feast, but we see its effects, for he comes in, fuddled yet frightened, has an interview with his lady, who contrives a good fainting fit in his arms, and finally with wine and kisses he is sobered into a fit state for marriage. The intoxication, though well acted, is awkwardly introduced, and as awkwardly got rid of, for the curtain falls before he has well done staggering.

The laughing in the front of the house is true Mathews-made laughter—noisy and incessant! There are some rugged puns and antiquated jests, but the piece on the whole is one of the most amusing we have seen for many seasons.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Harley and Liston have been for the past month acting their favourite characters at this house with success; and several of the stock comedies have been revived to admit of Farren playing his best old men. In the Hypocrite he makes but a half, and not an insinuating Doctor Cantwell,—Methodism, like Noyau, is an oily cordial, and has nothing tart or effervescent in its nature; it is drunk in quiet, and wets the heart through in sober sadness. The Country Girl, in a clip-

ped state, to suit the summer evenings, has been revived for the sake of a new Peggy. The name of Mrs. Jordan rises upon our thoughts; but we must overcome recollections of her, so ruinous to her successors!—The young lady who has now appeared is indeed a young lady, but she is extremely lively, with brilliant eyes, an arch expressive countenance, and a capability for catching the passing humours of the scene rarely to be met with in one so inexperienced as we understand this debutante to be. She played throughout the comedy with an untired spirit; and when the curtain fell, the

audience were evidently charmed with the new suitor for their favour, and roundly applauded her. She will, with a little care and experience, settle down into a very clever little actress, we think. She is not yet named in the bills.

The comedy, with the foregoing exception, was but indifferently acted.—And if any of the old stagegoers, who love to talk of Dodd and King, happened to witness this performance, they were furnished with food for lamentation sufficient to gratify their most inveterate recollections.

HYMN TO THE MONAD.

Intended to illustrate the Pythagorean Doctrines.

SHINE forth! shine forth! with every beam renew'd,
Oh brightest image of the fair and good!
Shine on my soul with all the flood of light
Which fill'd the Samian's liberated sight,
When, bless'd with happy boldness, he withdrew
The veil that Hyle o'er thy beauty threw.
Shine forth! but ah, the boon would be in vain
While sin's pollutions in my soul remain—
For dark as hell the chaos of my mind,
Each thought unyoked, each passion unconfined,
Bound down to earth with all the chains of clay,
With strength to ask, but none to seek thy ray.
Yet may I trace, though thus degraded still
In the inconstant tide of human ill,
Some vestige of the forms which Hyle shrouds,
Like mountain shadows on the fleeting clouds.
Half-seen the torch of heavenly beauty gleams
E'en through the twilight of this land of dreams;
And oft-times, in the chance that mortals own,
The finger of eternal power is shown.
Yet weak the power, and false the voice of sense,
Truth's birth-place far, and far her dwelling hence:
For, as was chaos to the laughing earth
When love first smiled and nature had her birth,
So they to thee—their place to *thy* abode,
Unchanging symbol of the perfect God!
Thine are the thunders, and the throne of Jove;
The bow, the quiver, and the shafts of love;
Thine sacred Vesta's unpolluted fire;
And all the echoes of Apollo's lyre. §
The supermundane Gods receive thy rays,
Surround thy throne, and celebrate thy praise;

* *Simplic. de Coel.*—*Procl. in Plat. de Rep. &c.*

† *Martian Capell. &c.*

‡ *Plut. in Num.*

§ *Nicomach. Procl. in Plat. Porphyr. Vit. Pythag. &c.*

And if one beam in many ages fall
On the dark surface of this nether ball,
Then is the triumph of the good and sage,
Then the new era of a golden age!

But Hyle's reign returns, and fainter grow

The traces of thy rays in all below ;
Mind cleaves to earth, and shuns the genial light,
Yearns after sin, and glories in the night.

Yet are there souls, by Hyle less confined;

That still can wave the fetter'd wings of Mind.

Oh, yield them strength, Eternal! Highest! Best!

Oh, grant them light to seek the realms of rest!

Bid the bright spheres ring out a louder chime

To cheer the struggle they maintain with crime.

Hark—Dian lifts her anthem to the stars—

Gods bend responsive from their burning cars—

The earth is full of deities, the sea—

Yea every wave hath its divinity—

I see them rise—I hear the ecstatic song

The lofty diapason swell along—

I feel the Bacchic fury in my veins—

I rend the veil—I struggle with my chains—

Oh, God! oh, Heaven! no more in night I roam,

I see the day—I hasten to my home!

S.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

Our article in the August Magazine contained a relation of the Bath and Cambridge festivals. The series has been since continued by the Salisbury, Worcester, and Norwich meetings; and at the very close of September, comes that of Newcastle. Never were grand demonstrations of art so numerous in the provinces of England. At the Salisbury meeting Madame Catalani had her share with Mr. Corfe; and a pretty large share it was, as she is known to have netted something more than 700*l*. There were six performances; three sacred, commencing on the morning of Wednesday, August 18, on Thursday and Friday; and three in the evenings, the first and last being concluded by a ball. Madame Catalani, Mrs. Salmon, Miss George, Mr. Harrington, Mr. Rolle, Mr. Sapio, and Mr. Belamy, were the principal singers. The band was wretched for such a meeting, and we look in vain to the selections for the least particle of novelty. At the first performance were present 762 persons, at the second 425, at the third 1200, at the fourth 482, at the fifth 884, and at the last 642.

From Salisbury, Madame Catalani chasséd to Portsmouth, where she not only enlivened the town by a festival, but by an aquatic fête, for which she furnished the prizes. There were two evening concerts and one morning. The singers were the great undertaker herself, Miss Goodall, Messrs. Harrington, Forster, and Rolle. The only remarkable trait was, that between the first and last parts of the *Messiah* was given an act of miscellaneous selection. Madame sang no fewer than five songs each night, but Miss Goodall had all the *encores*. Neither was there a note of Italian except from Madame Catalani. Verily the Portsmouth and Portsea audiences are more national or less advanced than the rest of the country. But then they had Rossini to English words; which, amongst those who know nothing of the original language, will answer all the same purpose. These Concerts were thronged. And here Madame Catalani had all the management, and all the profit. There was no "soft charity" to "repair." The first of these performances took place on Aug. 24th, and we find this

rapidly itinerant musician in another fortnight at Southampton, giving two Concerts, with the aid of her old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bedford, with whom she last year traversed the north and west, Mr. Loder, with Mr. Bishop at the pianoforte. Here in addition to *Non più andrai*, *Rode's air with variations*, *Rule Britannia*, and the *National Anthem* (a new piece of titular affectation), *Sweet Home* was added to the list of Madame Catalani's wonders. Having descended to the simple English ballad style has no more variety for her. These Concerts did not take so well as the others. The first produced only 97l. Her next appearance will be at Newcastle, where, in truth, there will be a most extraordinary list of principal singers. There are Madame Catalani, Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, Mrs. Bedford, and Madame Ronzi de Begnis, Messrs. Braham, Terrail, Bedford, Phillips, Sappo, and Signor de Begnis. The heavy charge thus incurred will lay a tremendous expense upon the festival, of which "several of the charitable institutions of Northumberland, Durham, and Newcastle," are said to be the objects. Sir George Smart conducts, and he is to have a chorus and a band of about fifty performers under his orders. There will be six concerts and a ball.

The Worcester meeting, the first of a second century, since the three choirs of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester first established this annual junction of their forces, commenced on the 15th of September. Competition and example have, it seems, inspirited the managers to enlarge their plan; for this year double the usual number of instrumentalists were engaged, and the vocal strength included not only Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, and Miss Travis, Mr. Knyvett, Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. Bellamy, but also Signor and Madame Ronzi de Begnis, and Mr. Braham. Every one is aware that there are a certain number of standard compositions, in sacred performances especially, which must be given for the simple reason that their intrinsic dignity and excellence cannot be replaced by any others. Thus it is that Handel occupies so vast a portion of the bills of fare. There are no songs of simple majesty and pure

expression like his. There are no chorusses that even approach the magnificence of his combinations. *The Messiah* is held in such respect, that the very religion of the country as it were dictates its performance at every festival. Hence there will of necessity be a certain sameness in the selections. This sameness has of late been varied by the introduction of Italian music, and we must do the Italians the justice to say, that they were anxious to increase their stock by as many additions as the genius of their countrymen will enable them to make: our modern musicians, conductors and singers, composers and instrumentalists, are all ready enough to complain of the increasing influence of foreigners; but when we look at the bills of their festivals, it almost ceases to be a matter of wonder. Here we have on the first night as concerted English pieces, *There is a bloom that never fades* (so it should seem), *Peace to the souls of the heroes*, and *'Tis the last rose of summer*. Among the single songs is Mr. Vaughan's never dying *Alexis*. This worthy gentleman has not sung more than half a dozen songs in Concerts (we exceed the number) for the last twenty years, and yet he probably wonders that he is likely to be superseded! The music of the *Tempest*,—very good—but just as antique as Purcell, and almost as threadbare as poor Vaughan's *Alexis*. Nor are we vastly struck with the good taste of his competitor, Mr. Braham, who repeats *Kelvin Grove*, *Smile again my bonnie lassie*, and such trash *ad nauseam*. We are not at all surprised that singers should be anxious to introduce what they know they sing well, what has pleased, and therefore what may please again, besides it spares them the labour of thought and practice. But we marvel exceedingly at committees and conductors, who ought to have some feeling in the matter, as they surely have some character at stake. But the taste of the inhabitants of Worcester is, it is to be presumed, for variety; and they must have no slight personal powers; for after a morning and evening performance of no less than seventy pieces, tossing all the recitatives into the bargain, there was a ball. Pretty strong appetites for pleasure they must have, to say nothing of the

"thews and sinews" of the males, or the nerves of the ladies: we recommend the conductor to open his next festival with the appropriate chorus of Philistines in Samson "*To song and dance we give the day*," and if he can introduce "the night" also, it will make the description the more complete. There is little to be said about the execution of these concerts. They are much alike in all places, allowing something for the more practised skill of a metropolitan conductor. The meeting of the choirs, however, has been eclipsed by the superior magnitude and splendour of Birmingham, Liverpool, and York; and this year, by Norwich, where the attempt being new was made with the proportionate energy that usually attends novel enterprises. Wakefield, Newcastle, and Edinburgh, are yet to come with such little interludes as Madame Catalani thinks right to introduce at every town which presents a chance of tolerable remuneration. Thus the diffusion of music will this year be astonishing, and when we regard the magnitude and excellence of the preparations, at the great meetings especially, we can hardly believe that England, unmusical as the foreigners repute her, can be the patron of such numerous and such vast enterprises in the art. Be it owing to example, be it owing to fashion, be it increasing opulence, or be it what it may, the experiment of propagation is now in the most energetic progression, and the question is, will it make the country more or less musical? In so far as money is concerned, these festivals will have an extraordinary effect. An expenditure of at least thirty thousand pounds may be taken as a fair estimate in any town where they are held; and in some cases, York, Birmingham, Liverpool, and Norwich, for example, even much more money will change hands. The London professors will earn much more than in any other preceding year of their lives, for nearly the same names are to be found in every band according to its proportionate strength.

The record of these transactions in the provinces occupies so much of our space, that we have not now room to write upon the various speculations afloat, relative to the music

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of the metropolis in the ensuing season, at any length. The absolute suspension of the Oratorios, and the total embarrassment of the affairs of the King's Theatre, would leave it yet very uncertain whether the public will be gratified with the one very cheap and the other most costly entertainment. But we look upon the absolute cessation of the opera to be impossible. The world of fashion could not get on without such an instrument to promote the various pleasures and intrigues that depend altogether upon this place of elegant resort, to say nothing of the interests which are involved in the opening of the house. An Oratorio may probably be taken up by the proprietor of one or other of the great houses, But this depends upon circumstances.

In the meanwhile we cannot fail to notice one scheme, which has for some little time been before the town, and which promises immense things, and is, we are told, though we scarcely know how to credit the fact, to be tried with some modifications. The scheme is for "Sunday sacred music assemblies," and the outline of it is as follows:

"The expenses, which will be very great, are to be defrayed by the subscription tickets, and limited to four hundred in number; and to ensure 'the SELECTNESS of the company,' the admission tickets are to be transferable to such as are *domestically* one family, and not *generally*. A house is to be taken for the express purpose. Signor de Begnis is to procure from Italy a classical collection of Oratorios and other sacred music, at present totally unknown in this country. Mr. Braham, Signor de Begnis, and Sir G. Smart, are engaged, and every *fourth Sunday an Oratorio entire* will be performed." Three fancy balls are to be given during the season, the first on the third Thursday in March, the second on the last Thursday in April, and the third on the last Thursday in May. The terms of subscription for the season are,—Tickets for single gentlemen, 30 guineas each; married persons taking two tickets, 25 guineas; for the daughters of a family, where more than two tickets are taken, 20 guineas. The Assemblies will commence on the second Sunday in February next, terminate on the last Sunday in

June, and be continued annually. The performances will begin precisely at 10 o'clock, and a suite of apartments on the ground floor will be appropriated for refreshment rooms. No less than 30 principal singers are enumerated, and the list indeed includes every name of eminence, both foreign and English. Sir George Smart is to have the direction, and to preside at the pianoforte.

It is to be questioned whether an academy upon so extensive a scale will find supporters; but perhaps this very circumstance, and the novelty of a Sunday evening performance, may give a new stimulus to our already over-stimulated aristocracy. "To close with an innocent and moral as well as delightful entertainment the day set apart for religious exercises (says Mr. Robinson, the projector) is the chief object," and he moreover avows that "the project has received the highest eulogiums of many individuals, as deservedly esteemed for their private virtues, as they are eminently distinguished by their elevated rank in life!" *Nous verrons.* We foolishly thought that nothing more extravagant could well be contrived than these enterprises, which have ruined their conductors, but Mr. Robinson has shown us our mistake.

NEW MUSIC.

Un Jour de l'Automne, a divertimento for the pianoforte, by J. B. Cramer.

Mr. Cramer is, perhaps, most successful in this species of composition, and in this instance he has been more than usually fortunate. The title brings his *Midsummer Day* to our recollection, and when we say it will bear a comparison with that elegant lesson, we can hardly give it a better recommendation. We have seldom seen a more beautiful subject than the theme of the second movement, and the rest of the piece has almost equal claim to our admiration. If graceful melody, united to smooth and elegant passages, be the right attributes of the divertimento (and surely we may translate this word *diversion*), then has Mr. Cramer fulfilled the promise of amusement his title page holds out.

Le Départ du Grenadier, a favourite air, with variations for the harp, by Naderman, is recommended by its spirit and vivacity. It is well adapted to the instrument, while the observance of regular harp passages is by no means strict: it is too limited as to difficulty.

Nos. 5 and 6 of *Les Petits Amusements*, by Calkin, evince the same judgment as the preceding numbers.

Mr. Bruguier is continuing his publications, the Dramatic Divertimentos, and the Popular Melodies, the former containing *Crudele Sospetto*, and *Oh Quanto La-grime*; and the latter, the most favourite airs of Storace, Shield, Reeve, &c.

The arrangements are Weber's overture to *Der Freischütz*, arranged as a duet, by Latour; and also the airs for the pianoforte and flute; a selection from *Ricciardo e Zoraide*, for the harp and pianoforte, with accompaniments, and the same for the harp and flute.

SKETCH OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

FRANCE.

History, Memoirs, and Biography.—

A work lately published is said to give some curious information, relative to the families of the Greek princes. It is an Essay on the Phanariots, with some reflections on the present state of Greece, by M. P. Zallony; but we have not been able to see it.—M. Barante's third and fourth volumes of the *History of the Dukes of Burgundy* have now appeared. The success of the work appears to increase; but the critics in the journals are divided in their opinions on its merit; the greater number are in raptures with the author's style, and say he has the same kind of talent as Sir Walter Scott,

and that his book has all the charm of a romance; but others pretend that this style is not suited to history.—The *Memoirs of the notorious Fouche, Duke of Otranto*, in one volume, 8vo. have given rise to some controversy, the family of the author disclaiming them, and declaring that he never wrote any memoirs. The publisher, however, positively affirms that they are authentic, though the family, for very intelligible reasons, disavows them; the public, in general, are inclined to give him credit. The memoirs are certainly very curious and interesting. They end with the marriage of Napoleon: the second part, to 1815, is not to be published till a later period.—The *Biographie des*

Contemporains has reached the 15th volume. The 14th contains the article Napoleon, by M. Norvins, who has treated his subject with ability, and with as much impartiality perhaps, as can yet be expected in speaking of this remarkable man.—The different editions of M. Michaud's History of the Crusades being out of print, the author has spent two years in rendering the work still more worthy of the favour of the public. Though M. Michaud has spent fifteen years of his life on this work, he was fully sensible that it was susceptible of great improvement; he was not deterred by the difficulty of the task; the second volume, which contains the History of the Kingdom of Jerusalem, the crusades of Louis VII. and Conrad, that of Richard Cœur de Lion and Philip Augustus, is entirely re-written; and the first volume, unfolding the grand drama to the Crusade of Godefroy, has been enriched with important additions; the same care will be bestowed by the author on the remaining volumes. Besides the six volumes of the history, M. Michaud has undertaken to compose a Library of the Crusades, consisting of extracts from the contemporary Latin and French chronicles, the diplomatic documents, the Greek, Arab, and other historians. This new work, consisting of two very large volumes (900 pages each), may be had detached from the history. These volumes, and the first two volumes of the history, will be published in January, and the remaining volumes in two livraisons, at intervals of three months.

Some liberal writers have lately taken upon themselves to write miniature histories of various countries, such as the history of the United States, by C. O. Barberoux; of England by Felix Bodin; and of Portugal by Alphonse Rabbe. The object of these writers seems to be, to advocate *per fas et nefas* the principles of their party. The collection is to make 40 or 50 little volumes, under the general title of *Resumé de l'Histoire de tous les Peuples, anciens et modernes, par une Société de Publicistes Litterateurs*. Among these authors we find, besides the above-mentioned, Cauchois—Lemaire, Chatelain, and other well-known names.—The first volume of the History of the Mongols, from

Gingis Khan to Tamerlane, has been published, and the second and last is to appear shortly. The materials for this work are chiefly taken from Arabic and Persian manuscripts in the King's Library.—A M. Fabre d'Olivet has written what he pleases to call a Philosophical History of the Human Race. This philosophical history certainly never existed but in the ravings of the author's imagination. It is a rhapsody, equally at variance with common sense and revelation. Thus, according to him, Orpheus, Moses, and Fo, were all equally inspired; and the various religions they preached, however different from each other, were perfectly adapted by Providence to the several nations to which they were given. As M. F. d'Olivet is a man of learning who has published many books, we have judged it worth while to notice this new production, which however is not likely to do any harm, as very few people will have courage even to read more than a few pages; and those who do will be bewildered by its absurdity, or disgusted by its blasphemy.—Of the historical collections which we formerly noticed, that of the Memoirs (of the Revolution) has reached the 17th livraison, containing those of Rivarol, and the Political and Military Memoirs of Carnot: the Memoirs relative to the History of France, the 10th volume, and the works of Froissart, the 7th volume. The success of the numerous collections already commenced has induced the eminent bookseller, Panckoucke, to undertake a new one of still greater extent, viz. Translations of all the Greek, Latin, Italian, English, Spanish, German, &c. Classics.

Voyages and Travels.—Some numbers of the Natural History belonging to Freycinet's Voyage round the World have been published, but no part of the Narrative of the Expedition.

Fine Arts.—M. Duchesne, sen. is going to publish an Essay on the *Nielles*, or engravings of the Goldsmiths of Florence in the fifteenth century. The author came to England last year for the purpose of seeing the unique specimens in the collections of the late Sir M. Sykes, of the Duke of Buckingham, and other amateurs. His work will form a volume in 8vo. of 300 pages. M.

Hittorff, the King's Architect, who has made a considerable stay in Sicily, has been uncommonly successful in his researches into antiquities, and made a great number of valuable drawings; he is expected to publish the contents of his rich portfolio.

Novels.—*La Mère Frivole*, four vols. 12mo. by Madame Dejouye Desroches, is spoken of by all the journals in the highest terms; the first edition was sold in ten days. The second volume of the *Hermits at Liberty*, by Messrs. Jouy and Jay, is published; though this is a work of fiction, it should properly be placed under the head of Politics, being written entirely with a political view. In truth, but for the kind of reputation which M. Jouy has acquired, we should hardly have noticed this publication at all. It seems to us that the adversaries of M. Jouy and his principles may be well pleased if they are never assailed by more powerful arms. The extravagant encomiums on the prosperity and liberty enjoyed under Buonaparte, and the lamentations on the tyranny of the present government, are ridiculous. "This youth of 20 years of age recollects that, when he was a child, he heard only of victories, patriotism, national greatness, acquired knowledge, philosophical virtues; but he looks round him, and the objects he beholds offer only images of defeat, corruption, fanaticism, and ignorance. What a contrast. Voltaire and the Abbé de La Mennais! Ships of the line, and the Auxerre coach! Pretty women and the Jesuits! Light and darkness! Philosophy and superstition! Liberty and the Gendarmes!" Was the French marine then so flourishing under Buonaparte, that the sea was covered with ships of the line, and is it now so wretched as to be comparable only to the Auxerre Diligence? Was there liberty under Buonaparte and no Gendarmes; and under Louis XVIII. nothing but Gendarmes and no liberty? There may be more Jesuits than formerly, but surely there are not fewer pretty women? From M. Jouy the transition to *Politics* is natural; but we might have almost spared ourselves the introduction of this article, did we not think it necessary to

mention a small pamphlet by Viscount Chateaubriant on the death of the King. Though only what the French call a *Pièce de Circonstance*, it is deserving of some notice, both as coming from the pen of so eminent a writer, and as speaking the sentiments of a large party. An anonymous writer has published "Reflections on the present State of South America, and on the Arrival of M. Hurtado, the Agent of Colombia, at Paris." The author is decidedly hostile to any recognition of the independence of the Spanish colonies. The question is of such great importance, that all parties interested will find it worth their while to listen to the arguments of those whose opinions are different from their own.

Divinity.—"A friendly Discussion on the Anglican Church, and in general on the Reformation, dedicated to the Clergy of all the Protestant communions, drawn up in the form of letters, 2 vols. 8vo. by the Bishop of Aire," was printed in London, when the writer, with thousands of his brethren, were enjoying in England an asylum from persecution. We do not understand whether a new edition has been published in France, but it appears to be now first noticed by the French journals, and for that reason we mention it here. The object of the author is to show that the Reformation was not necessary, that it did not remedy the abuses and corruptions which were the alleged motives for it, and that the re-union of the churches is not only desirable, but would be possible.

GERMANY.

Our German correspondence affords us hardly any thing worth notice this month. The third and fourth volumes of Raumer's *History of the House of Hohenstaufen* are published, and the remaining two promised by the end of the year. The second volume of the *Travels in Brazil*, by Drs. Spix and Martius, is, we fear, delayed, as we see no advertisement respecting it. The authors seem to be much occupied with the publication of the *Natural History of Brazil*, and this is probably the reason of the delay of the narrative. We do not mean to say that the German press is idle. Numerous botanical works, new editions of the *Baum* and

Greek Classics, translations from the ancient and modern languages, are now as abundant as ever.

HOLLAND.
The attention of the public in the Netherlands has been attracted to the Ancient Chronicles; and a Collection of Memoirs, relative to the History of the Low Countries, is announced for publication, by M. de Reiffenberg, who has commenced his useful undertaking by giving to the world the Memoirs of Jacques Du Clercq, from the hitherto inedited manuscripts of the King's Library. Though much inferior to Cominès, these volumes are interesting and

important. They relate part of the wars between France and England; the flight of the Dauphin, son of Charles VII, into the Belgic provinces; the ambitious views of Philip, the good Duke of Burgundy; the violence of the Count de Charolais; the seditions of the Flemings; the beginning of the reign of Louis XI.; and the dreadful catastrophe of the Liegeois. M. de Reiffenberg, who has bestowed laudable pains on his author, intends, we understand, to publish Molinet, Dinterus, Antoine de Lalain, and several other Chroniclers, whose works have never yet been printed.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

WE have to record this month the death of a King and the execution of an Emperor, events which in a less marvellous age than ours has been, would have been deemed remarkable enough; but Kings and Queens in this day have been created with as much facility and shuffled away with as little concern as their motley representatives on a pack of cards. Louis XVIII. has departed to the same bourne with the exile of St. Helena, and Iturbide has followed with remarkable similitude the fate of the unfortunate Murat. Although Louis died a natural death on the morning of Thursday the 16th of September, he was put out of the world on the preceding Monday very circumstantially and unanimously by our exclusive intelligencers of the London journals. The day after they had formally announced his decease, a bulletin arrived stating that he had "taken broth" three times within a few hours—a fact, which, if our brethren of the daily press can establish their account, will furnish a very striking proof of a person after death indulging vigorously in the propensities of his life-time. The statement, however, certainly does seem to require confirmation. It is not our intention to give the daily or rather hourly bulletins with which the French physicians prepared the people for this event; they clearly show that nature had been for a long time almost exhausted, and that for the last months of his existence at all events the royal

sufferer was merely the creature of medicine. That he endured much pain is clear from the expression in the dispatch of the English Ambassador who styles his complaint "a protracted agony;" and that he endured it firmly and piously, it is only justice to him to state that all accounts concur in representing. The first public declaration of his danger was contained in the following notification from his physicians dated at the Tuilleries, September 12, "six in the morning." "The old and permanent infirmities of the King having sensibly increased for some days past, his health has appeared extremely impaired and has been the subject of more frequent consultations. The constitution of his Majesty, and the attention that is paid him, have maintained for some days the hope of seeing his health restored to its habitual state, but it cannot now be dissembled that his strength has considerably declined, and that the hope that was entertained must be also weakened." This was signed by four physicians, and by the Comte de Damas, First Gentleman of the Chamber, and was sufficiently expressive of the event which, we have seen, took place in four days after. On the 13th the danger became so imminent that the King received the holy viaticum and the extreme unction, solemn rites of the Catholic church which are never administered except when the patient is considered as just departing. At

five minutes after eight, say the French papers, the Grand Almoner entered the chamber of the King, accompanied by the Bishop of Hermopolis, First Almoner, and one of the clergy of the chapel. His Royal Highness Monsieur, the Duke d'Angoulême, Madame and the Duchess of Berri, attended the sacramental ceremony, carrying the lighted tapers. The Prince de Castelcicala, the President of the Council, the Ministers, the Grand Officers of the household, and generally all the persons in the service of his Majesty and their Royal Highnesses, were present at this august and affecting service! Such a concourse around a death-bed might in our mind have just as well been spared, unless it was imperatively demanded by some state necessity. Private details indeed concur in stating that Louis, though eminently pious throughout, showed great aversion to this public reception of the priesthood. After this service had ended, the Princes and Princesses of the Royal Family heard a mass in the chapel on acts of mercy. They then returned to the King, and received on their knees his blessing—his Majesty said, "Adieu, my children, may God be with you." They then heard mass for the sick, and again returned to the Royal chamber at the request of his Majesty, who raised his hand from the bed, saying, "In bidding you adieu, I wish to give you my blessing—may God be with you." Louis evinced throughout this scene remarkable calmness. Subsequently to this, the King's strength continued to decline, and at times the crisis became so alarming, that all around thought death inevitable at the moment; it is said, however, that he himself predicted the day of his dissolution. On the morning of the 15th he desired that the prayers for the dying might be recited, and being unable verbally to deliver the responses, he told those around him that he would do so mentally. He requested that a crucifix might be given him, which he kissed repeatedly. When the Grand Almoner arrived to receive his confession, the King, turning to his successor, said, "My Brother, you have affairs which claim your presence—I have also duties to fulfil." The French journals, which are

perfectly rhapsodical at Louis's conduct, compare this expression to that used by Henry the Fourth to his confessor during the ceremony of the Queen's coronation, "I am thinking of the last judgment and of the account which we must render to God." Really it does seem to us no very flattering compliment to crowned heads to consider such thoughts or expressions coming from them as laudatory. We know of no king who is not quite as much interested in the "last judgment," as the very meanest of his subjects. It cannot be denied; however, that the final conduct of the late King of France eminently became him; were we obliged to point out the passage in his life which reflected on him most credit, we should select the period subsequent to the belief in his approaching dissolution. Immediately after the fatal event, the new King Charles the Tenth, the Dauphin, the Dauphiness, and the Duchess of Berri, set out for St. Cloud. The manner in which the French papers speak of the late King and the present one is highly amusing and characteristic; they are peculiarly careful that their panegyrics on the dead shall show the survivor that they have some still to spare. The following is a fair specimen, or rather epitome of the entire: "How glorious, how holy is the agony of the most Christian King! Monarchs of the earth come and learn how to die. Sorrow is spread among the people; the father of the family is dying—weep all—weep. A new reign approaches; the noble son of France—the model of honour and loyalty is called to the throne—Frenchmen—let us console ourselves." To say the truth of them, the good people of Paris are very facile of consolation—they were consoled by the Bourbons when Napoleon went to Elba—consoled by Napoleon when Louis went to the Holy Allies—consoled by Louis when Napoleon went to St. Helena, and no doubt, now that Louis and Napoleon are gone on the same journey, they will be as thoroughly, as tenderly, and as truly consoled by the Count d'Artois. About the personal character of the late monarch, there was nothing at all conspicuous, except his great appetite and proportionate digestion.

During the early years of the Revolution, he had, as is said, the ambition to become Regent, and he headed an opposition to Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette—he failed, and fled to Coblenz, of which flight he has left a bad literary but characteristic account; he attempted to organize the emigrants, but failed also; wandered about, occasionally a pensioner of Russia and Prussia, and an outcast of both; and then became a guest of England, from which dependant situation he was rescued by the madness of Napoleon and the winter of 1814. The most remarkable circumstance which occurred to him during his dethronement, and a remarkable one certainly it is, is that at an obscure inn near Uloa, in Germany, his forehead repelled a horse pistol ball which was fired against it from an opposite window! There was not even a mark left upon his legitimate os frontis. His chief vanity, was an ambition of literature and mistresses—that the Muses fairly jilted him, his own publications are proof, and there certainly has been published nothing to prove any success in his less spiritual devotion: Madame du Cayla was his last avowed favourite, she was an acquisition subsequent to his restoration, which, having been accomplished at the age of sixty, it is only fair to her to say that in all probability her chief sin was its ostentation. Politically there is nothing to be said of Louis; his faults and his merits were adopted or rather dictated—the creation of the Holy Alliance: he had neither the power nor the inclination to rebel against those who created him, and therefore perhaps the sarcasm that “he learned nothing and forgot nothing,” is more severe than just. Upon the whole, we sincerely hope we may never see a worse King either in France or elsewhere. The Christian fortitude of his death is undoubtedly an example to all men. Nothing has occurred in Paris since the death, except the ceremonies consequent upon every royal demise in France—the closing of the public places, the court mourning, the sprinkling of the corpse with holy water, &c. &c. There has been as yet no intimation anticipatory of any political change; indeed, there has been scarcely time for any. On the Sun-

day preceding the King's death, Villele is reported to have said in his saloon, “France is menaced with a great misfortune; she is going to lose her king; but Monsieur is in the secret of state, and every thing is so arranged that there will be no change or commotion.” No commotion there certainly has been, and that there may be no change we as certainly give Monsieur Villele the full credit for wishing; we never knew a minister who did wish for any, but whether there will be any or not, does not quite depend upon his ipse dixit. His opponents are hard at work, each in their vocations; for instance, Decaze has burst into the chamber of the late king, thrown himself upon the dead body, bathed it in tears (a good set-off against the holy water) and been carried away in the extreme of Parisian sensibility! Chateaubriant has published a pamphlet, lauding the late king as a paragon of creation, only surpassed by the man who was to succeed him, and has done it so effectually that he was received with open arms at the new court, warmly welcomed by the Duchess d'Angoulême, and even smiled on through his sorrow by the new made monarch. It requires more than even M. Villele's philosophy to predict what all this will end in. Charles X. has been of course proclaimed, and has received several of the public functionaries and bodies, to whom he has declared his intention of following in the footsteps of his predecessor; he has also declared his intention of presiding in person twice a week in his council, and therefore he will not make any subject president. Charles is in his sixty-seventh year; he is said to be a devotée, which is not unlikely, recollecting as we do what he was in his youth, and therefore the clergy anticipate good tidings; but the clergy should recollect two things: France is greatly changed, and princes are apt to change greatly also when they become kings; it is not impossible that the clergy and M. Villele may both find themselves mistaken in their calculations. Paris is changeable both in its silks and its statesmen. Some of our readers may perhaps wish to see how the succession in the Bourbon family stands at present; we give the male succession of course,

the Salique law in that country excluding females from the throne.

Louis is succeeded by his brother Charles Philippe Count d'Artois.

Louis Antoine, Duc d'Angoulême, his son (Dauphin) born Aug. 6, 1775.

Henry, Duc de Bordeaux, (son of the Duc de Berri), born Sept. 29, 1820.

Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, born Oct. 6, 1773.

This last prince has five sons, the eldest born in 1810, and the youngest in 1822. The ninth in succession is the Duc de Bourbon, the father of the unfortunate Duc d'Enghien, nearly 70 years of age; there is an anecdote told of him which is worth relating. His proper title is Condé, and when his father died, it of course devolved on him—he had no children left and refused to assume it. "No," said he, "I am not worthy to be the last of the Condés." It is a pity that such a family should cease. Grand arrangements are spoken of in Paris with respect to the funeral of the late King and the coronation of the new one—the sooner the one follows the other the better; a sudden transition from grief to joy will not much embarrass the Grand Nation.

We shortly noticed in our first sentence the failure of Iturbide, and the consequent death of that adventurer. There never perhaps was so senseless or hopeless an expedition. Our readers are aware, that early in May last, Iturbide sailed from this country in the English brig, *Spring*, in company with his wife and two children, and a foreigner of the name of Beneski. He had been exiled from Mexico by the Congress, after his abdication, and allowed a large pension on condition of his residing with his family in Italy: after a short time he left Italy and came to England, upon information of which event the congress stopped his pension. His excuse for leaving Italy was, that the Counter-revolution in Spain rendered his residence there unsafe; it seems, however, that after his arrival here, he wrote to Congress detailing the circumstances of his departure, describing the accounts which he had received of the distracted state of Mexico, and offering his services there as a mere soldier and citizen to restore the peace of the country. The Congress no sooner received this communication than they immediate-

ly issued a decree, declaring him a traitor from the moment he might land in the Mexican territory, and appointing General Bravo, dictator, to act in the emergency of the Republic. On the 14th July, the *Spring* arrived at Loto Marina, and Beneski landing, applied to General Garcia, the Commander in the province, New Santander, for passports for himself and another person, representing that they were come to the country on a mining speculation, deputed by some eminent houses in Ireland, who had also commissioned them to make purchases of land to a large extent. Garcia granted Beneski a passport, but refused to grant the second until he saw the person for whom it was intended. Next day, the General was informed that Beneski, after returning to the ship, had again landed with two other persons and proceeded to the interior. A party was immediately dispatched after them, and they were overtaken a few leagues from the place where they landed; Iturbide was of course instantly discovered by General Garcia, who had, it seems, been one of his old military comrades. The decree of the 28th of April, authorizing his execution as a traitor the moment he landed on the Mexican territory was read to him, but Garcia not choosing to act strictly up to its letter, dispatched him to abide the decision of the Congress of the State, Taumalipa. The Congress instantly ordered him to be shot, and their order was accordingly carried into force on the very evening of his arrival at Padilla. Thus has terminated this extravagant and Quixotic adventure. So far as it has been disclosed, Iturbide seems to have acted in the most senseless way possible. There does not appear to have been any previous plan, or the slightest notice of his intention given to any of his partisans in Mexico, so that his landing, discovery, and death, were without commotion, and almost simultaneous. The same post apprised his friends of his arrival and death. A document has been since published in a London paper, purporting to be a proclamation issued by him upon his landing; it does not appear, however, that he himself ever put forth this paper, so that in all probability it is but the copy of an original, which circum-

stances did not allow of his distributing abroad according to his intentions. He lost little by its suppression; it is a jejune, meagre, ill-conceived production, which could not have imposed on the credulity of a less intelligent people than those it was composed to deceive. In this proclamation, published here without a date, he pretends that he comes as a mere citizen and soldier, with no views of personal aggrandisement, but merely to serve his country by giving her the benefit of the information he had acquired in Europe, and counteracting the combined plans of French and Spanish policy. It is quite unnecessary to comment on such a production—independent of the personal character of Iturbide, who proved himself, when in power, to be neither more nor less than a mere military despot; it is a fact, that his departure from England was publicly spoken of in M. Villele's coteries at Paris as being in contemplation a month before it happened; so that he seems to have kept up a pretty good understanding, at least with one of the parties whose policy he would persuade the Mexicans he landed to counteract. His death can be considered in no other light than as a national blessing to Mexico; for, while he lived, his name would have been a rallying word to the ambitious and disaffected. As it is, the catastrophe seems highly popular with the country at large; public rejoicings every where took place, and the city of Mexico was illuminated on receipt of the intelligence. The national exultation at the loss of a signal enemy has had in it nothing of inhumanity; on the contrary, the very first deliberation of the Congress after Iturbide's death was the settlement of a provision on his family, and with a liberality which does them infinite honour an annual pension of 8000 dollars was settled upon his widow. "He was ambitious, and they slew him," but their subsequent conduct shows that the ambition to overthrow such a government was mere selfishness, and deserved its fate. Some circumstances consequent upon this event disprove many previous accounts which we have received as to the state of the interior of the country. Even in the most remote district from the metropolis, the per-

sons in authority did their duty promptly, and the intelligence was transmitted throughout the state with a rapidity which proves that the roads are not so infested with banditti, as to impede for a moment the means of communication. Indeed, the chief of these bands, Gomez, who commanded 300 men, and who was considered a partisan of Iturbide's, had proposed the terms of surrender. There can be no doubt that this event will give additional stability to the Government, and therefore must prove satisfactory to the friends of freedom. Bolivar is still in Peru, and report assigns to him the recapture of Lima and Callao; this intelligence rests merely on report, and reports in which the Stock Exchange is so manifestly interested should be received with caution: we shall be most happy next month to be enabled to publish their confirmation.

Having just detailed the fate of one ambitious enemy to the cause of freedom, we turn with pleasure to the contrast which the arrival of the friend of freedom in the same hemisphere produces. We might fill an entire number with the compliments paid to General La Fayette on his landing in America. The whole population received him with open arms; and his progress through the country has been one continued triumph. The account of his meeting with the few surviving soldiers of the revolutionary war is peculiarly affecting. La Fayette seems to be considered in fact as the guest of the whole nation—a nation of which he may be said to be one of the parents. What, and how enviable, now must be his sensations! A few years since he found her a petty province, struggling fearlessly, but almost hopelessly, against oppression—he now revisits her, free and flourishing, a mighty nation, likely to retrieve and transmit all that is valuable amongst men! How much better and nobler would it be to have died attempting this, than to have lived and achieved the enterprise of Iturbide! As their objects have been different, so happily has been their success.

We copy from one of the late French papers the following piece of refreshing information. "On Thursday the 9th inst. at eleven o'clock, conformably to orders transmitted to the Ambassador

of Great Britain, a funeral service will be solemnized in the parish church of St. Germain-en-Laye by the Bishop of Cybistra, coadjutor of Edinburgh, on the occasion of the translation of some mortal remains of James II. The subjects of his Britannic Majesty are invited to attend." When we saw this, we conceived it a piece of Parisian pleasantries, and only wondered how such a badinage upon legitimacy escaped the censorship. The feeling, however was very different, when we found by next day's post that the disinterment had actually taken place, that a grand procession of priests had performed a solemn mummery on the occasion, and that the rotten bones of this old bigot had been almost all but canonized. One part of it, however, we must still take the liberty of doubting, and that is, that any portion of this impiety was committed by any order from our Sovereign. It does appear to us to be an impudent libel. The living carcase of this crowned enemy was ejected from the throne and the kingdom, and we cannot see how the worms can have qualified its mouldering remnant for any posthumous honour! James was a tyrant in England—a coward in Ireland, and a bigot in both—we know of no virtue by which his vices were redeemed, or of no vice even sufficiently respectable to mitigate the contempt in which kings and people should alike hold his memory. The farce was in all probability got up by some of the superstitious dotards, who crawl in the train of the old Catholic regime.

The only news from Spain is what might have been expected and what must be expected as long as the present system continues. A band of Constitutionalists, who had taken refuge in Gibraltar, manned an expedition and succeeded in seizing the fortress of Tarifa with a part of the garrison, of which they are said to have been in communication. The assistance of the French troops was obliged to be called in, O'Donnell and his adherents not being considered sufficient to retake it. The fortress was retaken by the French after a formal bombardment, and though some of the Constitutionalists were taken, many escaped. Ferdinand has been busy ever since in distributing

medals and orders to the French soldiery. Another Constitutional expedition landed on the Spanish coast, higher up the Mediterranean, and proceeding in the direction of Malaga will probably furnish him with an opportunity for a fresh distribution. It is quite clear from all this, that the French must either keep perpetual possession of the country, or that where they go, it would be very prudent for the beloved Ferdinand to take a trip along with them. As it is, he seems afraid even to trust his own Spanish troops about his person, having engaged for his own especial service, a troop of Saxon body guards. The principal part of the Spaniards engaged under Valdes in the affair of Tarifa escaped to Tangier after its re-capture by the French.

We are glad, in our present number, to be enabled to afford to the friends of Greece some consolation for the dismal intelligence which we were reluctantly compelled to convey to them in our last. Ipsara, whose capture by the Turks under such complicated circumstances of treachery and cruelty we were obliged to announce, has been retaken, and with a terrible re-action. Soon after the discovery of the Albanian perfidy, as many of the Ipsariots as were able quitted the island, and appealing successfully for assistance to the people of Hydra and Spezzia, returned and made a gallant attack upon the Turkish fleet, which they succeeded in almost totally disabling. The remnant of the Turkish naval force fled, leaving some thousands of their troops upon the island; these the Ipsariots totally destroyed and became once more masters of their island. There was one act of heroism performed during this re-capture so eminently conspicuous that we cannot mingle with the mere general details of that day's bravery. A body of Ipsariots under the command of a Greek named Maroaki, finding themselves unable to defend the fortress of Nicholo which had been entrusted to their protection, hoisted a flag on which was inscribed 'Liberty or Death,' and immediately blew up the fort, involving themselves and about twelve hundred Turks in instant destruction; this noble band, worthy of Thermopylae, amounted to about eighty. Surely such a people, however tem-

porarily enthralled, cannot be held in permanent subjection. Letters from Constantinople state that the fleet of their Capitan Pacha has been renovated, and will take signal retribution; they also declare that the force of the Pacha of Egypt is very formidable. The season is, however, now far advanced, and we hope their efforts will be impeded—This noble people are a reproach to Christian Europe, and their fate, if they perish, will go down so to the latest posterity—they will not share however the opprobrium of their age, of which we fear even their heroism cannot afford any redemption.

News had been received at the Brazils of the late commotions in Portugal which quite lulled all the apprehensions of an invasion which they fully expected, and to repel which they had made very spirited preparations. A grand expedition had, however, sailed under the command of Lord Cochrane to repress some insurrection which was in progress on the coast. A report was in circulation, that his Lordship was about to return home, and was likely to receive some mark of Royal favour. This had been since contradicted by his friends.

The domestic news of this month is meagre, as might have been expected at the season of the year. London is dull and quite deserted. Even the Cabinet Ministers are all out of town, and the Lord Chancellor is now decreeing the fate of partridges and pheasants. Mr. Canning has taken advantage of his leisure to visit Dublin, where he has not been received with much distinction—he is too liberal for the Orangemen and too constitutional for the Catholics; of whom ‘all or nothing’ seems to be now the motto. Perhaps the Foreign Secretary need not wish a better panegyric than this evasion of extremes—his safest, wisest, and most honourable course is to heed neither faction and do his duty.

Parliament stands further prorogued to the 4th of November, and there are some rumours that it will then shortly meet for the dispatch of business and be dissolved immediately. A very general canvass is going forward in Ireland, and it has begun in some parts of this country.

We regret much to state that the respectable Banking house of Marsh, Stracey, and Graham, has appeared in the Gazette. This melancholy, and we fear, far spreading failure, has been attributed to Mr. Fauntleroy, one of the junior partners, who is in custody under very serious charges. This event has excited a considerable sensation amongst all ranks in the Metropolis.

The harvest, which is very abundant, has been almost universally gathered in without any damage.

We are sorry to announce the death of Major Cartwright, the Veteran reformer. He was 87 years of age, and to the last ardent in his favourite cause.

AGRICULTURE.

THE harvest now approaches very near its universal conclusion, and the weather may fairly be said to have been on the whole propitious. There are, indeed, some farmers who, either from want of activity or foresight, have been somewhat injured by the late rains, but generally speaking these cannot be said to have been the cause of much evil. The crop is allowed to be excellent, and the sample of a fair quality. But notwithstanding this almost universally allowed excellence of the crops, the farmers are making their annual complaints of wheat carried too soon and in a damp state—of the immense quantity of black barley—and of the crop not being so heavy as was generally anticipated. These we observe to be the usual grievances which are always related about this period of the year, and we believe they receive the little credit they deserve. The barley crop, perhaps, is not an average one, and some of it may be a little stained, but the opening of the ports will have the effect of lessening the demand for this article, and therefore of lowering the price, since it is said the distillers will use oats in preference. The merchants are reported to be extremely anxious to buy, both on account of the smallness of their stocks, and because old wheats are said to be not worth buying. But it is very much to be doubted whether the merchant is so low in his stock as the farmers generally represent, when compared with former years. It seems, upon a reference to the accounts of the last two years, that the difference in the arrivals of wheat, barley, and flour, and in the sales of the two former, is extremely small, and not in favour, as it appears to us, of this rumour. We have taken the two weeks at the end of August; and the two first in September were as follows:—

Arrivals.		
Wheat.	Barley.	Flour.
1822. 26,258	2,574	31,135
1823. 25,212	2,019	30,686
1824. 27,925	1,184	29,161
Sales.		
Wheat.	Barley.	
1822. 37,116	2,066	
1823. 36,610	1,729	
1824. 31,778	1,280	

From the foregoing statement it does not appear that there is any sufficient difference in the arrivals or the sales to lead to the supposition of a great demand on the part of the merchants. By the number of quarters sold over and above the quantity arrived last, there does appear to have been some demand in consequence of the supposed failure of the crop and the expected rise. The late fall in the price of flour also gives reason to suppose, that the demand for that article is small, or that the millers have taken advantage of the abundance of water, and sent a large quantity into the market. The average prices of the different years are rather more at variance, this year being considerably the highest. But although this might indicate a demand, some slight demand on the part of the merchants is still much more likely to arise from the power of the farmers to hold their stock, and thus to create an advance. If any great advance in the price of grain was anticipated there would be ground for supposing that some anxiety to buy would display itself, but it is scarcely probable that in the face of an acknowledged productive harvest—knowing that even last year, with a deficient crop, and with a demand greater by 3000 quarters than during the same period this year—knowing that although the same quantity of flour has come into the market during the same period this year as during last, and that the price has fallen,—it is scarcely probable that the merchants would in the face of all these facts be very anxious to purchase.

The turnip crop has been greatly improved by the late rains, and those late sown will be forwarded with such rapidity that they promise most abundantly.

The averages are for wheat 57s. 8d. barley 32s. 1d. and oats 23s. 2d.

The hop picking is now general, and the quality is said to be good. Prices sold from 100s. to 120s. but few pockets came to market.

For beef and mutton there was a free demand in Smithfield.—Lamb is however a heavy sale.—The highest for beef is 4s. and for mutton 4s. 4d. and for lamb 5s. 2d.

COMMERCE.

Sept. 21, 1824.

We do not find that any thing particularly affecting the foreign commercial rela-

tions of the United Kingdom has transpired within the last month. Russia has, however, been obliged, it should seem, to relax in some degree its rigorous system of prohibitions and heavy import duties. An Ukase, signed some time back, but only lately published, allows the importation, duty free, of white calicoes, for the purpose of being printed upon; no white calicoes at all suitable for the purpose being manufactured in Russia. The negotiations for a commercial treaty with the Netherlands are still pending.

Cotton.—The business done in the cotton market during the last month has been very trifling, and as far as East India descriptions are concerned, is nearly at a stand, awaiting the result of the sale at the India House, which will take place on Friday the 24th. The prices at the commencement of this month, and which have hardly varied since, were as follows:—By private contract, Bengals 5½d. to 5¾d.; Surats 5¾d. to 6¼d.; Madras 5¾d. to 6¼d.; Paras 9½d.; Bowed 7½d. to 8d. all in bond; and by public sale, Carthagènes 6½d. and 7½d. duty paid, 6½d.; Bowed 8½d.; Orleans 9½d. in bond.

The sales at Liverpool in four weeks have been 32,910 bags; the arrivals 30,835 bags.

Sugar.—In the last week of August little was done, and the holders being disposed to sell, prices declined a little. Full prices were paid for lumps for the Hamburg market. In the following week the buyers were much inclined to purchase, and would have taken large parcels if the holders would have given way 6d. or 1s. per cwt. but they were very firm, and few sales were reported. There were considerable deliveries from the West India warehouses. Foreign sugars were in demand, and considerable sales were effected; good white Havannah 36s. to 38s.; yellow 28s.; brown Brazil 22s. Last week the demand for Muscovades increased, and some of the holders being disposed to sell a shade lower, to induce buyers to come forward, considerable purchases were reported. Very little has been done this morning, the buyers wishing to see the result of the public sales; 200 hogsheads of St. Lucia sold heavily at prices 1s. per cwt. under the previous market currency, 52s. 6d. to 57s.; 130 casks of Barbadoes sold at the previous sales, 55s. to 67s. 6d. In the refined market, the fine descriptions are neglected; the low are in request, and sell at full prices; 127 bags of Mauritius sugar sold on Friday, fine yellow at 23s. 6d. to 24s.; fine brown 22s.; molasses remain at 25s. 6d.

Coffee.—In the last week of August prices advanced 2s. to 3s. per cwt. and the finer descriptions 4s. to 6s. per cwt. Though

there have been some fluctuations the prices have in general kept up, only such large parcels of Jamaica were brought forward that a reduction of 1s. per cwt. took place. Other descriptions supported the late currency, but the market this day week was without briskness. The public sales of coffee last week went off very heavily, and all the ordinary descriptions of British plantation and foreign were 1s. to 2s. per cwt. lower; all the qualities from middling to fine maintained the former currency, and sold freely; St. Domingo, of middling quality, sold 61s. 6d. There were two public sales of coffee this forenoon, 163 casks British plantation, 583 bags foreign; the latter good ordinary pale St. Domingo, rather mixed, 61s. to 61s. 6d. and 62s. The British plantation coffee went off steadily at the prices of last week; the middling and fine continue to sell at exceedingly high prices. Generally of the coffee market to-day, there is more appearance of firmness than for some time past.

Spices on the whole have been in good demand, especially Pimento. Nutmegs are in request at 2s. 11d. to 3s. 1d. Pimento of good quality 8½d. Black pepper rather heavy. White pepper has advanced 1s. per lb. owing to the loss of a vessel with a large quantity on board, and the East India Company having none in their warehouses.

Saltpetre at a public sale this forenoon, no refraction, 35 tons, sold 21s. to 21s. 6d.

Oils.—Little has been doing, in expectation of news from Davis' Straits; but it is now generally apprehended, that the accounts will be very bad; it is thought the vessels may have ventured too far to

the north, or into Lancaster Sound, and perhaps be shut in by the ice. The prices are nominal. Greenland new parcels 23s. Seed oils rather lower.

Silk.—The silk trade continues very brisk, Bengals and Chinas at the advance of 1s. to 1s. 6d. per lb. on the late India House sale prices, and the request extensive at the improvement.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The tallow market has been very heavy; yellow candle tallow of 1823 quoted 34s. 3d. and new 34s. 9d. and for August and September shipments 34s. 9d. The last letters from Petersburg state, the prices of 100 roubles; Exchange 9½d.—Hemp is a shade lower.—In Flax there is no alteration.

There appears some revival in the demand for Tallow this morning, and Tallow of 1823 may be quoted 34s. 9d.; 1824, 35s. 6d.—Hemp is also in more request, and rather higher.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The accounts from France respecting the vintage are very unfavourable; the prices of Brandy are from 4d. to 6d. per gallon higher than in London; the quantity here prevents any advance, but the market is evidently firmer; the nominal price of Brandy housed 2s. 7d.; the state of the trade, from the late failure, prevents any transactions in Spirits.—Rum remains nominally the same as we have lately quoted, but the purchases lately reported are quite inconsiderable.—For the Geneva on the quay 1s. 10d. is asked, but there are as yet no purchases.

The first sale of Brandy for some time is just reported, housed at 2s. 7d.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following works are in the press:—

Walladmor: freely translated from the English of Walter Scott;—re-translated from the German. In Three Vols. Post 8vo.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the late Rev. Edward Williams, DD. with an Appendix, including Remarks on important Parts of Theological Science. By Joseph Gilbert. One Vol. 8vo.

A new Edition of the late Dr. Fawcett's Essay on Anger; to which is prefixed, a Brief Sketch of the Memoirs of the Author. One Vol. 12mo.

My Children's Diary, or the Moral of the Passing Hour, a Tale for Young Persons not under Ten Years of Age. One Vol. 12mo.

The History of Origins, forming a Collection of Antiquities, important Historical Facts, singular Customs, Political and Social Institutions, and National Rites and

Peculiarities, combining a copious Fund of Amusement and Instruction.

An additional Volume of Letters by Anna Seward, to which will be prefixed, an Essay on Miss Seward's Life and Literary Character. By W. Hurrell.

Amaldo, or the Evil Chalice, and other Poems. By the Author of Lyrical Poems, The Siege of Zaragoza, Childe Harold's Pilgrimage to the Dead Sea, &c.

Mr. Forbroke, Resident Surgeon at Cheltenham, is about to publish some Observations on the Treatment of Deafness on improved Principles, illustrated by one Case of 20 Years, and others of long standing, successfully treated.

Vol. I. of the Lectures of Sir Astley Cooper, Bart. on the Principles and Practice of Surgery, as delivered at St. Thomas's and Guy's Hospitals. With additional Notes and Cases, by Frederick Tynnell, Esq. Surgeon to St. Thomas's Hospital.

The Second Number of a new Series of Original Sketches, after the style of Morland. By M. Campion. Intended as easy and progressive Lessons in the Art of Sketching Rustic Figures, Animals, Landscapes, &c.

Der Freischütz, or the Seventh Bullet, a Series of Twelve Illustrations of this popular Opera, drawn by an Amateur, and etched by George Cruikshank, with a Travestie of the Drama.

Saint Baldred of the Bass, a Pictish Legend; the Siege of Berwick, a Tragedy; and other Poems and Ballads, descriptive of East Lothian and Berwickshire. By James Miller. In One Vol. 8vo.

Dunallan, or the Methodist Husband. In Three Vols. 12mo. By the Author of The Decision, Father Clement, &c.

The Doctrine of Election, viewed in Connection with the Responsibility of Man as a Moral Agent. By the Rev. William Hamilton, DD. of Strathblane. In 12mo.

The Works of the Rev. John Newton, AM. late Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, &c. With a Life and View of his Character and Writings. By the Rev. Richard Cecil, AM. a new Edition. In 6 Vols. 8vo.

The fourth Volume of Grant's History

of the English Church and Sects, bringing down the Narrative to 1810.

Poems, entitled Dublin University Prize Poems, with Spanish and German Ballads, &c. By George Downes, Author of Letters from Mecklenburgh.

A Practical Treatise on Fruit Trees, and a Description of all the best Fruits in Cultivation. By Mr. Bliss.

Brief Practical Remarks on the Management and Improvement of Grass Land, as far as relates to Irrigation, Winter Flooding and Draining. By C. C. Western, Esq. MP.

Old Heads upon Young Shoulders, a Dramatic Sketch, in One Act. By Thomas Wilson, Teacher of Dancing, Author of The Danciad, &c. Price 1s.

In One Volume 4to. Joannis Miltoni Angli De Doctrinâ Christianâ Libri duo posthumi, nunc primum Typis Mandati; edente C. R. Sumner, MA. In One Vol. 4to.; and at the same time will be published, uniform with the above, A Treatise on Christian Doctrine. By John Milton. Translated from the Original by Charles R. Sumner, MA. Librarian and Historiographer to His Majesty, and Prebendary of Worcester.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

History and Biography.

The Life and Diary of Lieut.-Colonel John Blackader, of the Cameronian regiment, who served under King William and the Duke of Marlborough, in the Wars of Flanders and Germany, and afterwards in Scotland, during the Rebellion of 1715, when he was appointed Deputy Governor of Stirling Castle. By Andrew Crichton, Author of the Memoirs of the Rev. John Blackader. 1 Vol. 12mo. Price 7s. 6d.

The Two Mothers, or Memoirs of the last Century. 12mo. 5s.

Medicine and Surgery.

The London Dispensatory. By A. T. Thomson, FLS. 8vo. 15s.

Observations on the nature and cure of Dropsies. By John Blackall, MD. Fourth Edition, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Miscellanies.

The Spirit of Partridge, or the Astrologer's Pocket Companion. Part I. 2s.

Exercises on the Globes and Maps; interspersed with some Historical, Biographical, Chronological, Mythological, and Miscellaneous Information, on a New Plan. To which are added, Questions for Examination, designed for the Use of

Young Ladies. By the late William Butler. Tenth Edition. With an Appendix, by which the Stars may easily be known. By Thomas Bourn, Teacher of Writing, Arithmetic, and Geography. 12mo. 6s. boards.

Gray's Book of Roads, with coloured Maps. 12mo. 15s. half bd.

Herve's Guide to Paris. 12mo. 10s.

A Whisper to a newly Married Pair from a Widowed Wife. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

L'Enfer de Dante Alighieri. Traduit en Français, par J. C. Tarver. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 1l. 1s.

Geography illustrated on a popular Plan. By the Rev. J. Goldsmith. A New Edition, 12mo. 14s.

A Treatise on Field Diversions. By a Gentleman of Suffolk. 12mo. 5s.

Illustrations, Critical, Historical, Biographical, and Miscellaneous, of Novels of the Author of Waverley. 3 Vols. 12mo. 1l. 8s.

The Emigrant's Note Book and Guide. By Lieut. S. G. Morgan, HP. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Memoirs of the Rose, comprising Botanical, Poetical, and Miscellaneous Recollections of that celebrated Flower. In a Series of Letters to a Lady. Royal 18mo. 4s.

Novels and Tales.

Miss Barber's Tales of Modern Days. 12mo. 6s.

Whittingham's French Classics. Vol. 5. containing *Télémaque*. Par Fénelon. 24mo. 6s. 6d. bds.

Whittingham's Pocket Novelist. Vols. 22 and 23, containing *Edward*. By Dr. Moore. 6s. bds.

Tales of a Traveller. By Geoffry Crayon, Gent. 2 Vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s.

Caprice, or Anecdotes of the Listowel Family. An Irish Novel, in 3 Vols. By an Unknown. 1l. 1s.

Harriet and her Scholars: a Sabbath School Story, with a Plate. 18mo. 1s. 6d. boards.

The Lady at the Farm House; or, Religion the Best Friend in Trouble. By the Author of "Jane and Her Teacher,"

&c. with a neat Engraving. 18mo. 2s. 6d. boards.

Poetry and Drama.

Poems appropriate for a Sick or a Melancholy Hour. 12mo. 5s.

Translations, Imitations, &c. By the Author of "Ireland." A Satire. Foolscap. 8vo. 7s.

Theology.

Christ's Victory and Triumph in Heaven and Earth, over and after Death. By Giles Fletcher. With an original Biographical Sketch of the Author, accurately and handsomely printed from the Edition of 1610. 3s.

Sermons on the Fifty-first Psalm, with others on Doctrinal and Practical Subjects. By the Rev. J. Bull, MA. 8vo. 10s.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. Charles Wm. Stocker, MA. Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Oxford, and one of the Public Examiners of that University, to the Mastership of Elizabeth College, Guernsey.—The Rev. George Woodhouse, MA. of Trinity College, Oxford, instituted by the Bishop of Hereford, to the Vicarage of Leominster, in the county of Hereford.—The Rev. Wm. Frederick Hamilton, BA. of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, appointed Domestic Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Melbourne.—The Rev. G. B. Tuson, Curate of Bathwick, Somerset, to the Vicarage of Huish, with the Chapelry of Langport annexed.—The Rev. Thomas Brown, Clerk, to the Rectory of Hemington, in the county of Suffolk, on the presentation of Sir William Fowle Middleton, Bart. of Shrubland Park.—The Rev. Dr. Ingram, President of Trinity College, Oxford, instituted by the Bishop of Oxford, to the Rectory of Garsington, Oxfordshire.—The Rev. C. L. Kirby, BCL. Vicar of Stoke Talmage, and formerly Fellow of New College, presented to one of the three portions of

the Vicarage of Bampton, void by the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Richards.—The Rev. Joseph Badely, to the Vicarage of Blewbery, Berks, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. John Keble.—The Rev. John Jago, DD. to the Vicarage of Milton Abbot, in Devon, on the presentation of his Grace the Duke of Bedford.—The Rev. Thomas Freke, MA. to the Vicarage of Loddiswell, with the Chapel of Tous Saints annexed, in Devon, on the presentation of Francis Freke Gunston, of Bishop's Hall, in Somerset, Esq.—The Rev. David Jenkins, AB. to the Vicarage of St. Goran, Cornwall, in the patronage of the Bishop of Exeter.—The Rev. William Palmer, MA. of Queen's College, has been presented by the Lord Chancellor to the Vicarage of Polesworth, in Warwickshire, on the recommendation of the trustees of the late Sir Francis Nethersole.—The Rev. John Hatchard, jun. MA. instituted by the Bishop of Exeter to the Vicarage of St. Andrew, in Plymouth, on the presentation of John Hatchard, Esq. of Piccadilly, void by the death of the Rev. John Gandy.

BIRTHS.

- Aug. 14.—At Mellington Hall, Montgomeryshire, the lady of E. Filder, Esq. a son.
Sept. 4.—At Beaulieu Lodge, Winchmore Hill, the lady of Frederick Cass, Esq. a son.
10. At Charlecote, the lady of George Lucy, Esq. MP. son and heir.
12. At Rushall, Wilts, the lady of the Rev. Wm. Ramsden, a daughter.
14. In Upper Wimpole-street, the lady of F. H. Mitchell, Esq. a son.
—At Upper Homerton, the lady of Thos. Pares, Jun. Esq. MP. a son.
15. At Ealing, the lady of the Rev. Henry Harvey, MA. a son.
19. In Upper Baker-street, Portman Square, the lady of James Locke, Esq. Surgeon, a son and daughter.
21. Lieut. Col. Rolt, CB. and KTS. of the Second or Queen's Royals, to Anne, youngest daughter of George Casswall, Esq. of Sacombe Park, Herts.

IN IRELAND.

- At Castle Ward, in the county of Down, the lady of Edward Wolstenholme, Esq. a son.

ABROAD.

- At Florence, the lady of John Craufurd, Esq. of Auchinames, a son.

MARRIAGES.

- Aug. 16.—At Cranford, the Hon. Grantley Berkeley, son of the Earl of Berkeley, to Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Paul Benfield, Esq.
28. At Reynoldston, Glamorganshire, John Nicholas Lucas, Esq. eldest son of John Lucas, Esq. of Stout Hall, in the same county, to Letitia, youngest daughter of the late Nicholas Loftus Tottenham, Esq. many years Member for the county of Wexford, and grand daughter of the late Sir James May, Bart. of Mayfield, in the county of Waterford, and cousin to the Marquises of Ely and Donegal.
31. At Lambeth, the Rev. Bernard John Ward, third son of the Right Hon. Robert Ward, of Bangor Castle, in the county of Down, to Isabella Frances, youngest daughter of the late Robert Phillips, Esq. of Longworth, in the county of Hereford.

- At St. George's, Hanover Square, Lieut.-Col. Allen, late of the 23d Lancers, to Miss Mitchell, eldest daughter of the late Col. Campbell Mitchell, and niece to Lady Fletcher, of Ashley Park, and to Lady Leith.
- At Mary-le-bone Church, by the Rev. C. Sheffield, the Rev. Henry L. Neave, second son of Sir Thomas Neave, Bart. to Agnes Ann, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Sir Robert Sheffield, Bart.
- Sept. 4.—At St. George's, Hanover Square, Wm. Adair Carter, Esq. to Elizabeth Hyde, only sister of Joseph Hayne, Esq. of Haddon, Jamaica, and of Burdrop Park, Wilts.
- At Shrewsbury, Richard, son of Bryan Smith, Esq. of Liverpool, to Mary Anne, daughter of W. Egerton Jeffreys, Esq. of Coton Hill, Salop.
6. At Swansea, by the Rev. Thos. Morris, the Rev. George Wm. Fauquier, to Caroline, sister of Sir John Morris, Bart. of Sketty Park, in the county of Glamorgan.
8. At Lanchester, Durham, the Hon. and Rev. Edward Grey, brother to Earl Grey, to Miss Elizabeth Adair, niece to Lady Clavering, of Axwell Park, in the same county.
- William Warren Hastings, Esq. of Gray's Inn, to Sophia, eldest daughter—and John Nelson, Esq. of Doctor's Commons, eldest son of the late R. A. Nelson, Esq. Secretary of the Navy, to Caroline, second daughter—of Dr. Burrows, of Gower-street, Bedford Square.
- At Manchester, Lieut.-Col. Sir Thomas Reade, to Agnes, eldest daughter of Rich. Clogg, Esq. of Longsight Lodge.
9. At Caversham Park, by special license, Sir Thomas Elmsley Croft, Bart. to Sophia Jane, only child of the late Richard Lateward, Esq. of Ealing Grove, Middlesex.
11. At St. Margaret's, Westminster, by the Bishop of Chichester, John Mitchell, Esq. MP. to Eliza, eldest daughter of John Elliot, Esq. of Pimlico Lodge.
- At St. Mary's, Lambeth, James W. Cooper, Esq. of the Treasury, to Harriet Augusta, daughter of Thomas Evans, Esq. of Park Place, Kensington.
14. At Kirkdeighton, John Evans, Esq. of Tavistock Square, to Mary Anne, youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Geldart, of Barnewell Priory, Cambridgeshire, and Rector of Kirkdeighton, in the county of York.
15. By special license, at Rear Admiral Digby's, Harley-street, by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, Lord Ellenborough, to Jane Elizabeth Digby, only daughter of Rear Admiral Digby, and Viscountess Andover, and grand daughter of T. W. Coke, Esq. MP. of Holkham, Norfolk.
16. At Burnley, the Rev. W. Thursby, second son of John Hervey Thursby, Esq. of Abington-abbey, Northamptonshire, and of Hardingstone in the same county, to Eleanor Mary, eldest daughter of John Hargreaves, Esq. of Ormerod-house, Lancashire.
16. At Bolton Percy, by His Grace the Archbishop of York, Georgiana, youngest daughter of Archdeacon Markham, to George Baillie, Esq. eldest son of George Baillie, Esq. of Jerviswode, Scotland.

DEATHS.

- Aug. 16.—In Upper Gower-street, Lady Elizabeth, wife of Lord Maurice Drummond.
20. In Green-street, Grosvenor-square, Thomas Trevor Hampden, Viscount Hampden, and Baron Trevor of Bromham. His Lordship was born Sept. 11, 1740, and succeeded his father, August 22, 1788. He was twice married, first (June 13th, 1768), to Catherine, only daughter of General David Greime; secondly (July 12th, 1805), to Miss Brown, sister of Lady Wedderburn. He was succeeded by his brother, who is since dead. (See Sept. 9.)
24. At the residence of his son, in the Vale of Neath, the Right Hon. the Earl of Dunraven, aged 72.
29. Mr. Patrick, Surgeon, of Devonshire-street, Queen-square.
30. At Brighton, the Hon. Mrs. Frances Wall, daughter of the late Lord Fortrose, and sister to the Earl of Seaforth.

Lately, at Blythe Hall, Warwickshire, Lady Georgiana West.

- Sept. 2.—Jeffery Foot, Esq. of the Holly Park one of the aldermen of the city of Dublin.
- After an illness of three days, in his 40th year, Mr. J. H. Bohte, of York-street, Covent-Garden, Foreign Bookseller to his Majesty.
3. At Woburn, the Hon. Mrs. Seymour, wife of Henry Seymour, Esq. and daughter of the late George Viscount Torrington.
4. In Tavistock-place, aged 65, Jesse Gregson, Esq. of Moor-house, Hawkhurst, Kent.
- Aged 54, Catherine Lady Lawson, wife of Sir Henry Lawson, Bart. of Brough Hall, in the county of York.
6. At Linstead Lodge, Kent, aged 57, the Right Hon. John Roper Lord Teynham. His Lordship dying unmarried, is succeeded by his first Cousin, Henry Francis Roper Curzon, eldest son of the late Hon. Francis Roper. His remains were interred at Linstead on the 16th.
- At Brompton, Huntingdonshire, in his 90th year, William Palmer, Esq. one of the Directors of Greenwich Hospital, and upwards of 30 years one of His Majesty's Commissioners of the Navy.
7. At Cranbrook, Kent, Mrs. King, wife of Mr. King, banker, of that place.
9. At his residence, in Berkeley-square, in his 76th year, John Viscount Hampden, who had succeeded to the title only a few days. The title and estates now devolve upon the Right Hon. George Earl of Buckingham. (See above.)
10. At Scarborough, Gawan Taylor, Esq.
12. Near Southampton, in his 73d year, the Rev. Sir Charles Rich, Bart.
15. At Kentish-town, aged 66, Dr. Clough, of Berner's-street.
16. In Baker-street, aged 70, Lieut.-General Andrew Anderson, of the Hon. East India Company's service, on their establishment of Bombay.
19. At Newbold Conyers, Warwickshire, the residence of her nephew, Edward Willis, Esq. Susanna, the lady of Sir Robert Peel, Bart. in her 22d year.
23. At his house in Burton Crescent, having completed, within a few days, his 84th year, Major John Cartwright, a strenuous friend of civil and religious liberty. He was third son of William Cartwright, Esq. of Marham, Notts. He entered the Navy in 1756, under Lord Howe, being then 18 years of age; in the same year he was at the siege of Cherbourg, and in the next in the action where Sir E. Hawke defeated Confians. Major Cartwright was the author of several Political Treatises, of which the earliest were those written during the American war, in favour of the independence of that country. In 1780 he was the original mover of a meeting in the county of Notts, for Parliamentary Reform, in behalf of which he continued, until a very late period, to exert himself most warmly, constantly attending all public meetings connected with that object.
- At his house in Bedford Square, Thos. Leverton, Esq. one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace, for the counties of Surrey, Kent, and Middlesex, and for the city of Westminster.

IRELAND.

Fanny, daughter of William Armstrong, Esq. of Mohalliffe, in the county of Tipperary, and grand-daughter of the late Archbishop of Tuam.

SCOTLAND.

At Dairsie, Fifeshire, the Rev. Robert McCulloch, DD. Minister of that parish, in the 85th year of his age, and the 53d of his ministry.

ABROAD.

Sept. 16.—At four o'clock in the morning. His Most Christian Majesty, Louis Stanislaus Xavier XVIII, King of France. He was born at Versailles, Nov. 19th, 1755; in 1771, he married Maria Josephine Louisa of Savoy (who died in 1810); he succeeded as King in 1795, and was reelected in 1814. He is succeeded by his brother the Count d'Artois, now Charles X.

At Zante, on his return from Athens, Edward, third son of Christopher Blackett, Esq. of Wylam, Northumberland.